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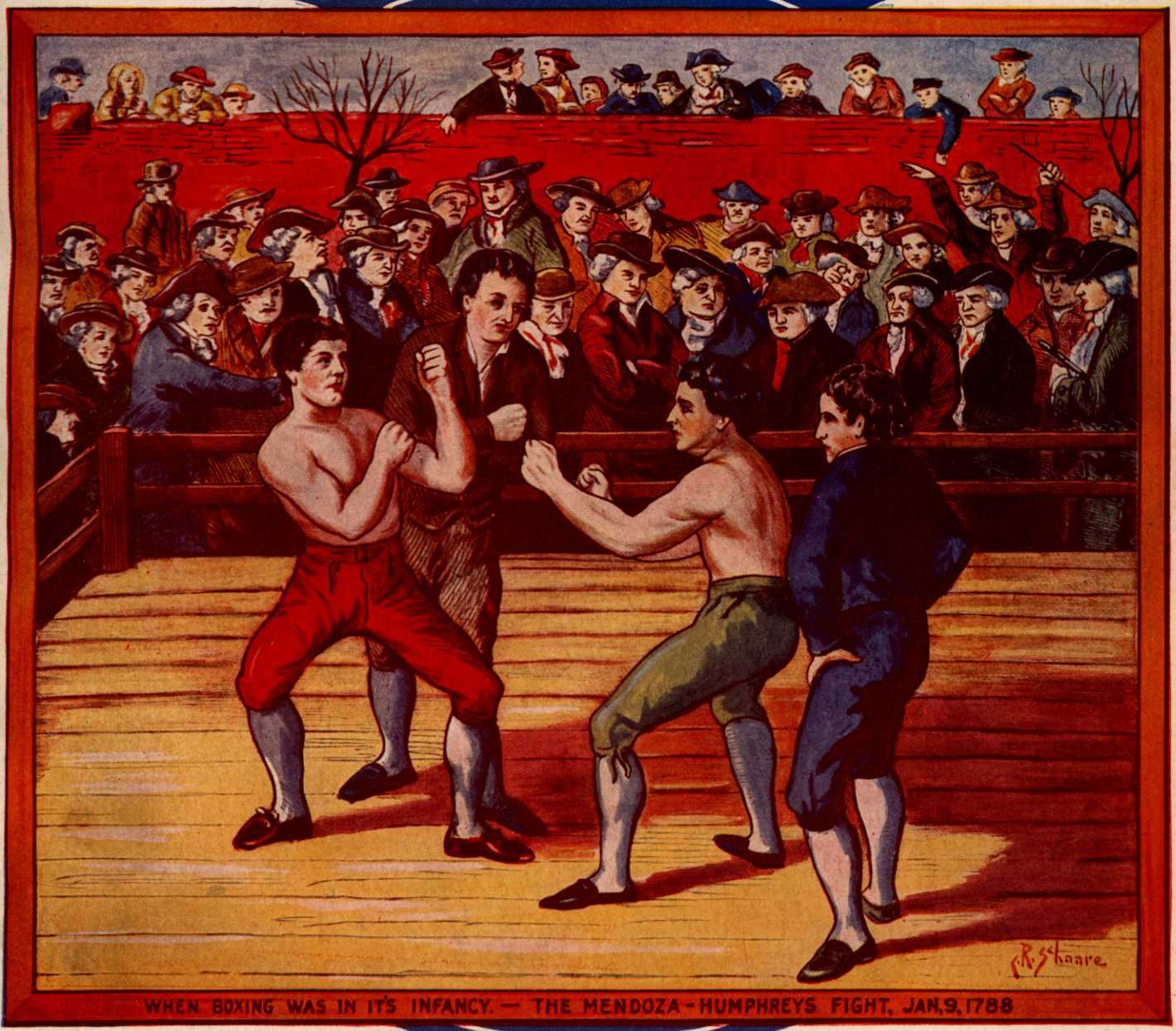

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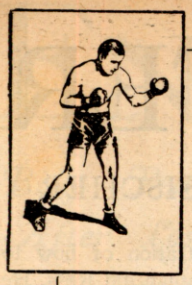

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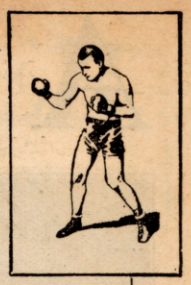

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The world's heavyweight championship fight between Tommy Loughran and Primo Carnera told in story and in pictures. You will want to preserve this number.

Battling Siki, the boy from the African jungle who made good in fisticuffs, had a most remarkable career. You'll find much of interest in Edward Lawson's story, "The Singular Senegalese".

"The Ring" has added to its staff of famous sportswriters one of the veterans of the prize ring, Ed. W. Smith, whose work on the old Chicago Hearst papers was read throughout the world. Ed, now on the Coast, was one of America's foremost referees in the "good old days," and from California, he sends boxing and wrestling items that hold the attention of their readers. Follow him in the next and subsequent issues.

Arthur Lumley, another veteran, former manager of John L. Sullivan, discounts many of the false tales told of the famed Boston Strong Boy. If you are seeking the truth about the great champion then read and digest Lumley's story, "John L. Sullivan as I Knew Him."

There are many other features by world-famed writers. Pictures of boxers and boxing scenes from all parts of the globe in addition to ten pages of wrestling news and gossip.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin R. Gramlich, Bill Miller, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

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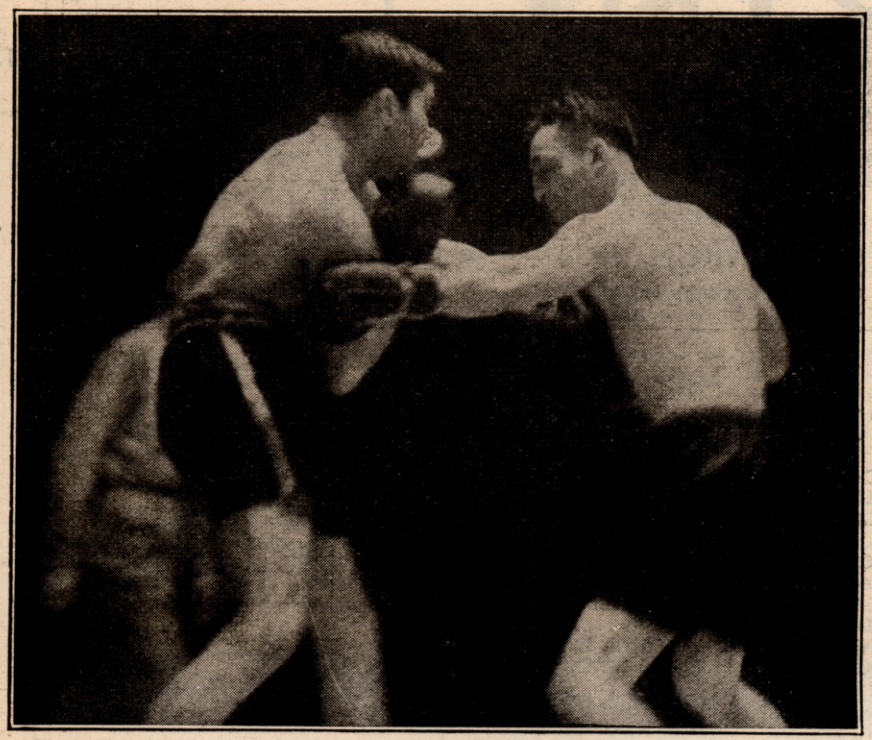
A Great Fighter

By NAT FLEISCHER



Ross (left) lands with a left to Petrolle's chest, as Billy's left grazes his arm.

BOXING at its best came back with a bang in New York at Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Christmas Fund show at the Bronx Coliseum, when Barney Ross, lightweight king, engaged in a brilliant duel with Billy Petrolle, the old Fargo Express. Ross, a 14 to 5 favorite, proved that he should have been quoted at 100 to 1, by taking the measure of the erstwhile thumper in a most convincing manner, winning each of the ten rounds. By his one-sided victory, Ross's stock jumped sky-high and experts now see in him a superfighter, with the chances quite favorable that he will rule the division for a long time.

Not only did Ross win the decision by exhibiting as pretty a brand of combination boxing and fighting as has been seen in New York in many moons, but he also drove his opponent into retirement. The Fargo Express, with that fight, reached the end of the line. He has hung up his gloves for good. He was licked by a great little champion, and he decided that it was time to quit.

There were at the ringside faces that haven't been seen at a New York fight in months. It was a pleasure to see so many of the old-timers back in their ringside seats —bankers and brokers, business men of high repute, and charming females—all present to do homage again to "King Boxing." It was like old times, and was quite an inspiration, something for which the fight fans of New York have reason to be thankful to Mrs. Hearst and her two hustling directors of the show, Ed Frayne and Bill Farnsworth.

* * *

THE fight itself was a duel between one of the ring's cleverest sharpshooters and an old man whose legs are gone and who found that he had gone to the well once too often. Seldom has a fighter in New York given a better illustration of how to solve an opponent's attack than did Ross. He did everything in such a businesslike style that he sewed Billy into knots almost from the start.

He made a beautiful fight. He had dazzling speed, an abundance of grit, and a stinging left jab, and his boxing was amazing. A Leonard could scarcely have accomplished more than did Barney.

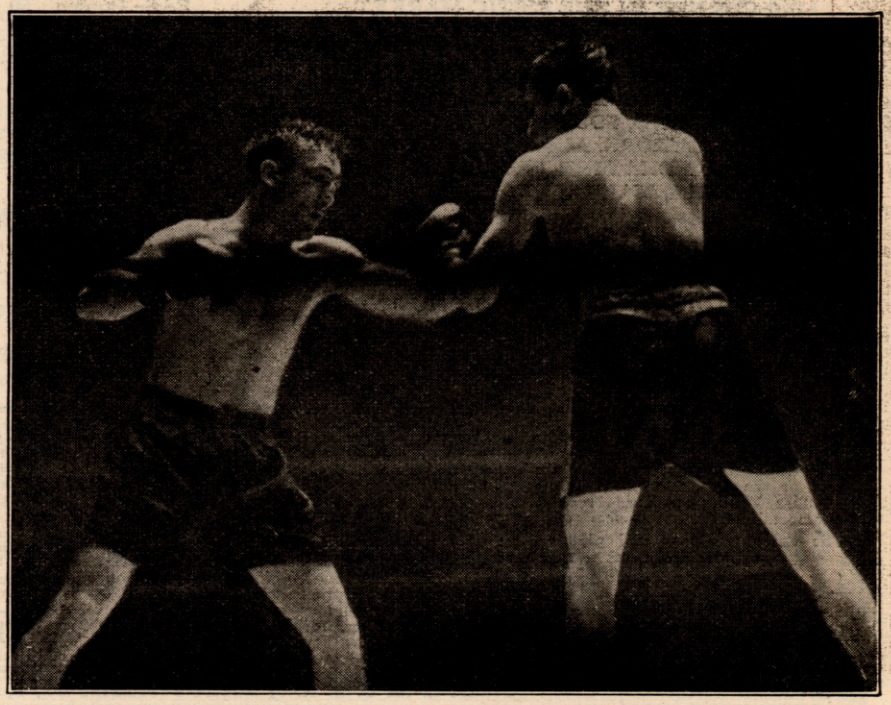
He was so much faster, so much younger and stronger, that Billy didn't have a chance. And as for his cleverness, that was *par excellence*. Ross danced in and out, weaved, bobbed, ducked, slipped, and countered in a manner that simply was bewildering.

It just took Petrolle by surprise. He was outguessed and outmaneuvered at every turn and at times he just stood with right hand cocked, unable to reach a target. It was useless to throw his devastating punch and he fully realized it.

Barney had a twist to the body that enabled him to take it out of harm's way when Billy's paralyzing left was swung into action, and the many misses which were recorded against Petrolle as a result made Billy look foolish. There were some who declared that the bout was a mediocre one because Billy didn't do any damage to Ross, but those critics failed to give full credit to Barney for making the contest appear in that light by fighting as masterful a battle as has been on view in the lightweight or welterweight ranks in a number of years.

* * *

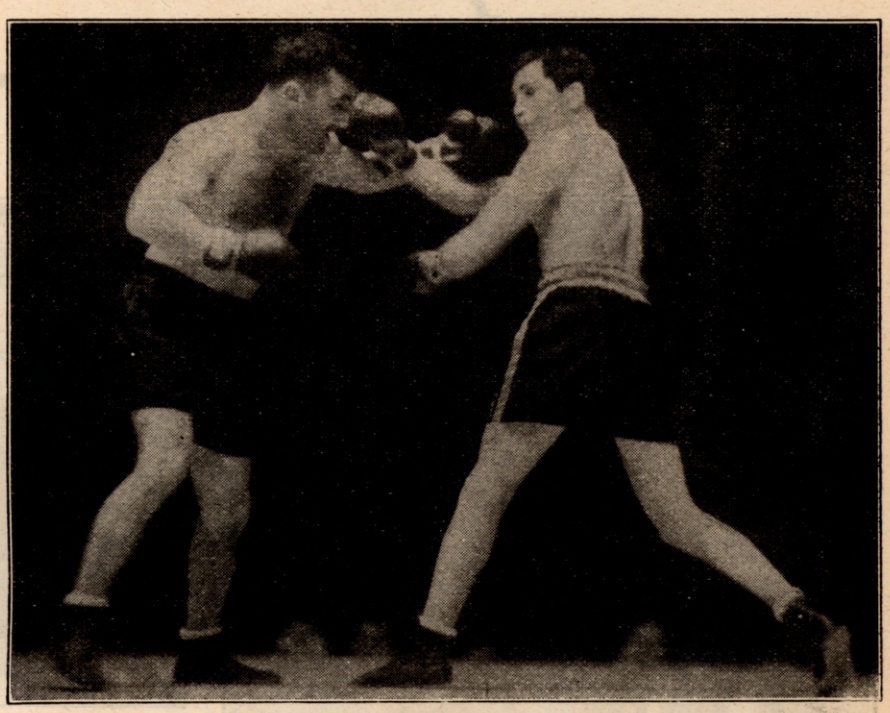
AT times Ross just peppered Billy's face with jabs, then came through with hooks, uppercuts, and body drives that kept the huge gathering in one continuous uproar. Petrolle's one chance seemed to be his right, but Billy couldn't find a resting spot for it. When at times it did land, it struck Barney's kidneys. The Chicagoan, even when hit hard, didn't let up. He fired away



Petrolle trying to force an opening to shoot across his right, which is cocked.

ENDS HIS CAREER

Billy Petrolle Retires After Losing to Ross in Christmas Fund Show



Ross tries a right at the same time that Petrolle shoots over a left hook. Both landed.

at a mile-a-minute clip and fought back viciously, blow for blow, and then added several for good measure when Billy tired or missed.

The only thing that Ross lacked was a knock-out punch. In that one respect, I think, he differs from most of the great lightweights of recent years—his predecessor and Leonard. If Barney carried the punch of either, he would be a wizard. That he is a master, there can be no argument, but in his greatness he is not yet the equal of either Leonard or Canzoneri at their best. That may come shortly, but to reach their level it will be necessary for Ross to develop his punching powers.

The bout was a grand struggle to watch, primarily because of the speed and cleverness of the victor and the cheers of the crowd that added interest to the mill. That despite the fact that Petrolle was so far outclassed and fought a hopeless battle.

* * *

WHATEVER the Fargo Express tried to do, Barney went him one better, and with more telling effect. When Billy jabbed, Ross outjabbed him. When Petrolle started throwing his punches, Barney landed three for each that Billy got over. When Petrolle tried to damage Barney with a left hook, the lightweight king showed him a thing or two by forcing him off balance with repeated hooks and right crosses. In one round, he drove Billy across the ring six times with such blows. Ross simply couldn't be stopped.

Petrolle's final stand was truly gallant. He faced his young opponent like the fighting warrior he always has been. He never as much as backed away an inch despite the bombardment. He spurted at times, but couldn't carry on at the pace set by his youthful adversary.

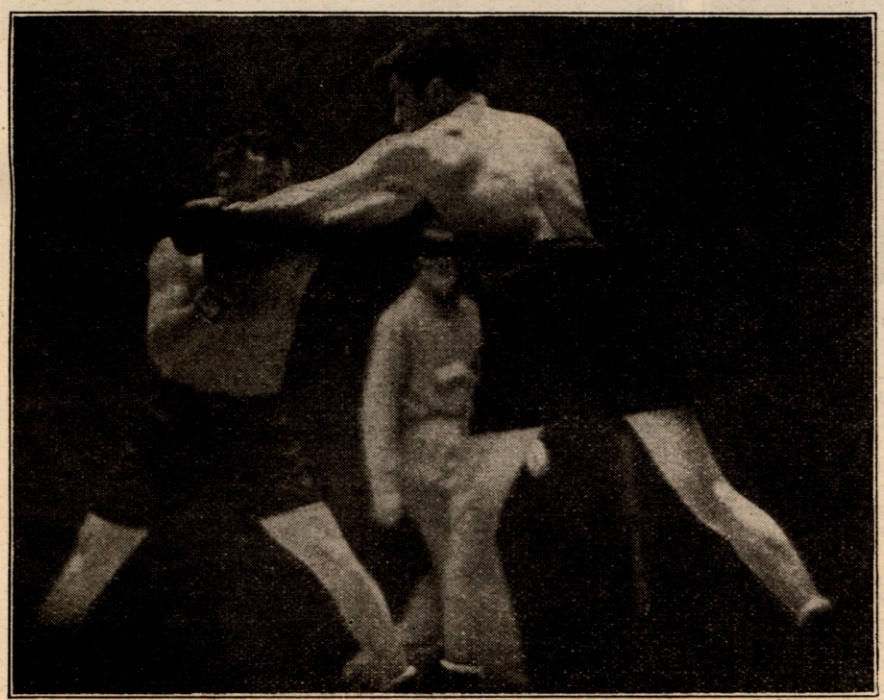
His last fight wasn't his best by a long shot, but it was a most courageous one. When the final gong sent the boys to their chairs to await the verdict of the officials, Billy knew what that decision would be and he didn't begrudge his youthful rival the victory he had well earned. With soggy gloves the Old Warrior walked to his corner, slumped in his chair thoroughly spent, and with the glitter in his sparkling eyes gone, he looked up at Joe Humphreys as the clarion-voiced announcer made known the verdict, then announced to the scribes that his verdict was to retire. In that, he accepted the decision of his lifelong friend and manager, Jack Hurley, who decided that Billy had fought his last battle. Thus ended the glorious career of a great fighter.

* * *

ROSS'S title was not at stake, as champion and challenger entered the ring at catchweights. Barney scaled 136½ and Billy, 141½. Each was at his best at that weight. Judging by the fierceness of Ross's attack, one would never have surmised that the title-holder was not defending his laurels. The marvel of it all was that Petrolle stood up the full ten rounds under the battering.

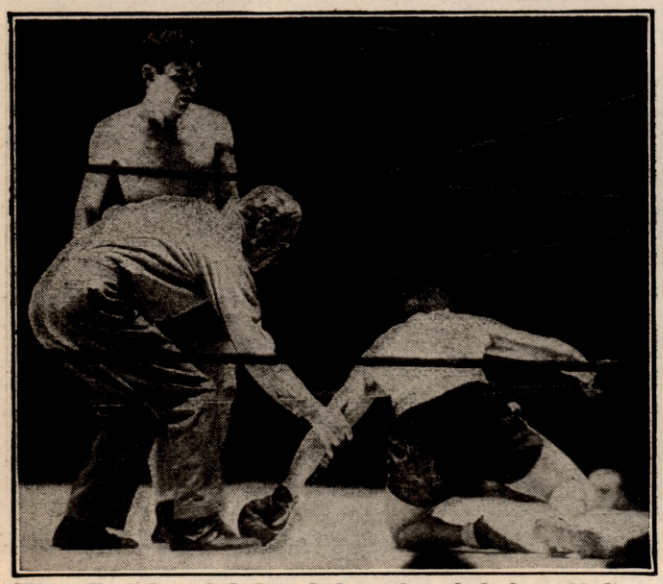
Petrolle retired with a snug fortune laid aside for a rainy day. He has more than two hundred thousand dollars salted away and will be able to enjoy his life of retirement. Billy has several lucrative investments. He owns an ornamental iron foundry, pocket billiards academy and seven houses in Duluth, all of which yield a steady income. He lives with his wife and six-year-old daughter, Kathleen, in that city.

This is the second *(Continued on page 47)*

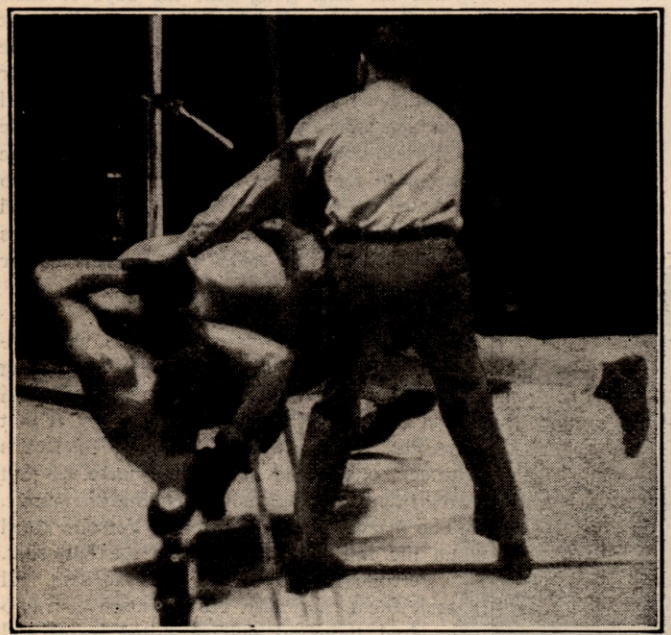


One that Barney missed. Here we see Petrolle landing his left while letting Ross's left glide by.

The Ups and Downs in Leather-pushing

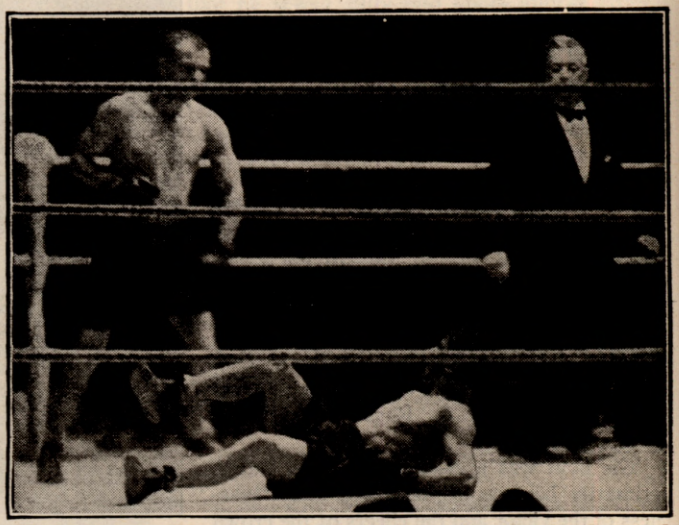


When English and Italian lightweights clashed in Madison Square Garden. Here we see Cleto Locatelli, the European title-holder, down in his bout with Jackie Kid Berg. Cleto slipped. The bout proved that Berg is all washed up and cannot cope with the good men any more. The great little Englishman tried hard, but was outclassed by Locatello.

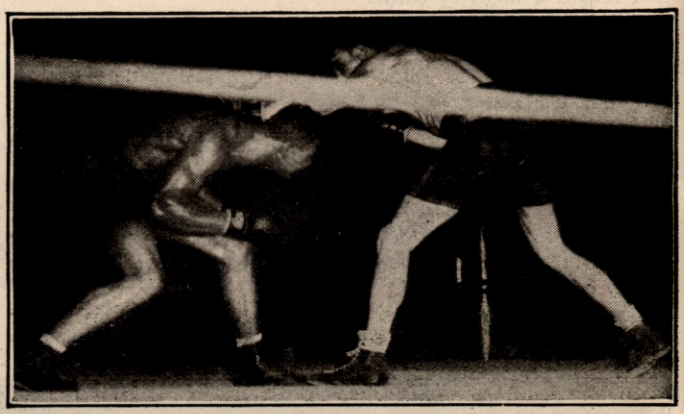


This is not a wrestling match. It is a scene in the bout between Walter Neusel of Germany and Ray Impellitiere in Madison Square Garden which Walter won. The "Imp" didn't feel like fighting. He did everything but—and naturally just shoved himself out of the heavyweight picture after having gained world-wide recognition through his showing against Loughran. Here both are down and over the lower strand.

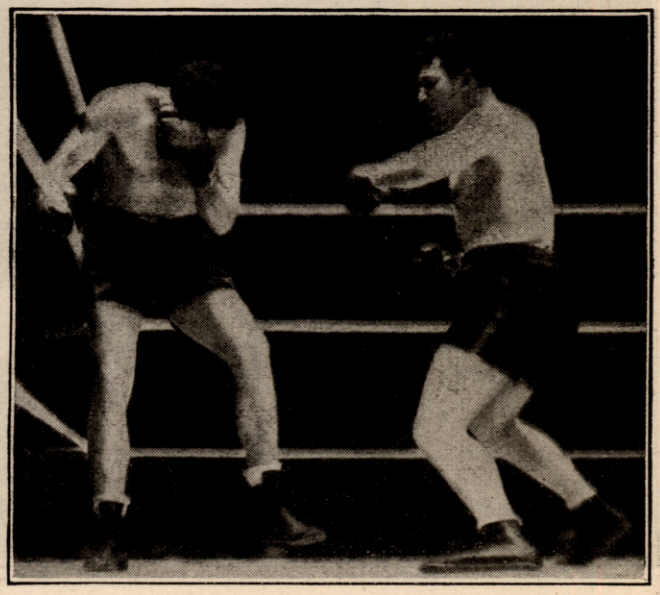
Right—Another international contest, one in which Don McCorkindale of South Africa (left) was dropped seven times in the first round, but went the route with King Levinsky after giving as game an exhibition as ever was seen in Chicago. Don lost but proved to the American public that he has a fighting heart. A wild swing in the opening round caught Don and it took him seven rounds before he regained his equilibrium.



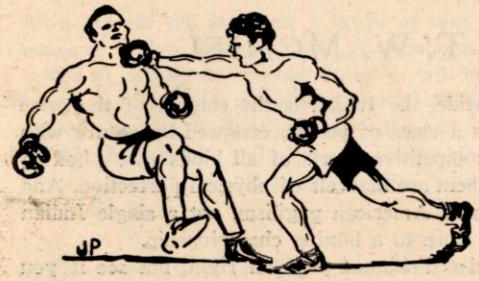
When Seaman Watson knocked out Dave Crowley in the tenth round of a fifteen-round mill at the Olympia of London. Crowley substituted for Al Brown and had only five days to train.



Unknown Winston (left), Negro battler, and Dick Madden fighting for the heavyweight title of New England. The bout in the Boston Garden ended in a draw. Madden retained the crown.



CONAN DOYLE, *Fight Enthusiast*



Creator of Sherlock Holmes Turned Down Offer to Referee Jeffries-Johnson Fight

By HARRY H. CLEAVELIN, JR.

TWO young Englishmen were returning from a ball at five o'clock in the morning. Upon reaching their rooms, they lit a gas lamp, which gives you a pretty good idea of how long ago the incident occurred. One of the pair, Arthur Conan Doyle by name, suggested that they don the boxing gloves owned by his pal and spar several fast rounds as a fitting wind-up to a hectic celebration. His companion assented, and for the next few minutes these gay young Britons hammered each other about the room with great good will. They did not even deign to remove their formal evening attire. The terpsichorean endeavors of the previous hours had not proved sufficiently strenuous to such healthy, enthusiastic sportsmen as themselves, so the idea of exchanging friendly hooks and jabs served admirably as a topping-off procedure. Some enthusiasts or am I telling you!

Now all of this may smack of the chimerical, yet these young men were indubitably in earnest. Both were really convinced that a vigorous sparring session was just the thing to induce a comfortable fatigue which would prove conducive to sound, refreshing sleep. One of the pair, young Doyle, had acquired some little repute as an exponent of the manly art of self-defense and liked nothing better than a spirited duel with the gloves whenever opportunity arose.

Arthur Conan Doyle later became Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. More than that, his facile pen created that Argus-eyed sleuth and crime expert, Sherlock Holmes, and upon that achievement rests his fame. As the writer of the Sherlock Holmes detective series, he has become the idol of youth. Doyle was an avid sportsman as well as a distinguished author. That his favorite sport was boxing becomes evident when we find included among his literary works several tales of the old English prize ring. *Rodney Stone* and *The Croxley Master* are perhaps two of the more widely known.

* * *

THE famous British writer described his own boxing form as that of the average amateur and adds to that bit of information the remark that, had he taught less and learned more, he might have become more proficient. Perhaps a vestige of modesty forbade disclosure of his true ability. At all events, he engaged in many a friendly bout, although he never fought in a professional contest.

Doyle's experience in boxing, and his large acquaintance with the prize ring, enabled him to write with a vividness and a faithfulness to technical accuracy that incited the admiration of boxing men as well as the general reading public. That he was intimately familiar with boxing, its technical jargon, its rules, and its science, cannot be denied. Nat Fleischer, the editor of THE RING, I understand, has in his possession a number of old boxing books which were once owned by Doyle and has his bookplates in them. Doyle's interest in the sport had prompted him to collect quite a library on boxing.

Doyle's capabilities in fisticuffs were so universally recognized that he was invited by Tex Rickard to referee the heavyweight championship bout between Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries, an invitation which he regretfully declined. He received a cable from Rickard and, following his reply to Tex, he received the following letter from Irving Jefferson Lewis, owner of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, a dear friend of Rickard:

New York,
December 9, 1909.

My Dear Sir:

I hope you will pardon the liberty I took as a stranger in cabling to you, asking if you would act at the championship battle between Jeffries and Johnson. The fact is that when the articles were signed recently your name was suggested for referee, and Tex Rickard, promoter of the fight, was greatly interested, as were many others. I believe it will interest you to know that the opinion was unanimous that you would do admirably in the position.

In a voting contest several persons sent in your name as their choice. Believe me, among sporting men of the best class in America, you have many strong admirers; your splendid stories of the ring and your avowed admiration for the great sport of boxing have made you thousands of friends.

It was because of this extremely friendly feeling for you in America that I took the liberty of cabling to you with Tex Rickard's consent. I thank you for your reply.

It would indeed rejoice the hearts of the men in this country if you were at the ringside when the great Negro fighter meets the white man, Jeffries, for the world's championship, even if only as a spectator.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely,
IRVING JEFFERSON LEWIS, Managing Editor,
New York Morning Telegraph.

* * *

DOYLE tells us in his book that he "was much inclined to accept this honorable invitation, though my friends pictured me as winding up with a revolver at one ear and a razor at the other."

Distance and a long list of engagements presented a final bar, however, and the author did not realize his sincere desire to be the third man in the ring for that memorable battle between the "white hope," Jeffries, and Johnson, which saw the downfall of the once powerful Boilermaker and the rise to pugilistic heights of the consummate Negro ring artist.

What a brilliant and illuminating account of that historic fight might Doyle, master of words, have written, had he been in a position to accept the invitation to referee!

Doyle saw nearly all the great boxers of his time and, like many other students of boxing, wondered how the great glove fighters would have fared against the bare-knuckle exponents of another era. He was particularly impressed with the fact that many of the great fighters under the bare-knuckle régime were inconceivably ludicrous in their efforts with the gloves, and cited Tom Sayers, famous old-time fighter, as a case in point. Sayers was a great bare-knuckle battler but his attempts with the gloves were accompanied by ignominious failure.

Jem Mace, that grand old British fighter, admittedly one of the greatest in the history of the sport, was, according to Doyle, remarkably quick even at the advanced age of sixty, and still possessed in a large measure the speed which made him famous. He had the proverbial English straight left and delivered it with great precision and skill. Doyle described his defense as "impregnable."

It is interesting to note that Doyle *(Continued on page 45)*

INDIANS *in*

By T. W. MCNIEL

Jim Thorpe, the greatest Indian athlete of all time.

History tells, from the days of old.
That John Redskin was a warrior bold.

MAYBE he was, I'm no authority on historical matters. But I do know that the day the pale-faced gentlemen stripped his red-skinned brother of his bow and arrows and tomahawk, he cured him definitely and for all time of his reputed fighting urge. Certainly the Indian has never shown any signs of giving vent to his fighting blood and emotions, through the medium of the gentle art of fisticuffs.

History fails to record who was the Indian champ of America at the time the first palefaces came to this country. But the title is generally given to one Powahatan, who is credited with being some shakes as a scrapper in his day. And finally, a name with which we are all familiar, "Sitting Bull," the big Montana Sioux.

Who was the daddy of 'em all? These guys were all good, no mistake about it. Only they specialized in the free and general use of the tomahawk and scalping knife. They had it all over their fair-skinned brethren in that respect. But while the Indian was a whiz with a bow and arrow, with a sagebrush background, put him in a roped arena, with his lunch-hooks inclosed in a pair of leather mittens, well padded on the back, and he forthwith becomes a howling—failure.

Fight managers have looked far and long for a red-skinned warrior with a desire to mingle with the palefaces, armed with nothing but a couple of well-clenched fists. And so far, strange though it would seem because of the Indian's background of outdoor living and muscular development, the search has been well-nigh fruitless.

ALL joking aside, the Indian is the enigma of the prize ring. Here is a class of people, endowed by nature with a natural love for competitive sports of all kinds . . . . boxing excepted. Many of them are marvels of physical perfection. And yet, in the 118 years of American pugilism, not a single Indian has ever even come close to a boxing championship.

Oh yes, we've had red-skinned pugs all right, but see if you can recall one . . . . I thought so, but then, it's a safe bet that neither can your neighbor. Now don't mention Jack Dempsey, who, according to Nat Fleischer, in his book, *Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana,* says he is of Scotch-Irish, Jewish-Indian blood.

Take a squint back through the annals of all our major sports, football, baseball, and wrestling in particular. Look at the names of the various Indian stars. Probably the greatest football player of all time was the immortal Jim Thorpe, a graduate of the now extinct Carlisle Indian school. Reams of paper could be used in recalling the deeds and exploits of this matchless Indian athlete.

Jim was a most versatile athlete, too. In addition to being a stellar gridiron performer, he was a marvelous track and field man. His exploits during the 1912 Olympic games are still the wonder of the track and field world. Although he was forced to surrender his medals later, when charges of professionalism were proved on him, his marks were little short of marvelous.

Then John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, undertook to make a baseball star out of the erstwhile Carlisle student. And only his inability to hit curve-ball pitching kept Thorpe from starring in the major leagues. He could run bases and field with the best of them, and hit too, till they tossed him a "bender." Finally Thorpe drifted out of the big-time, and

Leo Gates, the Mohawk Indian, a heavyweight who fared well around New York a few years ago and now is a member of the New York Police Department in the Madison Square Garden precinct.

FISTICUFFS

down hill till the last time I heard of him he was managing a semi-pro Indian ball club down in Oklahoma.

And of course, no baseball follower will ever forget the deeds and actions of such a diamond star as "Chief" Bender, the old Athletic twirler. "Chief" Meyers, the old Giant backstop, was another Indian ace. And plenty of Indian blood runs in the veins of our present-day "Pepper" Martin, world series hero of a few years back.

* * *

WE could go on naming Indian stars, but this article was intended primarily for the discussion of red-skinned boxers, maybe I should say the lack of 'em.

The first Indian boxer of whom I have any knowledge was "Indian Joe" Gregg, a middleweight of thirty or so years ago. And I'm not positive that Gregg was a full-blooded, war-whooping brave. But I am positive that he missed the middleweight crown by miles and miles—or was it leagues and leagues?

"Indian Joe" Stanton was a hit-and-miss heavyweight of several years back, whose chief claim to fame, probably, was the fact that it took Floyd Johnson two rounds to knock him out.

About the same time, another Indian pug, answering to the name of Clay Turner, was in circulation. Clay was a light-heavy who had skill enough to go the route a couple of times with Tom Gibbons. He must have had some little boxing skill to enable him to do that, since I could name you several guys that didn't stay the limit. However, I never heard that either Dempsey or Tunney lost any sleep over worrying about Turner giving them a shellacking.

Possibly the best of a bad lot was Leo Gates, a full-blooded Mohawk, who was quite a figure in heavyweight circles about a decade ago, and now is a New York policeman. True, Leo never came close to winning the title, but at that, he was as good, or better, than the average run-of-the-mill battler. He fought such men as Johnny Risko, "Young" Stribling, Jack Renault, and others of that caliber. He didn't win all of his battles by any means, but he was a good tough mauler, and no question but what he was the best Indian prospect ever put on display.

"Tiny" Roebuck, a giant Indian football star of Haskell Institute, was induced to give the glove game a whirl after his gridiron days were finished. "Tiny" weighed a mere 245 pounds, and though he won a few minor battles, he was a flop as far as being a box-fighter was concerned. Finally, after a one-round kayo at the hands of Art DeKuh, "Tiny" gave the job up and entered the ranks of the "rasslin'" brigade. He made quite a reputation in the grunt-and-groan business—far better than he did in the beak-bustin' game, and boosted his poundage to a mere 275.

Pinky Urquidi, a Yaqui Indian, a game, fighting flyweight who has been a sensation on the Coast.

The Fighting Indians settled their differences, especially when love was concerned, with their fists. Here is a picture of "Green Feather," the Sioux Chief, setting two bucks to fighting each other for the prize of a bride and a pony back in the days of General Custer.

"Chief Metoquah was a big, rough-and-tumble artist who came out of Kansas with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of his predecessor, Jess Willard. But after winning several bouts in the Middle West, the "Chief" petered out completely. I haven't heard of him in a long time, but suffice it to say, he made no one forget Dempsey, Jeffries, and Corbett.

* * *

A FEW years ago, a young Seminole redskin came up out of the everglades of Florida to win the lightweight crown from his fair-skinned brothers. His name was Pete Nebo, and he is still in compe-

(Continued on page 64)

Boxing's Effect on the Human System

By HARVEY BRIGHT

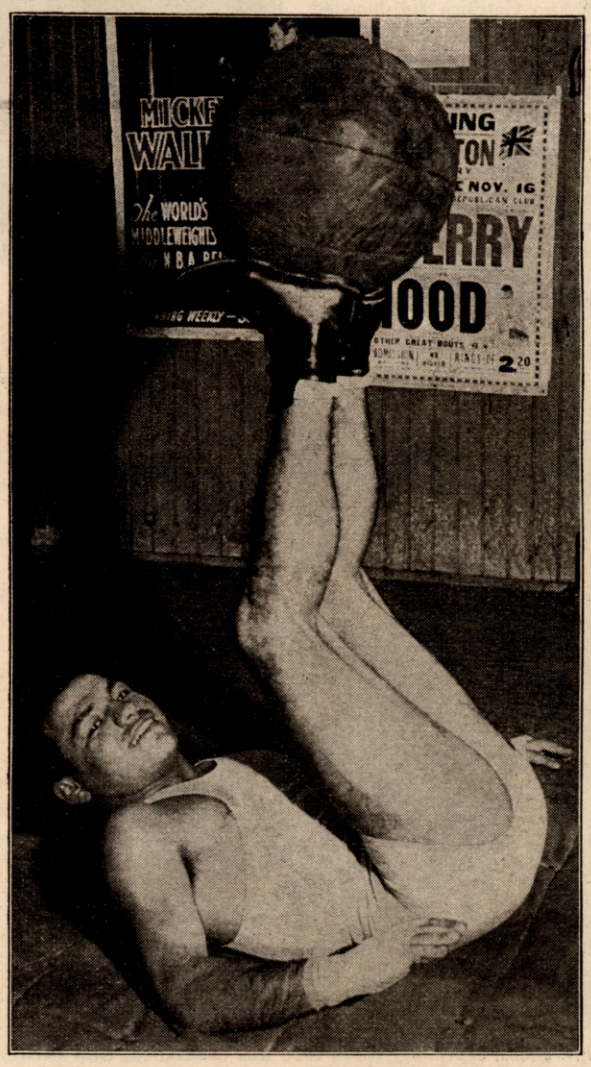
DR. WILLIAM H. WALKER, dean of the New York State Boxing Commission examining physicians, was recently asked to write an article for a medical journal on the effects of boxing on the human system, and his report showed that, with few exceptions, the boys who have reached the top or are close to the top in the field of fisticuffs are in far better physical condition than the majority of the athletes who compete in less strenuous sports. Not only that, but he says that in his many years of close contact with the boxing profession he has come to the conclusion that not only physically but mentally the average topnotch fighter of today surpasses the athletes in other branches of sports activities.

As examples, which Doctor Walker cited to prove his statement, he took half a dozen of the boys who are still in the fistic spotlight and several who have retired and have made a mark for themselves in other lines of endeavor. The leading subjects of his proof were Tony Canzoneri, who meets Cleto Locatelli, the European lightweight king in Madison Square Garden this Friday night; Tommy Loughran, who is to engage Primo Carnera in a world's heavyweight bout at Miami on February 22; Max Baer, heavyweight contender; Barney Ross, the lightweight king; Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion; Benny Leonard, former king of the lightweights; and Jimmy McLarnin, the champion among the welters.

Speaking of Canzoneri, Doctor Walker says, "I have selected Canzoneri because he is one of the outstanding fighters of recent years. Here is a lad who has been in the public eye since he was a boy of sixteen, and throughout all the years of his professional fighting career, during which time he has met clever boys and hard hitters in four divisions, he finds himself, after nine years of competition, in full possession of his mental and physical powers, and has scarcely a blemish mark or disfigurement.

* * *

"I SPOKE to Tony and asked him whether at any time he has felt any ill effects from punches delivered by opponents, and he laughed at my query. He answered, 'No fighter who trains faithfully for a contest, lives a good wholesome life, and takes his fighting seriously need have any fear about physical punishment. True, we feel hard blows the same as any other person would, but our training enables us to meet a blow in a manner that usually prevents the full sting of the punch getting us.'



Here's a good leg and abdominal exercise. Canzoneri balancing and tossing a twenty-pound medicine ball.

"'Is training a burden?' I then asked Canzoneri. 'No,' he replied. 'I find training a pleasure. When one has been accustomed to taking his daily exercises, as a fighter keeping in trim must do, he feels ill at ease when he ceases to train. A little lay-off now and then is a fine thing, because sometimes we find that we must take on a little weight in order to get a gradual reduction to meet the conditions of a fight, and at other times we find that too much training brings on staleness, but never does a good fighter, one who likes his vocation, think of training as a burden.'"

Doctor Walker then goes on to quote statements from Loughran, Dempsey, Firpo, and Tunney regarding their experiences in the ring to prove his contention that boxing is a healthy, wholesome exercise and winds up with an amusing story told by Canzoneri of an experience he had with a boy whom he had knocked out in the first round with one punch.

"It was down in New Orleans," said Tony, "where I was in an amateur bout and my opponent weighed four pounds more than I and had a margin of almost four inches on me. We sparred, then feinting, my opponent dropped his guard and I leaped in the air and with a sort of roundhouse swing I caught him on the chin and he went down with a crash. He was as dead as a doornail so far as hearing the referee's count was concerned, and, when it was all over, I helped to carry him to his corner.

"Then my troubles began. We tried to revive the boy, but in falling his head had hit the floor with a thud and he had lost his senses. We shook his head and gave him smelling salts and in about two or three minutes he opened his eyes, looked with amazement at us and then looking at his hands, he remarked, 'What's this? Who put these gloves on my hands? Why are you all looking at me that way?'

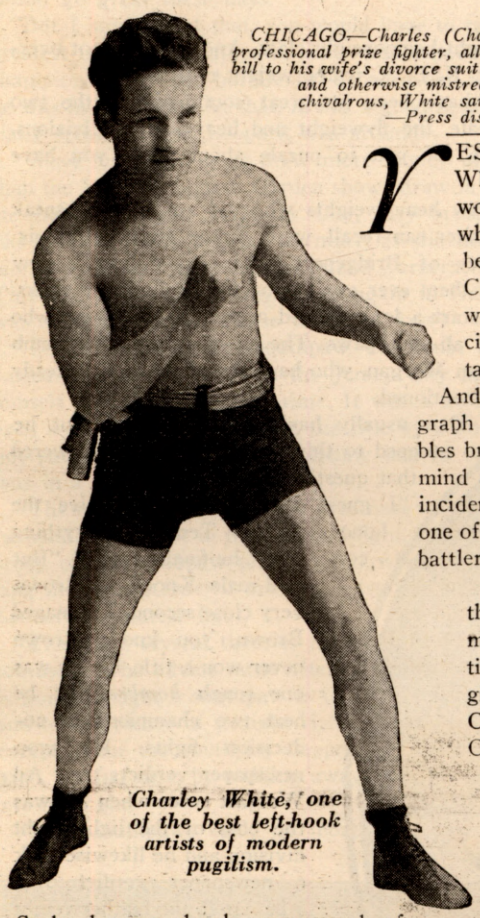
"Well, imagine my surprise at these questions, I being just a kid! I was scared stiff because I thought my opponent was badly hurt and when we both had dressed, just to make sure he was not hurt because he was a friend of mine, belonging to the same club, I walked home with him. That fellow never knew he had fought me, hadn't the faintest idea he was knocked out, never had felt the least pain from that knock-out blow and won both the city and state bantam championships later and today is one of New Orleans' leading citizens.

* * *

"STRANGE things do happen, but let me tell you that it was that knockout that made me the fighter I am today. *(Continued on page 47)*

An Inch from a Title

By ED. W. SMITH



Charley White, one of the best left-hook artists of modern pugilism.

CHICAGO—Charles (Charley) White, former professional prize fighter, alleged today in a cross bill to his wife's divorce suit that she beat, kicked, and otherwise mistreated him. He was too chivalrous, White said, to fight back.
—Press dispatch out of Chicago.

YES, that's Charley White all over—he wouldn't fight back when he looked to be a sure winner! Charley generally was that way, especially in some important matches.

And that little paragraph of domestic troubles brings surging to my mind a lot of interesting incidents in the career of one of the greatest Jewish battlers of all time.

No lightweight that ever lived commanded at different times such prodigious backing as did Charley White of Chicago.

When he fought Freddie Welsh in Colorado Springs in 1916, a capitalist named Sachs became deeply enamoured of White's chances to annex the lightweight title. In fact, he thought it was such a cinch after watching Freddie's lackadaisical training, that he offered, in my presence, to bet two million dollars *or any part of it*—offering to put up at the same time with the manager of the Antlers Hotel a matter of some one hundred thousand dollars to show his earnestness on Charley's chances to win.

Mr. Sachs was connected with the Gillette razor concern and had the money. He wound up betting five hundred dollars on a tip from an Eastern friend that "there was just a chance" that Welsh might be unbeatable with his own referee in the ring. So it proved, in a way, though Welsh really outsmarted White from first to last. Billy Roche was third man that day and his decision was entirely honest.

Jewish boys, notoriously strong followers of ringster doings and generally especially sweet on their own people when they are contending performers, would, like John W. Gates, "bet a million" any time on Benny Leonard, but it is my opinion that, at times, the following created by White around Chicago well exceeded anything in that line that Benny could show. It was wonderful.

* * *

AT LEAST THREE TIMES, WHITE WAS WITHIN AN INCH OR SO OF THE TITLE!

He had Willie Ritchie so thoroughly whipped in the first round in Milwaukee that the Californian looked like an old souse reeling around the ring. The chance slipped by, and in the tenth, Willie was outfinishing and outsmarting Charley by a considerable margin.

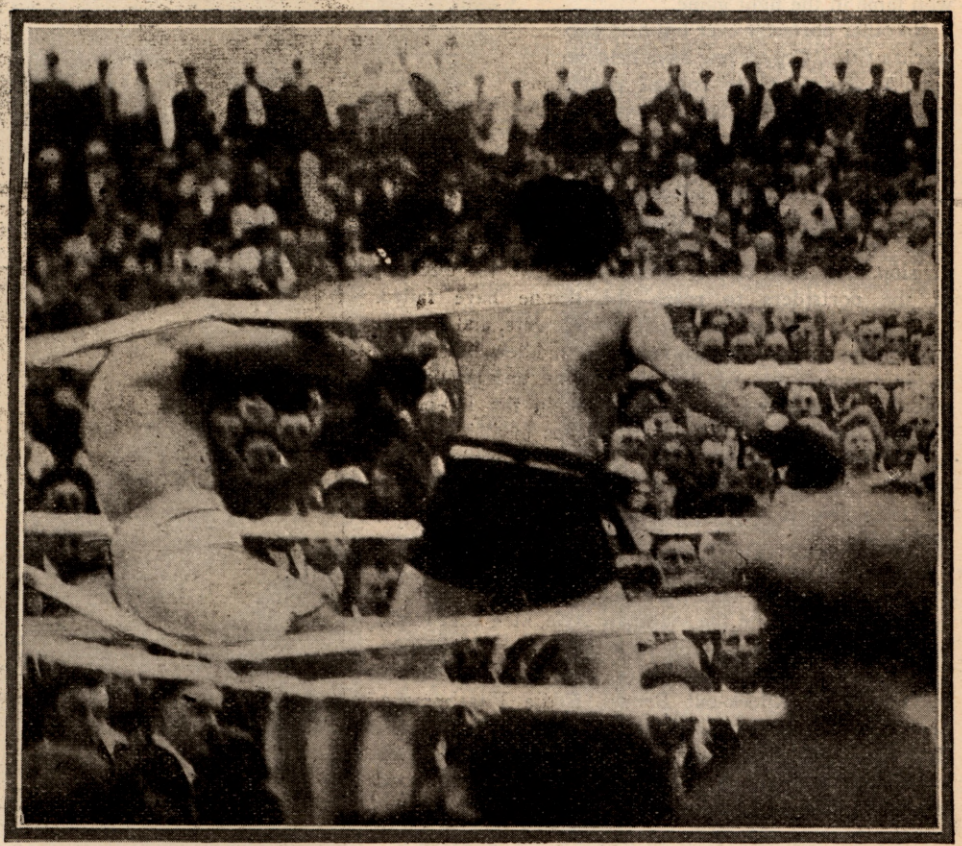
Welsh was about as ready to fight twenty rounds in Colorado as I am at the present moment. In the thirteenth round, White let a left fly to the body. Freddie pushed it down a little low and it chipped a piece off his hip bone. Welsh was so stiffened by the blow, he could scarcely raise his arms.

This chance likewise drifted by and, in the last three rounds, Welsh was boxing his man well in front and hardly needed his so-called hand-picked referee to retain the title.

White always claimed that he had Benny Leonard knocked out at Benton Harbor in a memorable battle that had folks raving mad with excitement. Benny never admitted he was even stung and in the ninth round he caught White flush on the chin and dropped him for the count. These fights ranged from 1914 to 1920.

So you see, during that period there were three different champions with White always the chief contender. But Charley wasn't a smart fighter. He was too instinctively cautious. He could get a man going and then would stand off and look him over carefully, seeming always to fear a trap of some sort.

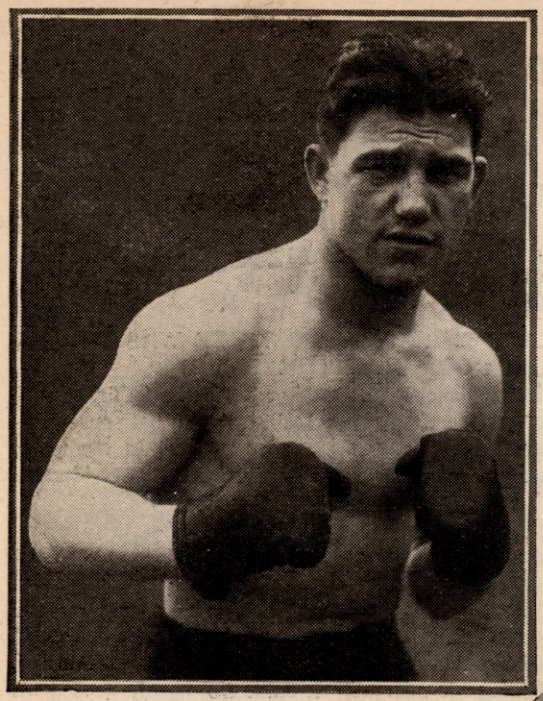
The three smartest fighters I ever knew of this division or near it were Packey McFarland, Jack Britton, and Leonard. The dumbest was White. Harsh thing to say, *(Continued on page 44)*



When Charley White almost took the lightweight crown from Benny Leonard.

PUZZLING

By WILBUR WOOD



Lou Brouillard, a southpaw who won both the welterweight and middleweight titles.

LOU BROUILLARD, Connecticut French-Canadian, is hot on the trail of a third world's championship. Having eaten his way out of the welterweight and middleweight divisions, over each of which he reigned briefly, Brouillard hopes to take over the light-heavyweight sovereignty before the year is out.

Brouillard may never attain his light-heavyweight goal, but whether he does or not his name will go down in Queensberry history as one of the greatest of all the southpaws who have won fame in the fight game.

No other portsider ever has held two world's titles. Only a few have held even one. A glance at the roll of champions reveals that in only two divisions have fighters who put the wrong foot forward fought their way to the top. Brouillard and Young Corbett III are the ones listed among the welterweight kings. By some strange quirk four southpaws have wielded the scepter in the middleweight division. But in all classes except these two the efforts of the portsiders to reach the throne have failed.

Al McCoy, Johnny Wilson, Tiger Flowers, and Brouillard are the southpaws who ruled the middleweight roost. Is there any reason for the strange but undeniable fact that four southpaws have held sway in the 160-pound division, out of six southpaw champions in all? If there is, the writer is unable to find the reason. None of the sock market inmates to whom the question has been put has been able to supply the answer. It just happened, apparently.

There have been only six southpaw champions, but that does not mean there have not been many first-class fighters who boxed in the southpaw style, men who might have been title-holders if the luck had broken their way.

Among the lightweights there were such formidable performers as Knock-out Brown, Eddie Fitzsimmons, Lew Tendler, and George K. O. Chaney. Danny Kramer, Honeyboy Dick Finnegan, and Matt Brock stood high in the featherweight ranks. Frankie O'Brien is a good middleweight right now. George Nichols and Joe Knight are well up in the light-heavyweight class. And we must not overlook Freddy Miller, N. B. A. featherweight champion.

Strangely, there have been no great southpaws at the two extremes of the scale, the flyweight and heavyweight divisions. That's another one for you to puzzle about when you have nothing else to do.

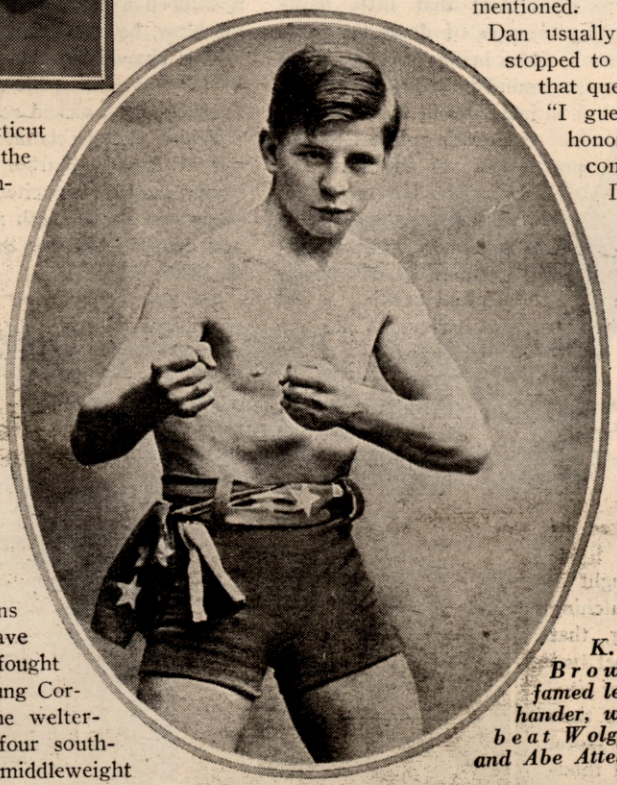
The only southpaw heavyweights who did anything to speak of, as far as the writer can recall, were Jimmy Byrne of Louisville and Ed Keeley of Bridgeport. There have been a few others, but none of them ever got out of the preliminary ranks.

It is possible to start a long-winded argument by asking who was the greatest of all southpaws. The query was put to Dumb Dan Morgan, who has seen all of those already mentioned.

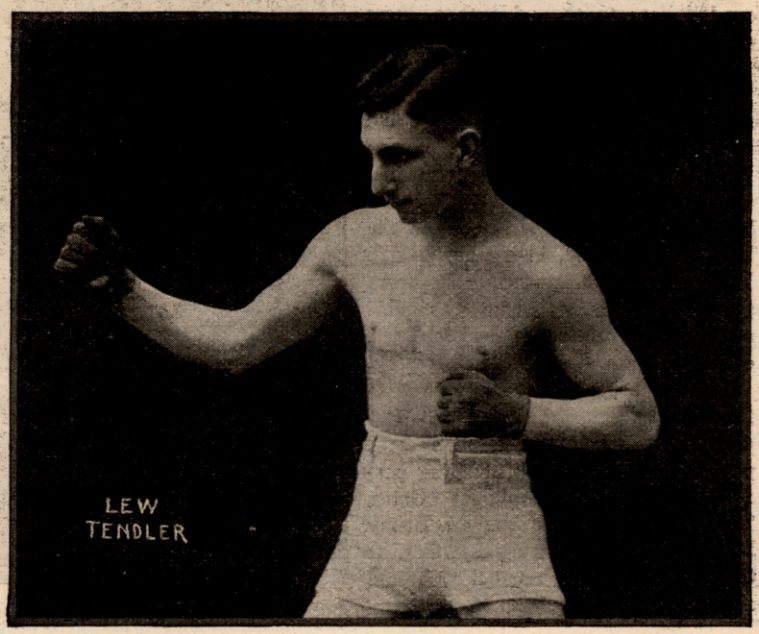
Dan usually has a quick answer, but he stopped to think a bit before he answered that question.

"I guess I would have to give the honors to Lew Tendler, everything considered," he finally replied. "But I would make Knock-out Brown a very close second. I managed Brown, you know. Brown never won a title, but he was one tough *hombre* and he beat two champions in no-decision fights. He won newspaper verdicts over Ad Wolgast twice when Ad was the boss of the lightweight division and he likewise took a newspaper verdict over Abe Attell, the featherweight champion.

"Brown was a great puncher and hard to hurt. On top of that he was cross-eyed, which made him a tough guy to figure. The other guy never knew where Brown was looking. Yes, sir, those were



K. O. Brown, famed left-hander, who beat Wolgast and Abe Attell.



Lew Tendler, one of the greatest southpaw lightweights of modern times.

SOUTHPAWS

great days when Brown was knocking them over. You know, he had twenty-four knock-outs in succession. A guy like that would go great these days.

"But I suppose, at that, you would have to tag Tendler as the greatest of all the southpaws. Lew would have been lightweight champion if anybody but Benny Leonard had been on top when he was in his prime. At that, it was a good break for Lew, financially speaking, that Leonard was around.

"Why, those two guys drew more money in their two fights than the Madison Square Garden shows draw in a year nowadays. In their first fight, in Jersey City, they brought in something like $370,000. That's twice as much as the heavyweight championship ruckus between Sharkey and Carnera drew last summer. Think of that! When they boxed again in New York the gate was around $450,000. Those were the days!

"Tendler was a great southpaw. No doubt about it. He had Leonard in a tough spot in the Jersey City fight. Benny talked himself out of trouble that time. It was a no-decision fight, but even so Lew might have won the title by a knock-out if he had not paused to listen to what Benny had to say when Leonard was in a tough spot.

"The real proof of Leonard's greatness was the ease with which he handled Tendler in their second fight. Benny made a thorough study of the southpaw problem and when he got Lew into the ring the second time he made no mistakes. In many ways it was Leonard's greatest fight.

"There are several theories regarding the best way to fight a southpaw. The advice most often given an orthodox boxer who is going to fight a southpaw is to walk away from his left hand and to use plenty of straight rights. That's not such a bad idea, except when the southpaw happens to have a punishing right hand. In that case, by walking away from his left you walk right into his right.

"Most southpaws can't do more than paw with their right hands, but once in a while one comes along that can smack with his right, too. That's the way it is with Brouillard. Ben Jeby tried to walk away from Lou's left when they boxed for the middleweight title and as a result Ben got a terrible walloping in the body from Brouillard's right. That weakened him and finally led to his defeat by a knock-out.

"My own idea of the best way to fight a southpaw is to crowd him, shorten him up, as it were; keep right on top of him. A southpaw has to have some room to shoot his left. The next time you see one of them in a fight just keep your eyes open and you'll notice he doesn't do any good when he is backed up against the ropes or otherwise crowded. He may do a little cuffing and slapping, but he won't knock anybody out in close. Brouillard is an exception to that to some extent, as he is one of the few portsiders who keep busy inside."

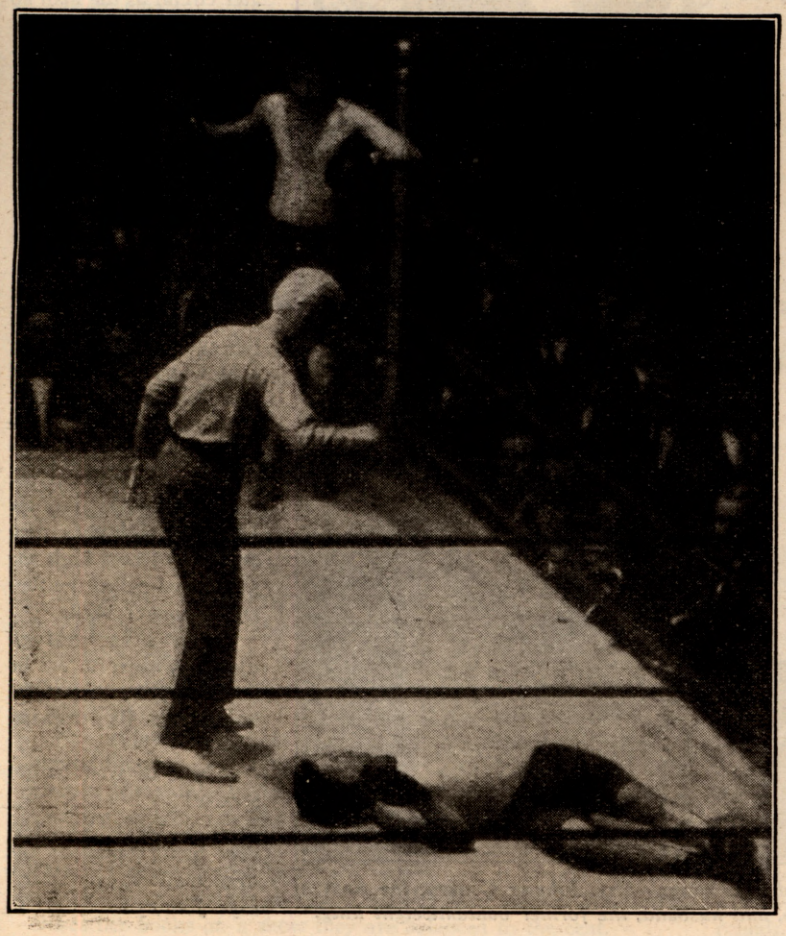
George K. O. Chaney, a portsider who rolled up a record number of knock-outs and was dubbed the "Knock-out King."

The efficacy of a straight right in dealing with a southpaw was demonstrated by Jack Delaney in his fights with Tiger Flowers. Delaney flattened the Tiger the first time in two rounds and then knocked him over in the fourth in a return bout. In each case a straight right to the jaw did the work.

Flowers, though not much of a puncher, must be ranked among the great southpaws of all time. He had to defeat a great fighter, Harry Greb, to win the middleweight title. He lost it to Mickey Walker on an extremely sour decision.

Who was the hardest hitter among the southpaws, for weight and inches? That's another knotty problem. The writer's nominee would be George K. O. Chaney. How he could lay them in! And George wasn't so particular where they landed, either. In twelve years of fighting Chaney scored 102 knock-outs. That stood as a record for knock-outs, for either southpaws or orthodox boxers, until Stribling came along and chalked up about 150 knock-outs.

Chaney's reputation as *(Continued on page 41)*



Scene in the fight between K. O. Chaney and Tommy O'Brien in the Garden, in which Chaney was put to sleep in the sixth round.

Mrs. Coulon Claims

By GEORGE APPLEGREN

THEY insist on having a champion in the Johnny Coulon family. This time it is Mrs. Coulon. She gets the belt, or wreath, or crown, or whatever it is she gets, for being the champion matchmaker.

In ten years she has made more than 12,500 bouts—amateur and professional, boxing and wrestling. She has attracted millions through the turnstiles. She has arranged as many as eight cards in a single week, and never less than two. There was that night in November of 1927 when she arranged four cards for a single night, twenty-six bouts, and personally saw to it that everything went off smoothly.

If boxing is the "manly art," then Mrs. Coulon is trespassing.

Other women have carved niches for themselves in the fight business. There is Mrs. Lena Levy, who supervises the affairs of her brother, King Levinsky, in partnership with Pete Reilly, and "Ma" Stribling, whose presence at the ringside in W. L.'s early ring days was a novel attraction.

But they were for publicity purposes more than anything else. Mrs. Coulon has made it her business, which she has gone about quietly since the beginning, and her record entitles her to supreme recognition.

Johnny Coulon, if you will look up his name in the record books, was the world's bantamweight champion from 1907 to 1914. In later years, he has amazed the public as the man whom no one can lift, a feat which he accomplishes by placing the forefinger of his right hand gently on a nerve center on the neck of the one trying to lift him. Johnny is getting fat and tips the scales at 124 pounds today, but Primo Carnera, Jack Dempsey, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, and countless others of the world's strong men have been unable to raise him off the floor. His feat has puzzled scientists everywhere.

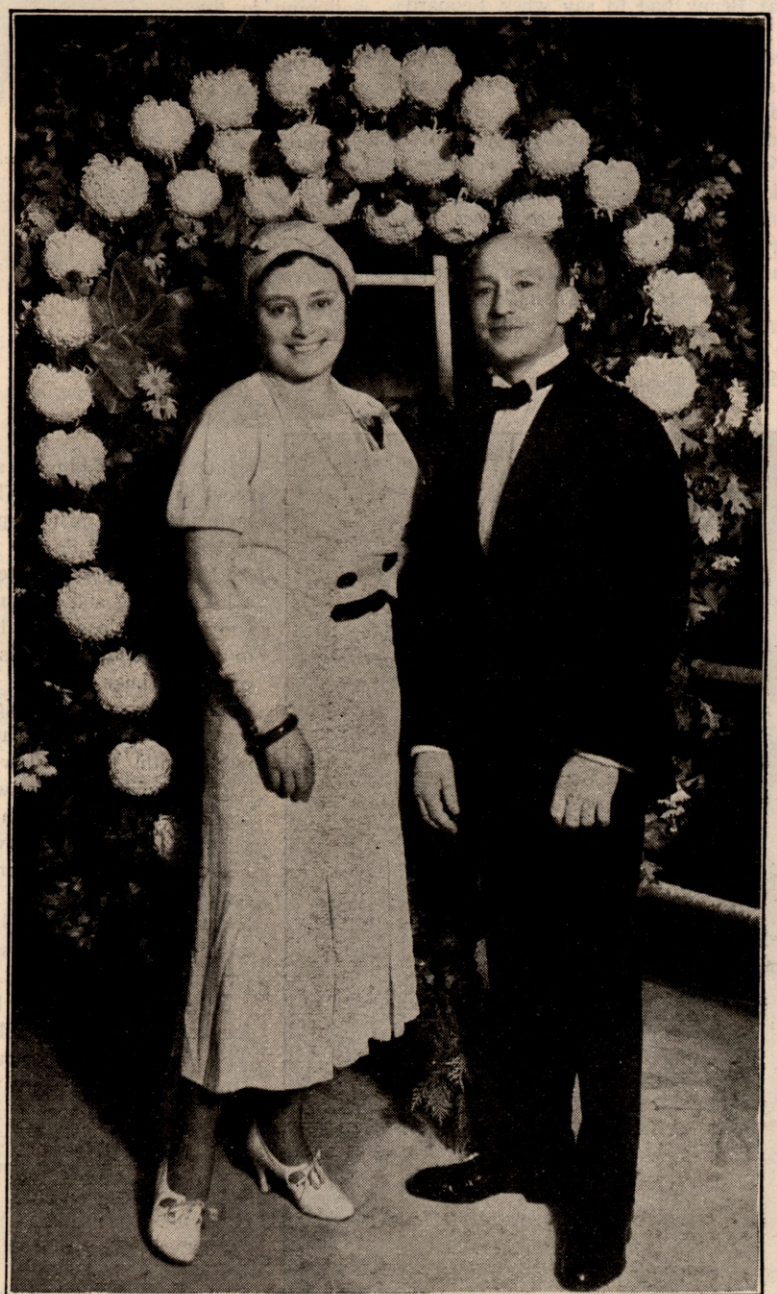
* * *

THE Coulons have a gymnasium in the Woodlawn section of Chicago's South Side at 1154 East 63d Street. The license is in Johnny's name and it is called "Coulon's gymnasium." But outside of the license, Johnny is just "the little bald-headed fellow who is all the time hanging around the place." The boss is the female of the species, Mrs. Coulon.

Mrs. Coulon runs everything. And she is exactly the opposite from the kind of person one finds around gymnasiums day in and day out. She never uses slang. She speaks grammatical, correct English and, even when her ire is aroused, her English is flawless. She never permits rowdyism, and the run of racketeers who hang around training quarters never gets near her place.

Running a gymnasium and making matches is a business with her. She has made it so. She knows fights and fighters better than most of her male competitors.

Until 1921, when Marie Maloney married Johnny Coulon, she had never seen a boxing exhibition in her life. She had been a business woman, serving as private secretary to the president of the Pittsburgh Steel Company. When Johnny quit the ring, he had money, and that was in the days when fighters spent everything they made. He thought he was smart in money matters, but he changed his mind in mighty short order after Mrs. Coulon started to teach him a thing or two.



A pair of aces in the field of Fistiana—Mrs. Johnny Coulon, the boss of Coulon's gym in Chicago, and husband, the former bantamweight king.

The first year they were married, Johnny was booked with a theater circuit as the man no one could lift. Mrs. Coulon was making the circuit with him. In one town, the theater manager called Johnny to say he would have to cut the price in the contract because business was bad. Johnny didn't take kindly to the cut, but he was married and even a cut was better than losing the job entirely.

Mrs. Coulon was out shopping at the time. When she returned to the hotel he told her what had happened. She went a mile high in the air (which is Johnny's own estimate of how high she went) and called the theater manager back.

Johnny never realized what a wonderful act he had until she started talking about its drawing power.

Instead of a cut he got a raise!

"And that's the way she has managed the Coulon affairs ever since," says Johnny.

Matchmaking Title

TWO years after their marriage, Johnny established his gymnasium. Professional bouts were not legalized in Illinois, this being about two years before the bill was passed, and he planned to run amateur bouts. His first show was the first Mrs. Coulon had ever witnessed.

It was a terrible flop. The boys were badly matched; there was no system for seating; and Johnny even forgot to have a referee on hand. The crowd was small because the bout had not been advertised and the show lost money.

The next day Mrs. Coulon took charge. She arranged the bouts for the next show, handled the ticket sale, got out publicity, took care of the advertising, and made plans for ushers so that everyone would get the seat his ticket called for. This last was a complete innovation at amateur shows around Chicago at the time.

Less than a month after her introduction into the boxing business, the South Shore Country Club, one of the most *élite* spots in the entire Chicago district, came to her and asked help in securing talent for their monthly fight night smoker. They explained that their shows had been mostly of the waltz kind and their blue blood members wanted to see action. They got it. They got plenty of it. They are still coming to her each month for the same purpose. Other clubs have come to depend on her also for talent.

When boxing was legalized in Illinois, the Coulons opened at White City. The White City Arena was one of the largest in the city, with a seating capacity of about 6,700, and they packed it. Mrs. Coulon decided to give Chicago fans their first taste of big-time talent and matched the late William L. "Young" Stribling with Tom Kirby.

She gave Chicagoans Joey Sanger, Johnny Simmons, Henry Leonard, the Schaeffer boys, Frankie Genaro, Harry Dublinsky, King Levinsky, and countless others who fight for money.

Their amateur shows were not dropped, however, and some of the best boys in the business today were developed at Mrs. Coulon's shows. Barney Ross, world's lightweight champion, fought more than a third of his amateur bouts at the Coulon club. Barney has told time and again that his early progress was due directly to the encouragement and advice he got from Mrs. Coulon. When he first started boxing, Barney was a sucker for a right hand, and his weakness in this regard was discouraging to the youngster. After one of the weekly shows, Mrs. Coulon offered a suggestion which, fortunately for him, Barney heeded. And since that night, when he followed her advice, he has never been beaten.

Then there was Johnny Phagan, the Negro former International Golden Gloves welterweight champion. Johnny literally did his training before the Coulon weekly shows.

The White City Club was dropped in 1926 when boxing became hectic due to the number of clubs that were springing up on every hand. They are back in the professional game again, however, with two clubs—the Midway Arena on the South Side and the beautiful Rainbo Fronton on the North Side.

* * *

MRS. COULON'S experiences have been many and varied since she took on her duties as matchmaker. Incidentally, she calls it "boxing" and one could hold her in conversation for hours on end without hearing the word "fight" mentioned.

Her appeal has always been to attract the better element among the fans. She thinks boxing needs to be uplifted. Her files contain the names of more than twenty millionaires who have standing orders for blocks of reserved seats every time she stages a show. From her business training, she has learned the value of remembering faces and names, and it is said that she can call more than ten thousand fans by their names. When she closes her books on a show they are balanced to the cent.

Her boys give her everything they have. She is a kind of "mother confessor," if there is such a person, to them. Every boy she meets is given the chance of being her friend and of claiming her for his friend. She is probably the only matchmaker in the world who has never taken a "cut" from a boy's purse. She pays every one in full. Not only that, but she is banker for more than a score of the lads, and last Christmas she staked quite a few of them to ten-dollar bills so that they could buy presents for their mothers.

* * *

MRS. COULON supervises their training, watches over them, helps them to get work before other clubs, and, not at all infrequently, she gets them out of trouble. She has made it a rule never to match a boy until she has seen him inside a ring, or has satisfied herself beyond all doubt that his experience has been such that he can give customer satisfaction. She signs good boys to meet good boys, and she flatly refuses to let novices and youngsters be made chopping blocks for those who are going up the ladder.

Every matchmaker in the country has a "black list" of boys he doesn't like and refuses to deal with. Most of them, however, will relent in time, especially if a boy makes a name for himself. But never Mrs. Coulon. Once a boy's name is on her "black list" it stays there, and even if he became a world's champion he could never earn one dollar at a Coulon show.

Lying and framing fights are unpardonable sins in her eyes, and they are about the only things she can't forgive. The boys may be veritable "scamps" in their private lives, but she will overlook it and go along with them as long as they give good accounts of themselves.

And if you don't believe it get a load of this. One of the best featherweights developed around Chicago in many a day put on a song and dance one night when the weather kept the crowd away. He was working on a percentage and didn't feel like giving his best for the small purse he would get.

That was his finish.

The other day when the writer visited the Coulon gym, this boy phoned to ask for a fight. He would fight for anything they wanted to pay him, he said, because he was stone broke. Johnny answered the phone (which is one of the things he does around the place). He conveyed the boy's plea to Mrs. Coulon.

"Nothing stirring," she exclaimed. "I wouldn't let him box for me if I could get him for a nickel. I'll quit before I push boys like him onto the public."

That's how this woman promoter-matchmaker does her business. She is America's only woman promoter.

Johnny Coulon, the hubby, began to move with the headliners in the bantam division about 1909, when the class was almost in as much a muddle as it is now. Jimmy Walsh of Boston had gone over to England to clash with Digger Stanley in a contest which was advertised as for the world title, and, when the official verdict was a draw, both men claimed the crown. When Walsh got back, he was unable to make the weight limit and from then on several claimants appeared on the horizon, including Coulon.

He then proceeded to prove his right to the honors by defending it against such good men as Eddie O'Keefe, Young O'Leary, Jim Kendrick, Johnny Daly, Harry Forbes, Joe Coaster, Charley Goldman, and others and, after about thirteen months of campaigning, experts were willing to concede he was the leader of the class. His two classiest performances were twenty-round bouts, one at Vernon, Calif., in which he successfully held on to his crown in a mill with Frankie Conley, and the other, another twenty-round affair, in which he beat Frankie Burns of Jersey City at New Orleans.

He lost the title to Kid Williams in 1914 at Los Angeles, when Johnny, fresh from a siege of illness, was able to last only three rounds. Johnny was a clever boxer and a heady fighter.

ROSS, CANZONERI

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

IN the most interesting and the closest contest of the series started by THE RING in 1928, Barney Ross, lightweight champion of the world, and Tony Canzoneri, former titleholder, have finished in a deadlock for the trophy given annually to the Most Valuable Boxer.

As a result, THE RING will present to Barney and Tony the silver belts which go with this award, in which one hundred and forty boxing writers, officials, and commission members from all over the United States participated.

The idea of naming the Most Valuable Boxer of the Year was originated by Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, who also was the first man to compile an annual rating of fistic leaders, in collaboration with the late Tex Rickard.

It was felt that some adequate reward and recognition were due to the boxer who not only had made technical strides during the previous year, but had done his share in lifting the moral tone and morale of the sport. Here is the basis on which the award has been made annually since 1928:

1—Foremost in his contribution to the skill and science of the sport; not essentially as a champion.

2—Foremost in combining with his fine position in the ring a high place as a sportsman.

3—Foremost in maintaining splendid public relations and beating down the constant effort to discredit boxers as citizens.

4—Foremost in associating with boxing skill and good public reactions a reputation for clean and moral living.

5—Salient as an example to the growing American boy.

Item Number 1 will count for fifty per cent and items 2, 3, 4, and 5 will total the other fifty per cent.

Item Number 4 will count for twenty per cent, and Items 2, 3, and 5 for ten per cent each.

* * *

BECAUSE of the fact that public service to the sport, public relations, and a clean record both in and out of the ring were essentials in aspiring to the award, THE RING's Most Valuable Boxer trophy always has been coveted by our outstanding battlers.

The most significant feature of the contest in which Ross and Canzoneri finished on an equality, aside from the fact that it was the first tie of the series and the first elevation of non-heavyweights, was the poor showing made by Primo Carnera, champion of the world and conqueror of Jack Sharkey.

Barney Ross, lightweight champion and co-leader in THE RING *contest.*

Despite the fact that he is rated the best heavyweight of the past year and did a lot to increase interest in boxing, Carnera landed only five points.

Jack Dempsey, who has been out of the ring for some years, matched this. Seemingly the fight experts of the United States do not rate Carnera a great fighter, and they do not regard his rise to the championship with any elation, or any desire to cheer for the champion or his feat.

The contest for the Most Valuable Boxer was started in 1928, and was won by Gene Tunney, then champion. In 1929 Tommy Loughran, another big fellow, got the call. In 1930, Max Schmeling came home in front by a good margin. But in 1931 Loughran once more dashed in ahead of the field, with a clean-cut victory, scoring heavily in all the details of the competition.

In 1932, Jack Sharkey was awarded the trophy. In 1933 the committee decided that conditions did not warrant giving the trophy and the contest was canceled. The tremendous vote polled by Loughran from the time the competition was originated is truly phenomenal, for in the 1934 rating for the trophy he finished third.

Ross and Canzoneri tied with 665 points each. Loughran rolled up 650, scoring heavily in those brackets which had to do with fine sportsmanship and public relations as well as clean living, and leading in first places with 580 points.

The rest of the field was utterly out of it. Max Baer landed in fourth place with 285 points, with Billy Petrolle fifth with 245. Jimmy McLarnin made a disappointing race with 95 points. Tony Shucco, Jack Sharkey, Maxie Rosenbloom, Lou Brouillard, Carnera, and George Hansford also scored. Here is the detailed point score:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	Total Pts.
Barney Ross	475	67	61	62	665
Tony Canzoneri	485	69	53	58	665
Tommy Loughran	580	8	9	53	650
Max Baer	205	36	33	11	285
Billy Petrolle	215	24	6	0	245
Jimmy McLarnin	90	0	0	5	95
Tony Shucco	10	0	0	0	10
Georgie Hansford	5	4	3	1	13
Jack Sharkey	10	0	0	0	10
Maxie Rosenbloom	10	0	0	0	10
Lou Brouillard	5	0	0	0	5
Primo Carnera	5	0	0	0	5

Tie *for* RING Award

Lightweights Outscore Loughran for "The Most Valuable Boxer" Trophy

THE equal awards won by Ross and Canzoneri should be a strong tip to the promoters of the country. There is too little attention being paid to the smaller classes and too great stress seems to be laid, the experts indicate, on the heavyweights, no matter what their technical qualities might be.

The result of the contest is a tremendous tribute to Ross, who came along fast in the last year, and an equal tribute to Canzoneri, who no longer is a champion.

Ross, who is from Chicago, developed in 1932, and in 1933 took the lightweight championship from Canzoneri in a ten-round fight in the Windy City. Some experts had accorded to Ross a fair chance, but in the main the result took the nation by surprise.

Canzoneri clamored for a return fight. He got it quickly. And he got it in New York, over the fifteen-round route. This time Tony did not take the chances he had taken in Chicago, and went right out at the gong. But when the fifteen rounds were over, Ross again was the winner and experts then were convinced that Time at last had caught up with little Tony.

However, Canzoneri still is a great card all over the United States. And Ross has in his grasp a fortune. It remains to be seen if Barney will be a rational fighter and keep away from the playboy rôle which seems to crowd on every fighter who achieves any prominence.

* * *

Tony Canzoneri former title-holder, who tied Ross for Most Valuable Boxer trophy.

MANY boxers just drift into the game. Ross, though, deliberately set out on the fistic trail because he figured he could make more money by fighting than in any other way. He started as an amateur, it is true, but even then he was a professional at heart, looking forward to the day when he would be well paid for his fistic labors.

When Barney was in his early 'teens his father, proprietor of a grocery in Chicago's Ghetto, was shot and killed by two men who attempted to hold up the store. That left it up to Barney and a brother to run the business. They soon sold out and Barney worked at odd jobs while he completed a two-year high school course.

There didn't seem to be much of a future in anything he tried and he began to think seriously of going into boxing. He talked it over with friends. One of them gave him some good advice.

"If you want to be a fighter," counseled this one, "do it right. Go to one of the gymnasiums down town and learn how to box."

Young Barney took that advice. After taking lessons daily for several weeks he was advised to get some actual experience as an amateur before trying the professional game. That was in 1929. So he entered the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament and surprised every one, including himself, by winning the featherweight honors. He also boxed in the intercity tournament between New York and Chicago and won his fight.

It didn't take long for Ross to make his mark as a pro. He won the world's lightweight crown from Canzoneri in Chicago last summer, and in the fall repeated the victory in New York in defense of his crown.

Canzoneri got his start at the Gayoso Athletic Club in New Orleans after adding two years to his correct age and fibbing that he was sixteen years old. But his few years failed to hamper Tony for he clanged the gong of victory over a three-round decision in the 100-pound amateur class over Mike Bernard.

It was one victory after another, and soon Tony found himself on the way to fistic fame in his own small world. Later this widened when he took on all 100-pound comers and added the city crown for that class to his laurels. Then he moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and his lessons from Herman came to an abrupt ending.

It wasn't until December 22, 1920, that Tony again saw Herman in action. Herman had gone on to New York to defend his bantamweight championship against Joe Lynch at the Madison Square Garden and saw to it that his former protégé got a pass. That pass was responsible for Canzoneri's decision to enter the field of fisticuffs as a profession.

As a professional Canzoneri's success came slowly but surely. Not many fighters can boast of having knocked out two champions and won two titles. Yet that is what little Tony Canzoneri has accomplished. In the record books he is listed as a 29-year-old fighter, but Tony is only 25.

Tony, during the short space of ten years, eight as a professional, has held three pro and three amateur titles. He has clashed with top notchers ever since he was a kid of seventeen. Experts rate him the best flyweight since Benny Leonard's time, because he is both clever and possesses a punch. In addition, he has the courage of a lion. In his prime, Tony undoubtedly was a better all-round fighter than his successor is at this stage. Barney is far more clever, but his punching powers still must be developed. Ross is the nearest approach to Frank Erne, the famous Buffalo lightweight, whose style was much similar to that of Barney.

BAER Brings Back

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Max Schmeling as a motion picture star. Note the amazing histrionic ability of the Uhlan, who looks as comfortable as a W.C.T.U. lady in a saloon.

IN boxing, as in other human activities, things go in cycles. You have seen it in women's fashions. You have seen it in the theater and in sport. Now the fact is stressed in boxing. For the game of fisticuffs has moved back into the playboy phase. The standard-bearer of the playboys of 1934 is Max Baer, challenger for the world's heavyweight championship—the man whom California expects to bring back the prestige it lost with the passing of Jim Corbett, the San Francisco bank clerk.

The time was when the playboy and the ring were very close associates indeed. But, as boxing grew out of the small-money era and became big business, fighters discovered that doing the night spots and battling for fancy purses hardly were compatible activities. Boxers became shrewd in a financial way, and a new line of great fighters was developed, with Jack Dempsey and then Gene Tunney showing the way to opulent success.

But, as Dempsey lost the championship, and Tunney quit the game, the stage was set for the playboy revival. Jack Sharkey always has been pretty much of a family man, and, until he became champion, Max Schmeling was a shy and quiet hombre. But with his rise to the title, the German began to luxuriate, and soon he married Annie Onda of the films. It is quite true that Schmeling never has been a real playboy, but there was an unmistakable trend, which followed right through to the rise of Primo Carnera, and the development of Baer.

Max Baer in the company of the glamorous June Knight, one of the flamboyant blondes of the stage and screen.

In Baer, we find the big man of the new playboy era—a man who has a brilliant future, with ring riches untold in his grasp. Which way will he turn? Will he stick to the fight game, for which he is best fitted, or will he prove unable to resist the lures and the attractions of the movies and the night clubs, and go the way of other fighters who could not stand prosperity?

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY proved quite adequately that the truly great fighter cannot match his ring opportunities financially in any other activity. Jack fooled around with the movies. He tried other things. But he discovered that they all exploited him for what he was in boxing, and that sticking to the fight game was the best thing for body, mind, and the bank roll.

In the case of Baer, we have a man whom nature intended for a playboy rather than a serious seeker after ring riches. There are two forces at odds in Max at all times. One lures

John L. Sullivan combined dramatic effort, of a sort, with his ring exploits. Here we see him in that astounding play, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Bright-light Era

History of Heavyweight Division Shows Serious and Night-Club Forces Always in Conflict

him to the bright lights. The other beckons to ambition and success.

Baer was a playboy long before he knocked out Schmeling and achieved recognition as a contender for the heavyweight championship. Most often the playboy instinct develops after a fighter has landed in the big-money class. But in Max from Livermore, Calif., fun and frolic held the upper hand right from the start of his fistic career.

Boxing hopes that Baer will see the light, and the road to his own benefit, and stick to fighting. For it is believed that if Baer adheres to business he can win the heavyweight championship and start boxing back to the heights from which it toppled with the retirement of Tunney and the death of Tex Rickard—and the coming of hard times.

* * *

LET us trace the playboy in American boxing and see how he has influenced the sport. Our earliest heavyweight champions—the Hyers, Jacob and Tom, father and son—were very serious-minded men. The country was young, and New York, where they flourished, was growing fast, brawly, full of temptation, even in a day when Fourteenth Street was the northern limit of the big town.

Ada Isaacs Menken, the stage beauty, who wed Heenan.

Tom went from a tannery into the ring. He really didn't take to fighting for the sheer love of it. Tom was more interested in the political activity of the young nation. After he had become champion he opened a saloon on Park Row, which was the headquarters of the Know Nothings, or anti-Irish party.

The years rolled along. Then came a new type in American pugilism. John C. Heenan came down from Troy, N. Y., to whip the best. Heenan really disliked the atmosphere of the ring. He was a great fighter, but secretly disdained the company and the air of the fight game.

Heenan went in for socializing on a big scale. He married Ada Isaacs Menken, a fair actress and a famous beauty. He bought trotters and raced them against Commodore Vanderbilt. He appeared in all the night spots, he was a frequenter of the theater and a well-known first-nighter.

John Morrissey, who fought Heenan and beat him, was another playboy. John came from Ireland and settled in Troy, where he achieved some renown as a rough-and-tumble fighter. Coming to New York, Morrissey allied himself with the Democrats, as against Hyer and the Whigs, and became a fistic, political, and gambling power.

Morrissey was a shrewd man. He saw that the big money was not in the ring, but in gambling. So he went in for the promotion of games of chance. He ran several big places in New York, he ran the casino at the Saratoga race track, and he got himself elected to Congress from an uptown New York district.

* * *

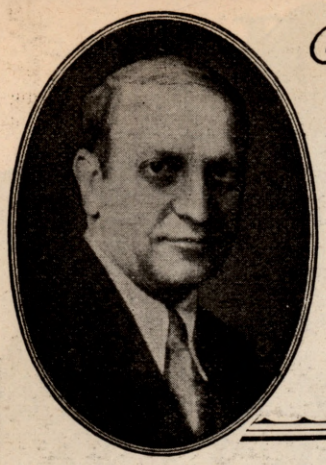
THE years kept rolling on. Came Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain, new types, who lacked the acumen and the poise of Morrissey and Heenan.

Ryan and Kilrain were not great fighters, and they were not intellectual giants. They may be classified as champions of the beer saloon era. Then fighters were built for the long grind and not for speed, and they kept in very poor shape in between fights.

Ryan and Kilrain set the stage for John Lawrence Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, who *(Continued on page 47)*

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, who, when this picture was taken, was Mrs. Dempsey. Later they were divorced, and now Jack is married to Hannah Williams of the musical comedy stage.

The dashing John C. Heenan, who looks more like a stage favorite than a heavyweight champion in this old and very rare picture.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Madison Square Garden Receives "Silent Treatment"
Uncle Sam a Bona Fide Partner in Boxing Promotion
Schmeling's Presence in America Adds Interest to Sport

WHAT'S wrong with boxing? You've often heard that question asked and, just as often, you've had any number of answers given you. Promoters, matchmakers, fighters, the boxing commission, and the fight fan, himself, have been blamed, and you've wondered just which of the answers was the correct one. Well, folks, after seeing the big turnout at the Coliseum of New York for the Barney Ross-Billy Petrolle bout, there seemed to be only one answer—the scribes.

The splendid publicity given to Mrs. Hearst's Christmas Fund contest, staged under the supervision of her two capable assistants, Ed Frayne and Bill Farnsworth, was somewhat of a novelty following the many months of almost complete silence that attended the shows of Madison Square Garden, several of which were on a par with the Ross-Petrolle mill. There can be no question but that ballyhoo, the kind that will steam up the fight fan and make him talk about the fights, is the thing that brings out such a vast gathering as attempted to see the Christmas Fund bouts. When twelve thousand persons pack an arena to the rafters, and ten thousand more, who couldn't be accommodated, fight the police to gain admittance, that must be ample proof that the ballyhoo had left a deep impression on the public.

That being the case, and I'm convinced it is, then I must draw the conclusion that it is not the promoter, matchmaker, manager, or fighter who is responsible for the lack of interest evinced by the fight fan in the matches staged by the Garden, the world's most prominent sports center, but the concerted action of the newspapers in practicing the silent treatment on the "House that Tex built." Regardless of the differences between the managers, fighters, and scribes on the one hand, and the Garden and its promoter on the other, it seems to me that when a good card is arranged the Garden should, by all lines of fairness, receive the same courtesy extended to others in promotorial work.

* * *

THE RING has no axes to grind. It is an independent magazine, which has been able to carry on through thirteen fat and lean years only because it has fought for the best interests of boxing, and it is for that reason that we now enter into a discussion that might seem out of place here. Our policy has always been, "Live and Let Live," and, in order to live, boxing must receive the support of the newspapers, for without that support it cannot survive.

There are some critics who blame lack of good cards for the fistic depression in the Garden. There are others who point the finger at Jimmy Johnston, the matchmaker, and declare that he is responsible because of the antagonism borne against him by managers and fight reporters. There are still others who declare that the head of the Garden, Colonel Kilpatrick, is responsible because he regards boxing as only a "filler-in" in a vast program of sports activities carried on in the Eighth Avenue institution.

But from personal observation, and a close study of the vexing question, it is my opinion that the "silent treatment" practised by New York sports scribes, whether with or without the consent of the powers that be on each paper, has done more to kill the fistic sport in New York than any other of the many attributes. It isn't fair. The Garden deserves better treatment. It is the greatest institution for boxing in the world, and the death of the sport in the "House that Tex Built" will carry its influence all over the world. That is why THE RING appeals for fair play.

It isn't only the Garden and its executive force that is affected by such silent treatment. The grievances of the fight critics, the managers, and others who may have them against the Garden's chief executive or Jimmy Johnston do not concern me nor do I intend to fight their battles. That is for them to settle themselves.

But this appeal does aim to aid the fighter whose livelihood is being taken from him, for in the long run he is the greatest sufferer. There are many fine prospects in this country at present. There have been a number of excellent pairings made in recent shows at the Garden, and the performances of the lads in those bouts have been of a high order. Surely those boys, striving hard to gain public recognition, could be helped in their climb upward by receiving just a little encouragement from the newspapers.

* * *

ON the Canzoneri-Locatelli and the King Levinsky-Charley Massare cards recently, there were six matches, any one of which would have been a headliner at any of the smaller clubs, yet simply because those boys had the audacity to accept an engagement in the Garden, the goal of ambition of every youngster, not a line of publicity was given any one, not even Tony Canzoneri, Levinsky, or Locatelli, until the day the boys met. What has Tony done to receive such shabby treatment from his own home town?

He kept boxing alive in New York during its leanest years. He gave the scribes a chance to write many interesting stories while he was champion. He, like Billy Petrolle, has never had the finger of suspicion pointed at him throughout his long and honorable career. Yet, when he is striving for a chance to regain the world's lightweight championship, he is given the cold shoulder by his own city.

Just think of this gross injustice! Just think what pride any other city's newspapers would take in giving this boy his just due! It's all wrong, Rastus, and a protest is in order.

* * *

AS for the Garden officials, I hold no brief for them. They have erred on a number of occasions, primarily when a public broadcast was made to the effect that boxing was only a "filler-in" at the famous sports arena, but who among us hasn't at some time made a mistake? Boxing is a great sport and deserves the support of the newspapers of New York. All hands have profited by it, and therefore boxing should not be tossed into the discard because of personal differences between the management of the Garden and the molders of public opinion.

This is the year when the sport can regain its former prestige in New York, but that will never happen unless the hatchet be buried and promoters, managers, fighters, and newspapers get together.

I think that the greatest *faux pas* pulled in years was Colonel Kilpatrick's broadcast, for it added fuel to the fire that already had been raging and gave the enemies of the Garden additional ammunition in their steady, daily attacks on the sports arena. I believe that the good Colonel, a great athlete in his college days at Yale, must have regretted his statement when he attended the

splendid show given by Mrs. Hearst and her aides, Messrs. Frayne and Farnsworth, for the benefit of the Christmas Fund. When he saw the Coliseum packed to the gunwales, with even standing room at a premium, and learned that almost ten thousand more persons were turned away, he must have pondered over his radio announcement that boxing was only a "filler-in."

Surely he was convinced at that affair that boxing is far more than a mere "filler-in." He saw something there that was absolutely convincing that New Yorkers are hungry for good boxing and must have realized what it means to have the press aligned against an institution. It is most unfortunate for the Garden.

I reiterate that those who blame the Garden officials for the situation that exists in boxing in New York and, therefore, throughout the country, are only partly correct. They are not alone to blame. The greatest blame lies on the blackballing of the Garden by the scribes. Let's hope that the condition will soon be altered. If it is, New York will see the biggest summer of fisticuffs in several years, and with it will come an influx of visitors from all sections of the country. Such an influx would bring a million dollars or more into circulation in the Empire City and if that is not a worth-while goal to strive for, then nothing ever was.

* * *

THE arrival of Max Schmeling here for a series of bouts, that eventually land him another shot at the heavyweight title, was hailed with enthusiasm in this country because of the interest it has added to the heavyweight class. With Loughran pitted against Carnera down in Miami, Schmeling fighting Hamas in Philadelphia, and King Levinsky tuning up for a chance to convince the American public that he is entitled to first call against the heavyweight king next summer, things are beginning to hum in the pugilistic field. If the heavyweights of the first rank are kept busy, that is a safe sign that the year will be one of unusual activity.

If Max Baer continues to play in vaudeville while his rivals keep in trim by fighting, the Livermore Larruper will find himself out in the cold so far as a championship bout next summer is concerned. Right now Baer is the leading contender, but unless he wakes up to the fact that he is a fighter by profession and not an actor, and gets down to the strenuous business of conditioning himself, he'll not be equal to the task of beating Carnera nor several other fistic lights whom he now regards as mere pushovers.

Max is beginning to have an exaggerated opinion of his ability and even his best pals, including the man who brought him to the front, Jack Dempsey, are not backward in telling him that unless he gives up his vaudeville and his girls and attends strictly to the business of fighting, he'll never be a world champion. The two do not mix properly with boxing.

As for Schmeling, those who love their boxing are rooting hard for Max to make a success out of his comeback. He is a good fighter, the kind the sport needs, and now that he is a challenger instead of a champion, we can expect more of his fighting skill to be brought out than before. As a challenger he will not carry the worries he had when he was on top, and I look for him to make good in his attempt to climb back to the post he once held. He may never be a champion again, but he undoubtedly will give the fans many a thrill because of his hitting powers.

* * *

STRANGE things do happen in this country! Shades of John L. Sullivan!

Can you imagine what the Boston Strong Boy would have said were he alive today and read that Uncle Sam had formed a partnership in the promotion of a prize fight in order to obtain $2,000 due on a note? Yes, Hiram, you're right, he would have let out a yell that only a Comanche Indian could have duplicated, for wasn't it this same Government that has always, even to this day, frowned upon having boxing exhibitions within the confines of the Capital and only three years ago, sent a fistic promoter to jail for two years for staging a boxing show in Washington, D. C.

Yet only a few weeks back, following his plea of guilty to a charge of having evaded payment of an income tax, Bill Duffy, co-manager with Louis Soreci of Primo Carnera, the world heavyweight king, pleaded guilty and had the United States Government join hands with him in the promotion of a fight to assure your Uncle Sammy of his payment.

Duffy owes the Government $2,000 and in making his plea before Judge Knox he declared that he was broke, but that as he is entitled to his cut of the Carnera-Loughran fight at the Miami bowl, he would make good with the U. S., by turning that money over to the Treasury Department. But—and here is where the partnership comes in—Bill pleaded that he could not possibly get his share unless he were permitted to be Johnny-on-the-spot to ballyhoo the bout, and to do that it would be necessary for the court to avoid sentencing him until after the fight.

"And," continued Bill, "I will sign a note for $2,000 and make it payable to Uncle Sam, with the stipulation that I be permitted to remain free and help promote the fight and that all monies coming to me over the $2,000 due your Uncle be delivered by the Government to me."

The agreement was clinched and, for the first time in the history of the United States, Uncle Sam became a fight promoter! And still the Government continues to have an anti-prize fight law in the District of Columbia and refuses to repeal the obnoxious law which prevents interstate traffic in fight films.

The Government did the same in the case of Maxie Rosenbloom. An attachment was placed on the money due him from the championship bout with Joe Knight at Miami, so that Uncle Sam could collect a total of close to three thousand dollars demanded for arrears in income tax and interest. Thus Uncle Sam twice within a month became a partner in boxing.

Father Time Flags the Fargo Express!

By George E. Phair

With heavy arms and stumbling feet
But with a Spartan soul
He met the fate that all must meet,
Ole Uncle Will Petrolle.

For Father Time was in the ring,
Invisible but strong,
Waiting in patience there to sing
His old triumphant song.

"A gallant fighter in his prime,
A knight of high degree,
He cannot win," said Father Time,
"For he is fighting me.

"I beat them in the last long mile,
The humble and the great,
And though they struggle for a while
I simply stand and wait.

"A king may rule the padded ring
Or sit upon a throne
But when they have their final fling
I rule the world alone.

"One touch of Time upon the brow,
And they must pay the score.
The Dempseys and the Leonards now
Are names and nothing more.

"So take your tattered blanket, Will,
And vanish from the scene.
You gave the world an honest thrill
When youth was fresh and green.

"You were a gamester in your prime,
A knight devoid of fear,
Goodbye, old man," said Father Time,
And shed a big round tear.

TALKING *to* MYSELF

By BUD RIDLEY

Former featherweight boxer

REMEMBER—Sitting in the dressing room, waiting for your first scrap, how chills raced up and down your spine—and perspiration oozed from your forehead—and how you trembled when the heavy, battered gloves were tied on your hands; and somebody told you to cheer up, that the first ten years were the hardest?

How you shivered when somebody yelled not to lead with your chin?

The first time you took a good pasting, how you swore you'd never fight again?

When Manager Whosis promised to make you a world's champion if you signed a contract to box under him?

* * *

REMEMBER—The first time your picture appeared in the paper, how you bought dozens of copies and mailed them to everybody you ever knew?

The time you ate a big piece of mince pie on the afternoon of a fight and you vowed, by all the stars above, you'd never do it again?

Your first fight in a big town, how small and helpless you felt when you stepped into the ring under the bright lights and saw "a million" faces glaring up at you?

When the boys wrapped a large roll of friction tape on their hands and folded it over a dozen times across the knuckles?

Your first main event, how everybody shook your hand and patted you on the back, and wanted to carry your bag, and said you were the greatest little battler ever developed?

When you won a scrap, how your manager said, "We win!"—but when you lost, the pronoun was singular?

How hostile and cruel and heartless everybody seemed when you met a favorite in his own back yard?

* * *

REMEMBER—When you were introduced to the world's heavyweight champion, how your heart pounded your side, and your tongue stuck to the roof of your mouth and you could hardly say, "How do you do"?

When you were winning consistently, you began to think you were invincible, and along came a frail, pink-cheeked lad who gave you the trouncing of your life?

When you were matched with the roughest, toughest, hardest-punching egg on the Coast, and you thought your manager was the biggest sap in the world for making such a match—and you worried yourself sick—then, with your first half-hearted punch, you bowled him over for the count?

How sorry you felt for the kid who shook in terror before the first bell rang, then that frightened boy proceeded to batter you around unmercifully?

The night you took your girl to a show to watch you trim a palooka, who didn't figure to hit you with a handful of rice, and he belted you with everything but the box office?

* * *

REMEMBER—When you won every round from a local favorite, then, at the end of hostilities, the referee raised the other kid's hand?

When you won too often the fans began to ride you, and, when you lost too many, they rode you some more?

When the promoters took your word for what you weighed—and the poundage of the various pugs was kept a dark secret?

The time your manager smeared vaseline on your chest and arms to outsmart your opponent, and it bothered you more than it did him?

When your manager told you that the punches which crashed into your nose hurt him more than they did you?

The time your manager weighed you in before Sports Editor Blah and Promoter What-ya-call'm just to prove you were a legitimate featherweight, and you tipped the scales at 142?

The two weeks following that embarrassing episode, how your manager loaded you down with sweaters and flannels, and wrapped an inner tube around your waist and made you run ten miles before daylight every morning and train fifteen rounds, in secret, every afternoon, and rubbed you until you were raw; then, when you stepped on the weighing machine again before the skeptical gentlemen—so weak you could hardly stand—you boosted the beam to 128—and your manager laughed and told them you hadn't done a lick of work in a week?

When you took the long count, how you lay awake all night, calling yourself all the dumb-bells in the book for having been clipped by that wide hook?

* * *

REMEMBER—When your manager told you to forget about the money end of the game—experience was what you wanted?

The old-timer, who, when showing you how John L. used to punch, cracked you on the chin with his bare fist?

When you beat a good boy, how your manager told the press that it was his clever handling that had won for you?

The guy who sputtered indignantly, "Why, don't you remember me? I sat right by your corner the night you mixed with Battling McGoof two years ago. You looked right at me a couple times"?

The day the gym was packed with ardent fans, who had come to watch you prepare for a coming main event, and you walked nonchalantly over and hit a double-end bag, and it sprang back and bounced off your nose?

When you donned the gloves with a preliminary kid and he slapped you around, making you look like a raw amateur?

When your manager called for the huskiest man in the place to tug a few minutes with you, and the guy who stepped forward mauled and forced you around the workout ring with ease—even though you were reputed to be one of the strongest in your division?

When you went on a diet to lose weight, and, after six days, you stepped on the scales and found you carried more poundage than you ever had before?

When the photographer was taking your picture, how you wanted to look like a gentleman and he insisted you muss your hair and register viciousness?

The time you tried to scare an opponent by scowling savagely, and he laughed at you?

* * *

REMEMBER—When the guy introduced you to a flock of ladies as a prize fighter, and pointed to your crumpled ears, telling them how you could absorb punishment, and they stared you up and down like you were a side-show freak?

When you accidentally hit your opponent coming out of a clinch, and you stuck out your hand to apologize, and got a smack on the nose for your trouble?

The time you fought your best friend, and you pulled your punches and took clouts you could easily have blocked, so that the bout would end even, then, afterwards, you heard your friend telling people that you were a bum and couldn't punch your way out of a paper bag?

When you went in a boy's corner—your presence had been part of the show's publicity—and the kid took a dive in the first round?

When you started to slow up, how everybody razzed you, and seemed to be in a hurry to call you a has-been—and how hard you tried to put

(Continued on page 45)

Minnesota's Gift to Rasslin'

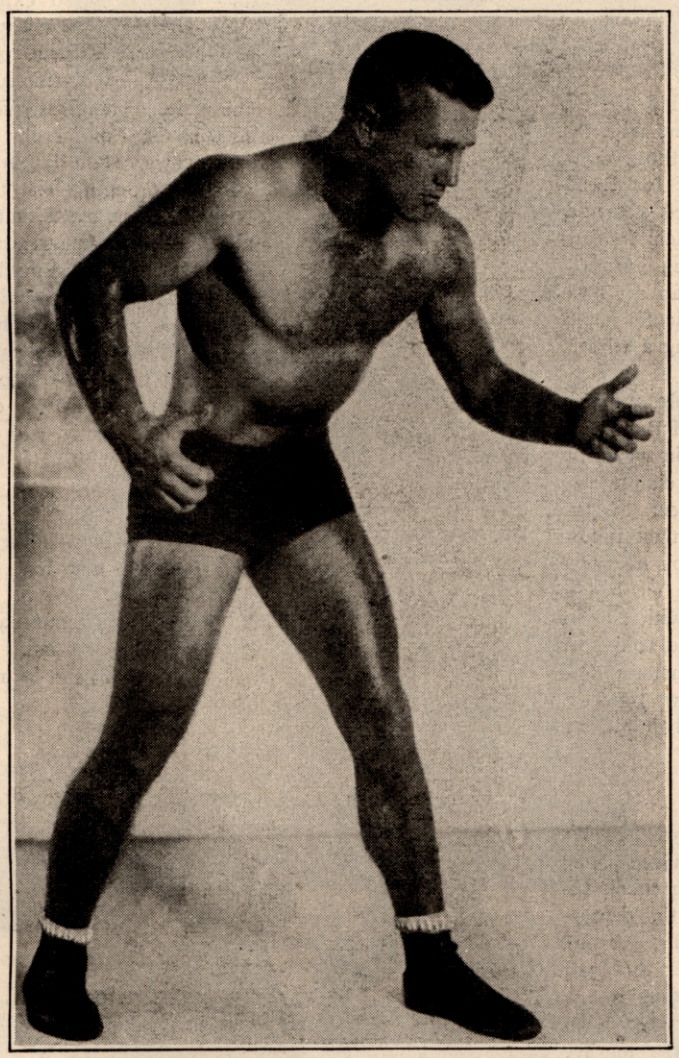
Cliff Olson, Young Mid-West Star, Has Had a Colorful and Varied Career Since Turning to Grappling Game

By AUSTIN R. GRAMLICH

A SHORT time ago a well-dressed young giant walked into the editorial offices of THE RING to pay his respects. To look at him, one could see the ideal build for wrestling, yet this chap showed none of the customary earmarks of the mat fraternity. In fact, to look at his blond and unmistakably fair Scandinavian features, one would take him for anything but a wrestler, but there was something about this sturdy chap, possibly the way he carried himself, that made one realize that here was an above-the-average matman.

The rugged chap was none other than Cliff Olson, the young Minnesota sensation, who happened to be in town for a match with Jim Londos.

Olson was born in Baudette, Minn., on December 7, 1908, of a Swedish father and a Norwegian mother. Cliff, an all-around athlete in high school, was a four-letter man and captain for two years. After graduating, he attended Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minn., where he played baseball, basketball, and football. He followed that with four years of semi-pro baseball, serving in the capacity of catcher, and at night played the saxophone. He also sang in the choir at Baudette and toured the country with the Glee Club of the University of Minnesota.



Cliff Olson, young Minnesota heavyweight.

* * *

IT was at the latter institution that Coach McKusick advised him to take up wrestling. Cliff listened and soon after started as an amateur at the famous Hollywood Athletic Club. It was there that Olson met Carl Johnson, the man who was to have such an important part in his wrestling career, which finally climaxed in a title match with Jim Londos.

Olson has nothing but the greatest praise for Johnson. Carl taught him all he knew with the result that, before a year was up, Cliff was a sensation on the Coast and in the Mid-West, where he met the leaders in the heavyweight ranks.

While in Hollywood, Cliff played small parts in several pictures, among them *Rackety-Rax* and *Sky-Line*. Then Ray Steele took a hand in Olson's mat education and taught him many tricks of the trade, which helped him immensely when he wrestled Londos, Sarpolis, Zaharias, Garibaldi, Stecher, McMillen, Grubmeier, Daviscourt, Shikat, and others.

Also while in the cinema city, he conditioned Ramon Novarro, George O'Brien, Johnny Weismuller, and Buster Crabbe, in addition to Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey Mouse and The Three Little Pigs.

In his first match with Londos, he had Jeemy on the side lines for over six weeks with six stitches in his eye. He gave Londos the sweetest black eye the Greek has ever received.

Since Cliff is of the clean, fast type, and not the burly roughneck class, he is a great favorite with the crowds. He is a repeater—that is, they want him back again after seeing him once.

* * *

CLIFF is a quiet, unassuming young fellow, who likes to travel and make friends, and so likes it best in the larger cities, where he has many acquaintances.

Olson is a type rarely found in the grappling game, and it is our guess that he won't keep tugging away the rest of his life, as most of 'em do, but will save his money as he goes along, and, when the time is right, will go back to his native Minnesota, probably in the rôle of a farmer. At any rate, he's an intelligent youngster and will make a go of anything he tackles.

Two of his toughest matches were with George Zaharias, rated the roughest man in the game, and Gino Garibaldi, who is not exactly a gentle fellow when on the mat.

Zaharias, needless to say, butted, kicked, and punched at every opportunity, but the fans were all for the fast-moving Swede.

Against Garibaldi, Olson was way ahead, due to his clean-cut work, when Gino suddenly kicked him in the jaw with those large dogs of his and knocked Cliff as cold as a pickled herring. Once again Olson was the crowd's choice.

But don't get the impression that Cliff came out on the short end every time he engaged in a match with a roughneck. That is far from the truth. In fact, Cliff has won quite a number of matches from the toughest bruisers in the game and has scored over many of the good men he has tackled, losing only to the best after holding more than his own.

Olson will probably never be champion, but if his record to date is a tip-off, he'll always be a big favorite and a worth-while foeman.

And that goes for any other line that Cliff may enter when he decides to give up the pulling and tossing in favor of a less demanding occupation.

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XVII

By A. D. PHILLIPS

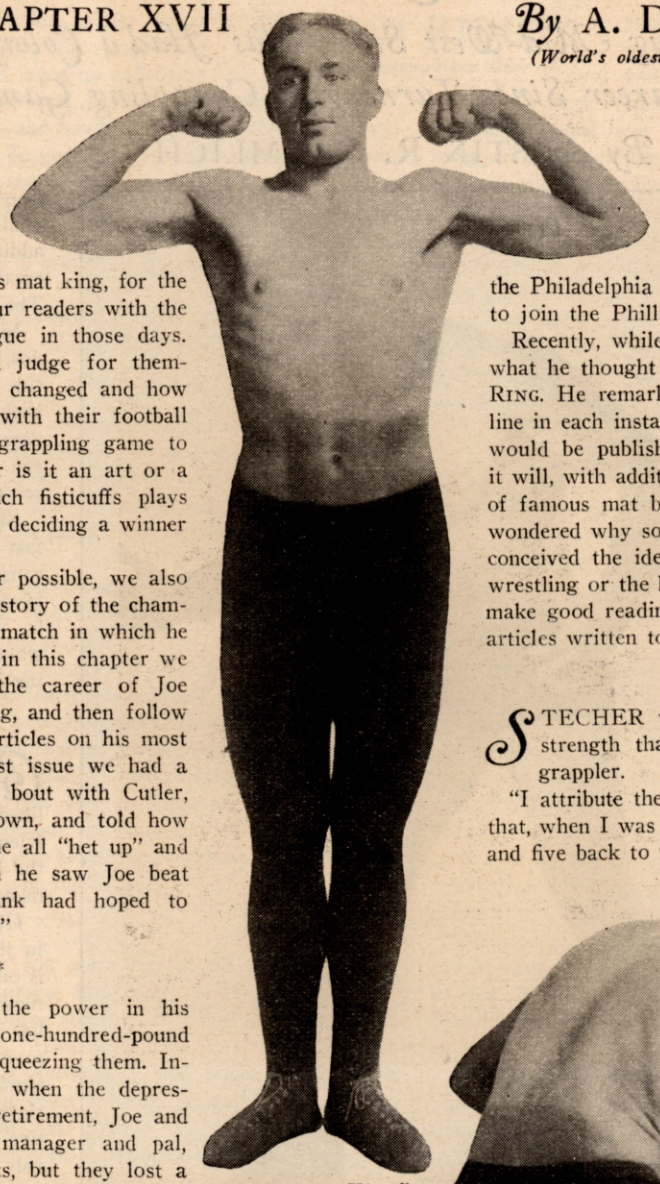
(World's oldest, active sports writer)

IN our story of the rise of wrestling, we have gone into details describing the various matches of the top-notchers preceding the advent of Frank Gotch as mat king, for the purpose of acquainting our readers with the type of wrestling in vogue in those days. In that way, they could judge for themselves how the sport has changed and how the influx of collegians, with their football tactics, has altered the grappling game to the extent that no longer is it an art or a science, but one in which fisticuffs plays almost as much a part in deciding a winner as does actual wrestling.

In our series, wherever possible, we also have to date given a life story of the champion, after reviewing the match in which he had won the title, hence in this chapter we will give a résumé of the career of Joe Stecher, the Scissors King, and then follow that with one or more articles on his most famous bouts. In our last issue we had a detailed account of Joe's bout with Cutler, in which he won the crown, and told how Gotch, the referee, became all "het up" and threatened to fight when he saw Joe beat Cutler, with whom Frank had hoped to appear in his "comeback."

* * *

STECHER gained the power in his legs by bursting one-hundred-pound sacks of grain by squeezing them. Incidentally, until recently, when the depression forced him out of retirement, Joe and his brother Anton, his manager and pal, were big grain merchants, but they lost a fortune when the price of grain went down and Joe was squeezed out of the market back into wrestling.



The "Scissors King," as he looked when he was the best man of his time.

Stecher is the son of a farmer, Frank Stecher, a Bohemian immigrant, who was the father of three boys and five girls. Like most of the other star wrestlers, he came from a large family, in which more than one member had taken to athletics. In Joe's family, all were athletes.

Brother Anton is Joe's manager and has been almost since Joe started his career. Brother Lewis is a lieutenant-commander in the United States Navy.

Joe is a splendidly built fellow, 6 feet 1½ inches tall and scaling 220 pounds, and when he won the title from Cutler, he was a perfect physical specimen of manhood. With the possible exception of Jim Browning of the present-day school, Joe has the most powerful legs of anyone who has been in the mat sport since the days of Bill Muldoon. Wrestlers who have met both Browning and Stecher as a rule give it as their opinion that, at this stage, Jim's legs are the stronger, but that when Stecher was in his prime, there wasn't an opponent who could measure up to him in strength of limbs.

Besides wrestling, Joe is an excellent swimmer, a fine golfer and tennis player, and can play baseball with the best of 'em. In fact, when he was a lad he liked baseball so much that he was undecided whether to become a professional ball player or a wrestler. He was so expert in the national pastime that, for a week, he played with the Salt Lake team of the Pacific Coast League and, after a scout's report had been sent to the Philadelphia Nationals, a contract was offered Stecher to join the Phillies, but he declined.

Recently, while appearing in New York, Joe was asked what he thought about this series now appearing in THE RING. He remarked that he had read with interest every line in each instalment, and then asked whether the series would be published in book form. When informed that it will, with additional pictures and more detailed accounts of famous mat battles, he said: "That's great. I've often wondered why someone who has followed the sport hadn't conceived the idea of compiling either a record book on wrestling or the history of the sport in America. It would make good reading, and that has been proved by the fine articles written to date by you for this publication."

* * *

STECHER was then asked how he had gained the strength that had enabled him to become a great grappler.

"I attribute the unusual strength in my legs to the fact that, when I was a lad, I often walked five miles to school and five back to the farm. The strength in my arms I got from pitching ball. The strength in my shoulder muscles came from pitching hay and wheat, and my powerful hands from guiding plows and milking cows. How's that for a combination?

Joe Stecher, as he looked when facing an opponent.

"When I was seventeen I had an opportunity to see the late Doctor Roller (God bless his soul) wrestle out in Nebraska. I was thrilled by his performance. The fact that he was a famous college athlete added to that thrill, and I made up my mind that, if I had the chance, I'd like to be like him. My ambition was spurred by his performance.

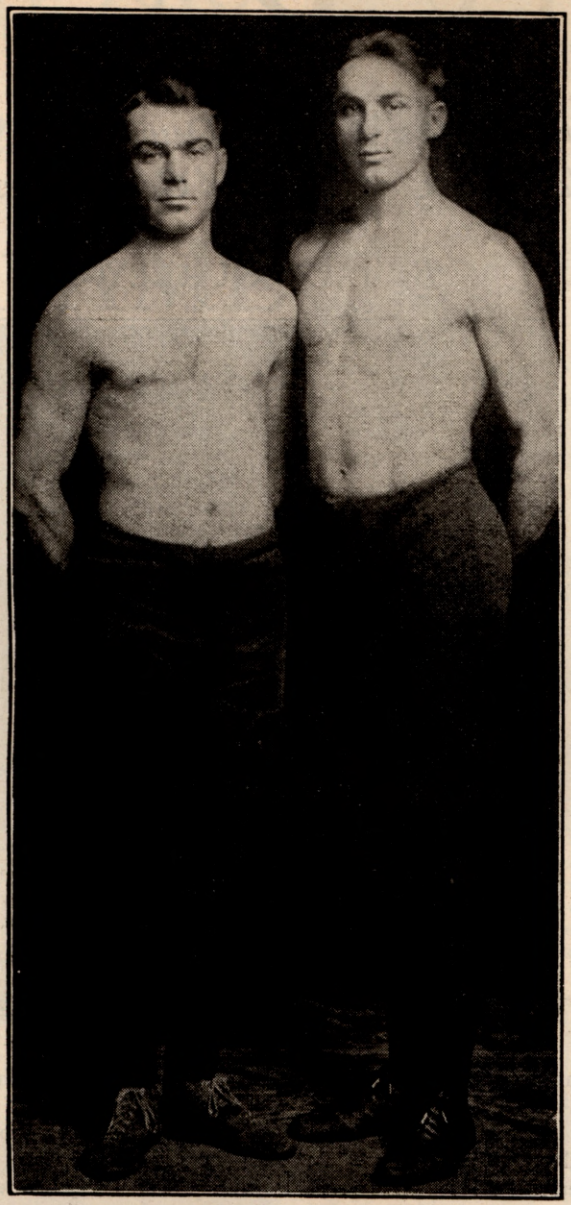
"I told Brother Anton, whom we all called Tony, of my desire. He laughed and asked if one wrestler in the family wasn't enough. You know he was a pretty good wrestler, and, when he went out to get some matches for himself, I induced him, in brotherly spirit, to help me by getting at least one match for me, just for a tryout as I informed him. My coaxing did me a world of good, For Anton acceded to my request and he got me a match in the Y.M.C.A. at Fremont, Nebraska.

"Of course I was only an amateur then, but I proved myself as good as anyone that had ever appeared there. When a team came over from Lincoln to meet us, I surprised all by taking the measure of the instructor of the Lincoln squad. Imagine that!

* * *

"WHEN we got home, without Tony knowing it I went to the barn and decided to do a little side practicing with a huge sack of grain as my opponent. I hurled myself at the sack, grabbed it between my legs, and then squeezed it for all it was worth. Much to my amazement I burst the sack, and then came another and another, and before I knew it I had the grain all over the barn.

"Well, that was the start of the use of my scissors hold. Henceforth, whenever I tackled an opponent, that was my favorite hold, and to this day it has been so. I just wrapped my strong legs around the torso of my opponent, and, though at first I used it only to rest while holding my opponent so that he couldn't do any damage to me, later I used it with applied power and pressure to squeeze all the fight out of my opponent and thus to toss him.



Joe, the "boy in overalls," (right) and his brother, Anton, who managed him and also wrestled professionally.

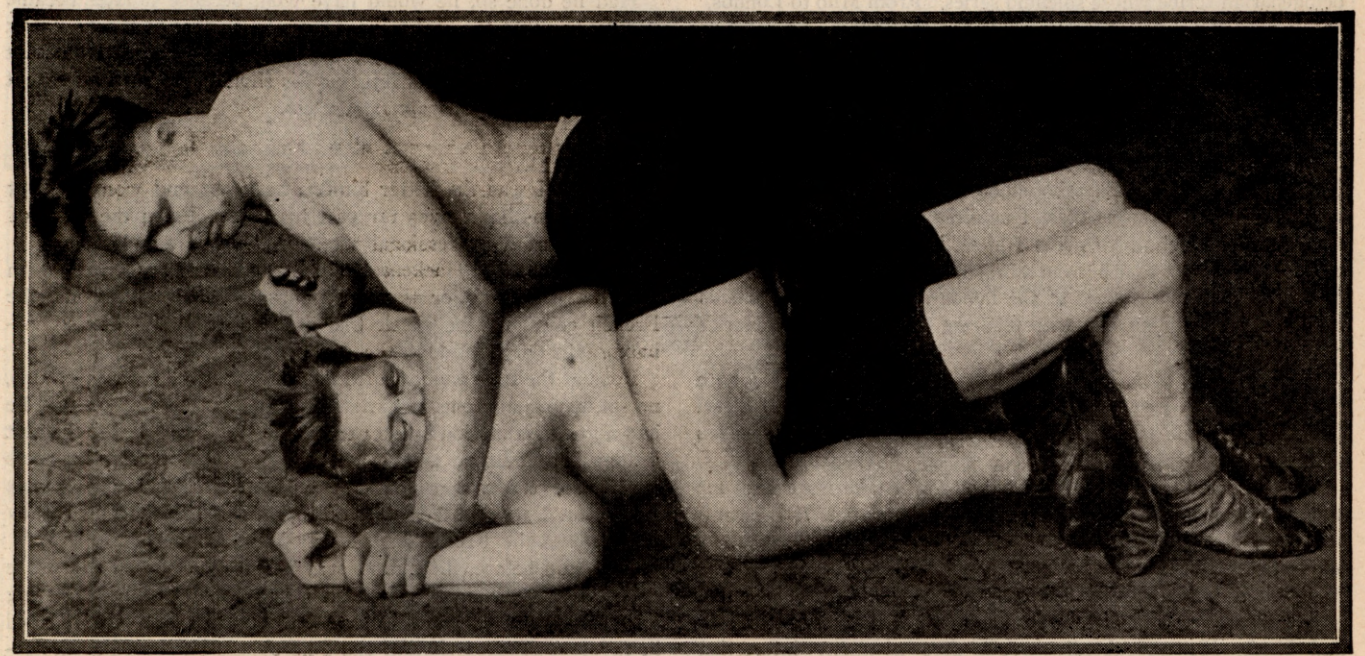
"I have often been asked whether that scissors is a dangerous hold. My answer is yes, if properly applied. In fact, had I applied it with all the force at my command when I was in my prime, I think I could have squeezed the life out of my man. The stretch of my muscles against the torso of my opponent and the pressure exerted by my legs would eliminate the breath and the circulation and would have caused the heart to cease functioning.

"My first professional wrestling bout took place at Dodge, Nebraska, against a fellow named Bill Hokuf. I easily beat him and was awarded $26.00. That was the first money I had ever earned, and my happiness was beyond words. I went out and bought myself a complete new outfit with that money and looked like a dude for the first time in my life. I also bought myself a watch.

"My match with Charley Cutler on July 4, 1915, the bout which Frank Gotch refereed and which cost Cutler's supporters a wad of coin, earned for me the world's title. That contest has been fully described in the last issue and needs no more rehearsing here. Suffice it to say that I was overjoyed by my victory, for it enabled me to reach the goal of my ambition," concluded Joe.

* * *

BY way of review here, I might just pass over the feats of Stecher after winning the crown, and then in the next instalment I'll go into fuller details. After winning the crown from Cutler by tossing him twice *(Continued on page 47)*



Here we see Joe Stecher exhibiting his famous scissors hold on the body of an opponent.

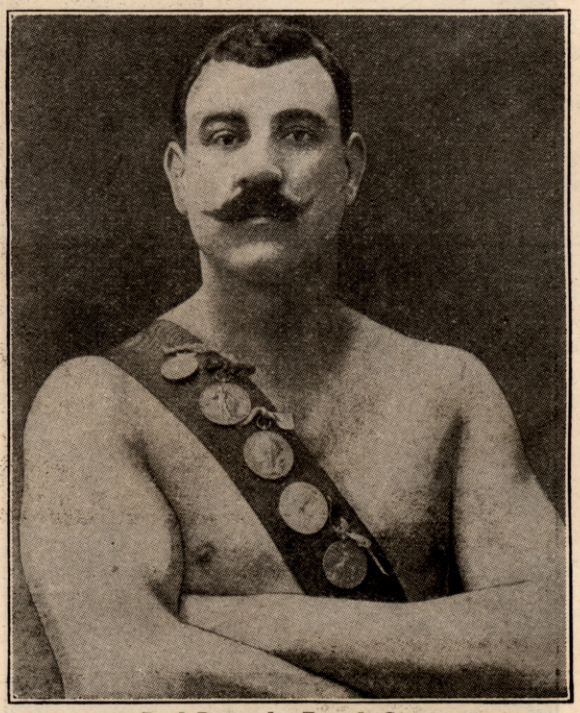
CURLEY Picks HACK

Declares that the Russian Lion, Despite Two Defeats at the Hands of Gotch, Was a Great Wrestler

By JACK CURLEY

EVER since Frank Gotch won the world's heavyweight wrestling championship from George Hackenschmidt and then successfully defended it against the Russian Lion in Chicago, arguments have been waged pro and con regarding the relative merits of the two greatest wrestlers of all time. Americans as a rule make the assertion that there never was a grappler the equal of Gotch, while the foreigners as a rule, especially the British, are strong supporters of the Russian Lion.

In the March issue of *The All-America Sports Magazine,* a publication owned by the publisher of this book, Ed. Smith, who refereed the two Gotch-Hack matches, the last of which was staged by me as the promoter, belittles the prowess of Hackenschmidt. In fact, he declares that, as referee of the contest, he was in a position to judge the merits of the contestants to a far better degree than the spectators or scribes and, in his opinion, the Russian Lion quit. Those are harsh words to be uttered against a man who, I believe, never had an equal as a wrestler either in this country or abroad.



Paul Pons, the French Giant

There are circumstances that must be taken into consideration when one judges the merits of an athlete, and it is my opinion that had Ed. Smith, my dear and personal friend, given proper thought to the condition of Hackenschmidt for a week or more before he faced Gotch, he never would have said that the Russian was a quitter. Likewise the statements of A. D. Phillips, veteran octogenarian scribe whose splendid series, "From Milo to Londos," has furnished a mass of historic data for the lovers of wrestling. He, like Smith, seems to think that Hackenschmidt was a far overrated matman, but I believe that both err in such opinions.

* * *

MY chief complaint is that Mr. Phillips has not given full credit to a man who stood without a peer as a star wrestler. I liked Frank Gotch. I admired him as a matman, and thought well of him as a great athlete, but nothing in the world could convince me that he was a better man than Hackenschmidt, despite Hack's two defeats at the hands of the Iowa Farmer. I cannot agree with anyone who tells me that Gotch was Hack's master.

I handled both men. I managed tours of each, and I knew both Gotch and Hack just as I would know a brother. Hence I feel I am in a position to give a true, honest-to-goodness comparison of the men as I knew them.

Perhaps THE RING's army of readers will take issue with me and call me biased, but I assure you that I am not. If my comparison raises such comment, I would suggest that THE RING editor get in touch with Emil Klank, Northwest promoter, who was Gotch's manager, and ask him to give his views on the two greatest wrestlers of all time. Let's hear what he thinks of Gotch and Hack. He undoubtedly would give as many interesting reasons why Gotch was the superior as I am giving to prove that the Russian Lion was the master matman.

* * *

IN my opinion the greatest of all great wrestlers is or was George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion. George possessed brain, strength, speed, knowledge of holds, leverage, courage, and if there is any word left out that goes to make a great wrestler I am willing to go on record to add that he had that too. Hack was way past his prime when he met Gotch. And bad breaks lost to Gotch as much as actual wrestling.

The first meeting, at Drexel's Pavilion, Chicago, Hack neglected his training, but he had a perfect right not to take Gotch too seriously, figuring on the dope of his own matches with Tom Jenkins and Joe Rogers. Tom, who always had it on Gotch, was but a baby in the hands of Hackenschmidt. The latter won with ease in New York and in London.

Rogers stuck it out with Gotch, when everybody on the inside knew the match was on a winner take all basis. At Oxford in London, the "Babe," as Rogers was best known, was but a babe in the arms of the Lion.

The second time Gotch and Hack met in Chicago the Russian injured his kneecap two weeks before the date of the match. The injury was not a serious one but caused Hack mental anxiety, and, while he was expected to regain his confidence in the ring, he did not regain it strong enough to put up a real battle.

Had he done so, he would have won, because it later became well known that the real injured wrestler in that bout was Frank Gotch because he fell heavily from his training ring at Humboldt a week before the match, injuring his shoulder to such an extent that his left side was almost useless.

* * *

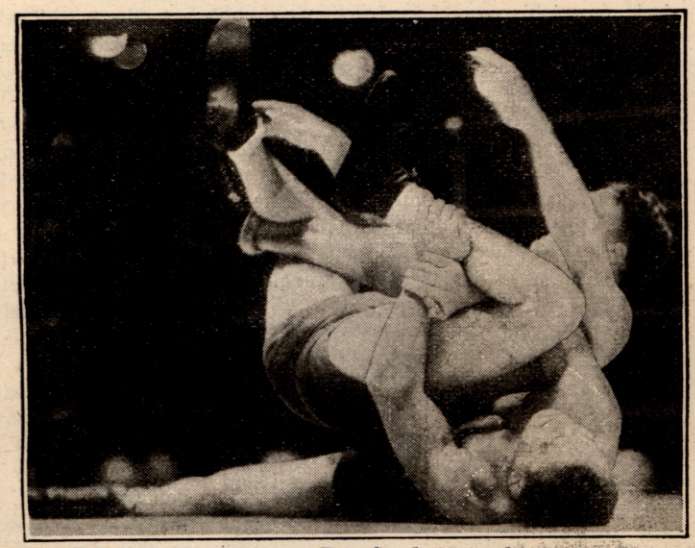
GOTCH was the better bluffer, however, and won out. But Hackenschmidt was far past his prime. From the point of view of a professional wrestler, he was an old man.

Take the George Hackenschmidt that wrestled at Olympia with Madrila, the Turk, or the Hack that wrestled with Pons, the French giant, or the Hack that jumped from the box at Alhambra to defy Sandow, the famous weight-lifter.

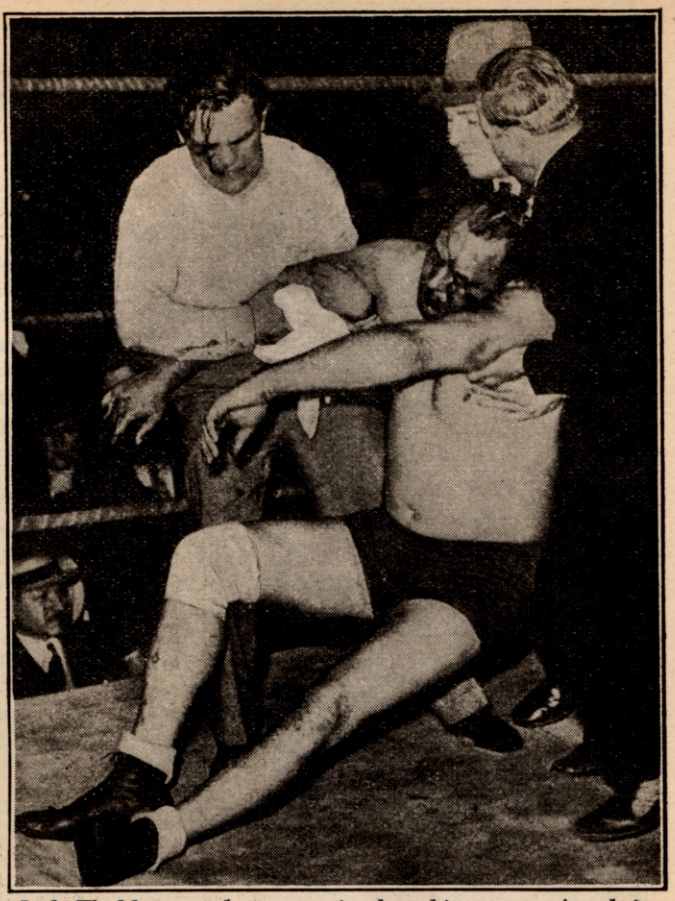
Pons at the time was a world famous wrestler. He was no dub, no set-up for any one. He knew the mat game inside out and he had a great reputation in his native land. Paul had tossed the best grapplers of Europe and, when he faced Hackenschmidt, there wasn't a Frenchman who didn't think that Paul would emerge the victor. Yet what did Hack do to him? He tossed him readily and amazed the French by the way in which he did it.

As I said before, there is no way in which a person can prove that one wrestler is greater than all the others without getting into a hot mess. I could talk long and loud to have the last word in favor of Hackenschmidt, and I hereby go on record as declaring that there never was a wrestler his equal.

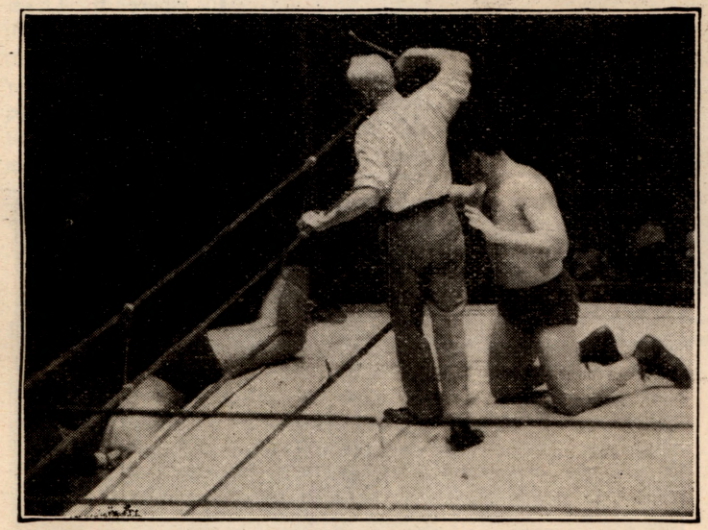
FLIP-FLOPS *in the* MAT GAME



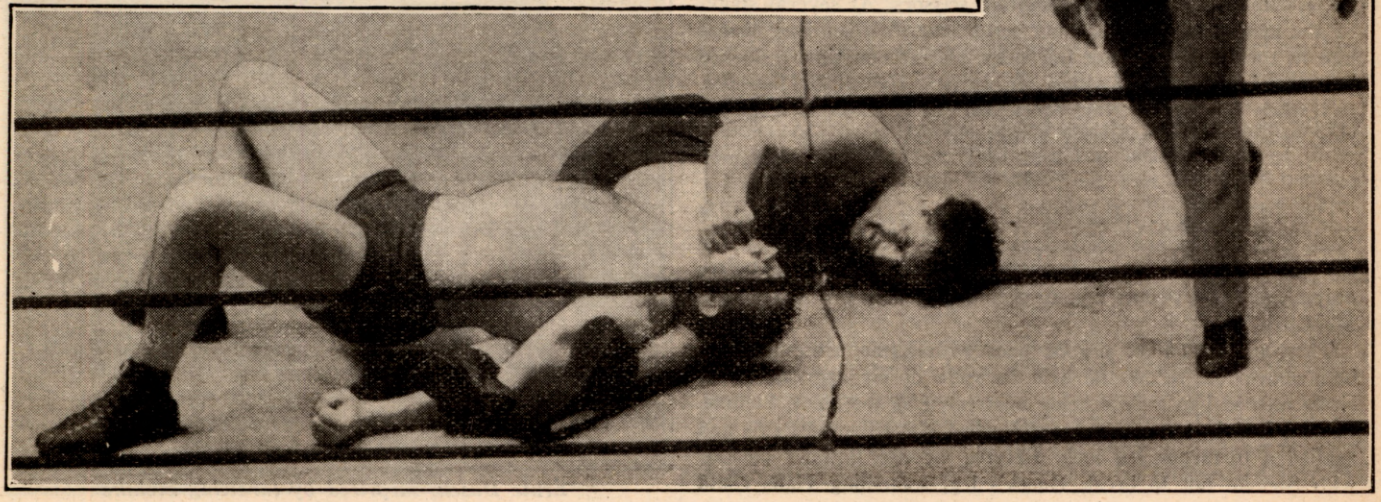
Jim Browning in agony as Ray Steele puts the pressure on a combination cradle and Japanese leg lock.



Jack Washburn as he was assisted to his corner after being battered all over the ring by Gus Sonnenberg. Washburn suffered several broken chest ligaments and a throat hemorrhage. Even the worst skeptics will have to admit that this one was not rehearsed.

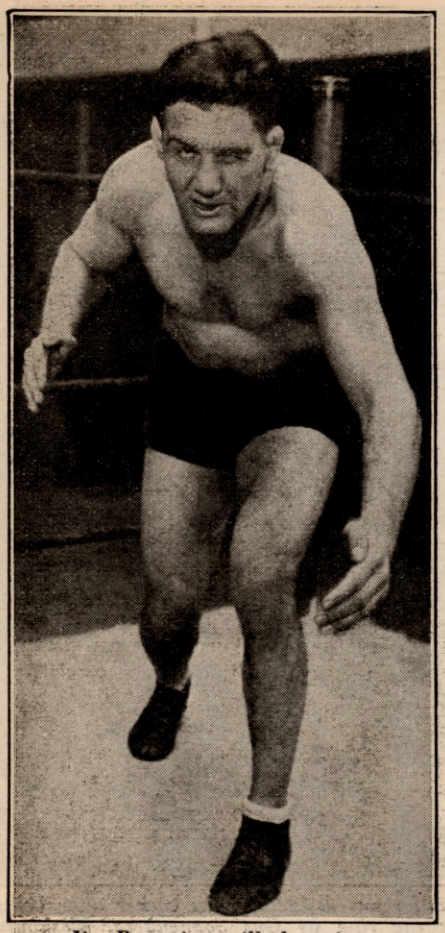


Two scenes in the Ed Don George-Jim McMillen match which George won in Madison Square Garden. On the left we see McMillen falling head first to the floor after George beat him to it with a flying tackle. Below is an excellent action photo snapped as George tried desperately to pin McMillen's shoulders while the former football star was caught in a double arm lock. The referee is the veteran George Bothner, former lightweight and middleweight wrestling champion, who is the cream of the mat referees.



Ernie Dusek

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Jim Browning, still champion

A NEW cycle in wrestling has begun, and if the splendid matches and suprising upsets of the past month are to be considered as a criterion, the wrestling public is in for a genuine "New Deal" which, of course, will mean many enjoyable evenings spent watching worth-while contests.

The stimulus behind the entire change was the peace pact we spoke of in our last issue—a pact which ended the factions in different sections of the country and brought the wrestlers and promoters together as one big, happy family.

Already the "New Deal" has brought in bigger crowds and better matches and the fans have taken a renewed interest in their favorite sport, after having been sour on it for the past year or two.

With prospects of seeing Browning take on George again, then Londos and other worthy challengers, that interest is growing all the time.

* * *

Browning at this writing is still champion, having pinned Ray Steele, conqueror of Strangler Lewis, and Charley Strack, among others.

Steele troubled Browning for a little over an hour, before he succumbed to Browning's viselike scissors. At several stages of the match Browning all but cried "uncle" when Ray caught him in torturous Japanese leg locks, and at one time it looked like curtains for the Missouri pig-farmer. He rallied, however, and when it was all over, Steele had to be assisted from the ring because of a wrenched muscle in his right leg.

* * *

One of the big surprises of the month was the throwing of Hans Steinke by the pugnacious Ernie Dusek of Omaha. To say that it was an upset, is to put it mildly, since they were only billed for a twenty-minute preliminary bout on the George-McMillen show.

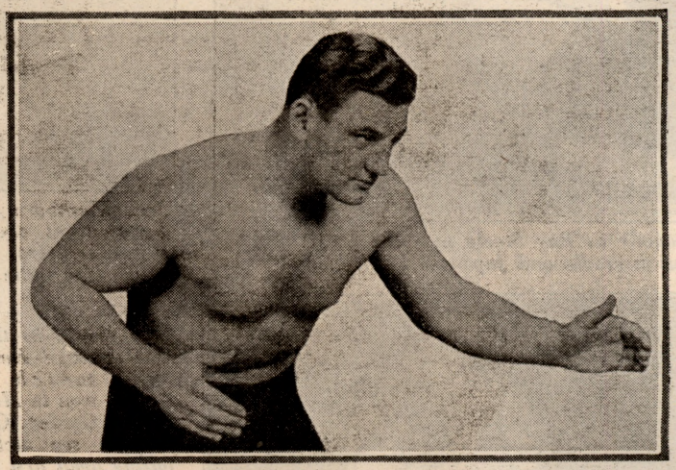
They started off at a good pace with Ernie using his fists both above and below the belt. In spite of his aggressiveness, Ernie seemed like a child being mistreated by the giant, Steinke. In fact, it looked to be a mismatch when Hans floored Ernie and applied a torturous leg lock. Referee George Bothner pleaded with Steinke not to break Dusek's leg, something Hans could have done in a second had he so desired, for Ernie was absolutely helpless and a mere toy in the hands of the bone-crushing German Oak. But Hans had mercy on his smaller opponent, and paid dearly for his humane act for, soon after, Dusek suddenly nabbed Steinke and with a swiftly executed back heave and arm lock pinned his powerful adversary's shoulders to the mat. The time was 17.47. As a reward, Ernie received a match with Londos.

Should they meet again, the result may be quite different.

* * *

Gus Sonnenberg came back with a vengeance, using Ray Steele and Jack Washburn as his victims. Gus met Steele in St. Louis and after seventeen minutes and seventeen seconds of roughing it up, Steele was tossed out of the ring and counted out.

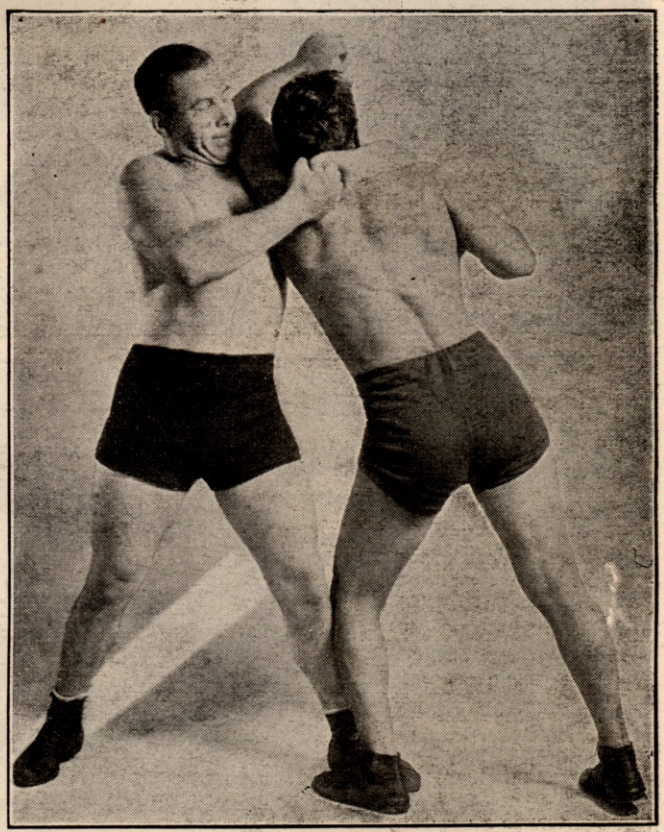
"Sonny" followed that up by taking on "Gentleman" Jack Washburn, one of the best of the "roughnecks," and so completely bashed the latter up that Washburn finally wound up a bloody, unconscious mess. If you have any doubts about that, just take a look at the photo of the match elsewhere in this magazine.



Ed Don George, conqueror of McMillen

* * *

Ed Don George added to his popularity when he



Ernie Dusek, surprised by throwing Steinke

Scores Upset

took everything Jim McMillen had to offer in their Garden bout and then flopped Red Grange's former teammate to leave no room for doubt as to who was the better man.

McMillen, who has become a foul grappler, so unlike the clean-cut popular star of a few years ago, used every unfair tactic he knew, yet could not get to first base against his clever and fair opponent. Jim punched, elbowed, strangled, and kicked, but the rougher Jim became, the more George bounced him around. Several times, when McMillen tried flying tackles, George beat him to it with the result that Jim found himself outside the ropes in the press row.

The match proved two things—George has the goods, and McMillen's eyes are in bad shape.

McMillen also ran second to Everette Marshall.

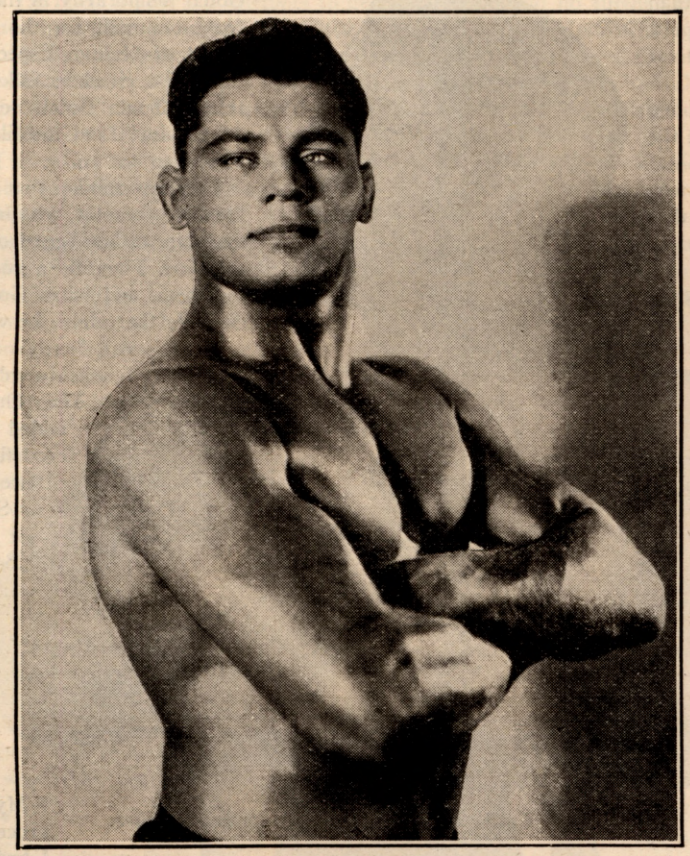
* * *

Paul Berlenbach proved to be nothing more than a stooge against Pink Gardner, the Schenectady sheriff. Berly, who once held the world's light-heavyweight boxing championship, no longer has the co-ordination of mind and muscle so necessary in the ring and is a sorry sight to watch.

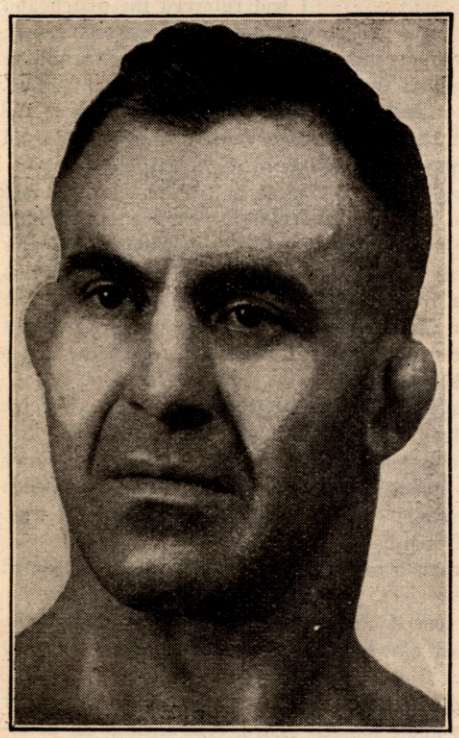
Destitute circumstances caused him to return to his first love, the mat, and, though we surely want Paul to earn enough to live decently, we think it a pity that he, who was once such a wonderful fighting machine, should be tossed around with such reckless abandon.

* * *

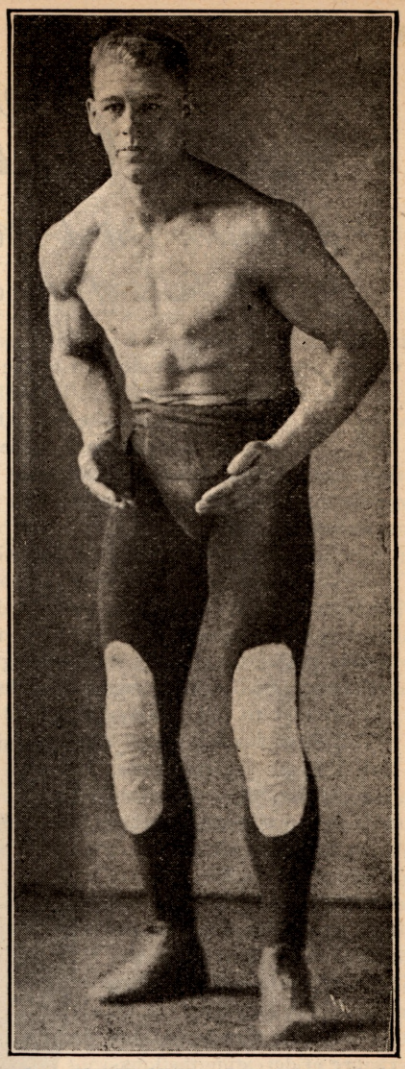
The WRESTLER *vs.* BOXER argument is still as hot as ever. Another attempt to clear up the dispute only added to the complications, for unlike the affair we related here two months ago, the wrestler did not win, but proved an easy pushover for the fighter,



Sandor Szabo, back after being out with a broken thumb



John Kilonis, loser in mixed bout with Joe Sekyra



Carroll "Pink" Gardner, clever light-heavyweight wrestler, better known as the Schenectady sheriff

who in this instance was none other than the well-known Joe Sekyra.

Here is an account of what happened when Sekyra met John Kilonis in a mixed match in Dayton, Ohio:

At the start it looked like a bad night for the birds who had taken the boxer's end of the betting. Kilonis got inside Sekyra's guard and flopped Joe for the first fall in less than a minute.

When they came out for the second fall Sekyra seemed to be still a bit dazed. He shuffled a couple of steps from his corner and stood there, looking stupid and ineffectual. Kilonis rushed in to give Joe the works a second time. But it did not work out that way. Sekyra lashed out with a right-hand punch and hit the crouched wrestler on top of the head, knocking him through the ropes and onto the floor of the arena among the startled occupants of the first-row seats.

Some of the customers picked up the wrestler and heaved him back into the ring. They might as well have saved themselves the labor. Kilonis lay there, out cold, for forty minutes. Finally it was decided he was through for the night and Sekyra was proclaimed the winner. It is one of the few knock-outs Sekyra, a light hitter, has scored.

What, say the boxing managers, would have happened to the wrestler if he had been hit on the chin by a good puncher? And what, say the wrestling managers, would have happened to Sekyra if he had been thrown by a really good wrestler? So the argument continues unabated.

The affair stirred up so much interest in Dayton that the show drew $2,800, more than twice as much as a boxing program ever attracted there.

(Continued on page 64)

When GOTCH

Ed. Smith, Third Man in the Ring During the Stecher-Cutler Match, Tells of the Effect of Joe's Victory on Former Champion

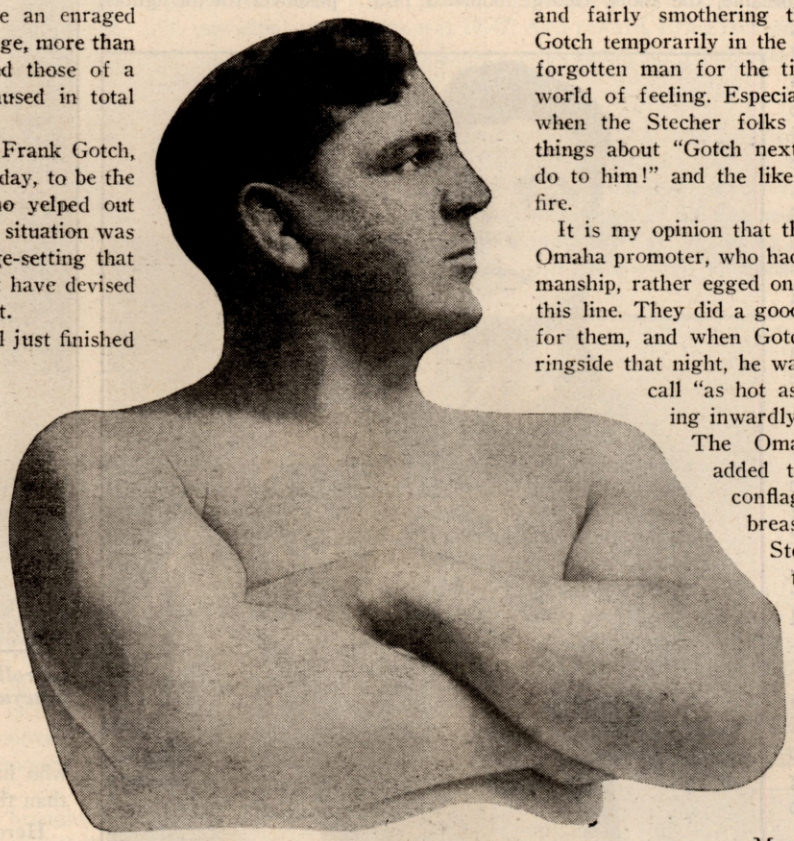
By ED. W. SMITH

"YOU couldn't do that to me in a hundred years!"

It was more like an enraged scream, this challenge, more than just an ordinary defiance. And those of a great throng that heard it paused in total amazement!

For it was the once mighty Frank Gotch, thought by many, even to this day, to be the mightiest of all wrestlers, who yelped out this bizarre statement. And the situation was equally strange, a perfect stage-setting that a Belasco or a De Mille might have devised and brought to full attainment.

This championship match had just finished and, through its conditions, Joe Stecher, then the country's reigning sensation, became "American champion." His opponent had been Charley Cutler of Chicago, he, too, a mighty man of the mat. Yet so potent was the Stecher routine of that day, that Cutler appeared at no time to have a really serious chance of defeating the long-legged, youthfully fresh and buoyantly confident farmer lad from Dodge, Nebr.



Charles "Kid" Cutler as he looked when he met Stecher.

Gotch and a couple of friends were seated in the first row of the ringside seats surrounding the ball park arena in Omaha and the Humboldt giant was among the very closest of observers of all that happened in that little enclosure. Frank was still regarded as champion of all, but already had suffered his first severe physical attack, the forerunner of a series of stomach ailments that eventually brought about his end.

Yet not even his own physicians foresaw such a complete breakdown for the champion, hence he was considered still in the running. Stecher, another farmer lad like Gotch, but from a state that was a bitter rival in a wrestling way, was getting a tremendous play, and already there was talk that if Joe beat the great Cutler of Chicago and made a good job of it, a challenge to Gotch would be the immediate result.

It was the Stecher body-scissors that was all the rage. Who could stop the devastation it was creating in heavyweight ranks? He had cleaned up all and sundry with it and the papers were making a tremendous fuss over this latest yokel from the hinterlands, who easily squashed sacks of grain and even horses' ribs with those powerful legs of his.

* * *

NOW, be it known, Iowa, where Gotch was produced, as well as other great wrestlers, including the tremendous Earl Caddock, hated Nebraska and all of its athletic offspring with a thorough and all-abiding hate that fairly seethed. That, at least, was the situation then. How it is now, does not matter.

And Gotch, a thorough Iowan, hated 'em just over the line as much or even more so than any of his henchmen. Hence, with Stecher crashing front pages and fairly smothering the sport sections and Gotch temporarily in the discards, absolutely the forgotten man for the time being, there was a world of feeling. Especially was this intensified when the Stecher folks began to crack many things about "Gotch next" and "O, what Joe'll do to him!" and the like. Frank simply was on fire.

It is my opinion that the smart Gene Melady, Omaha promoter, who had a keen sense of showmanship, rather egged on his press agents along this line. They did a good job of it, I'll say that for them, and when Gotch took his seat at the ringside that night, he was what the boys would call "as hot as a 4-11 fire," and raging inwardly.

The Omaha announcer rather added to the fueling of that conflagration in the Gotch breast. And then, when Stecher started to clamp those terrific body-scissors on the more than ample midsection of the huge man from Chicago, who really was a close friend and something of a *protégé* of the old champion, the pot boiled over.

My view of the subsequent proceedings was excellent for I had refereed the match and had not yet left the ring. There was a seething crowd around, all yelling their very lungs out over this latest victory, a milling mob around the ring that the police had difficulty in controlling. Everybody wanted to get close to Stecher, the great winner and of course "our next champion of the world" as the wild-eyed Nebraska rooters kept screaming full in the Gotch ear.

Gotch arose and, as his seat was close by the steps leading into the ring, Stecher had to pass almost within arm's length of him. Joe, with his tawny mane scarcely ruffled after the half hour's tussle on the mat, was smiling and waving his long arms to this side and that as his friends crowded to get close. And as the police finally formed a flying wedge and were prepared to get the winner out of the mob, Stecher stepped through the ropes and started down the steps.

Whether it was accidental or otherwise, I know not, but Joe instinctively reached out a hand as if to greet Gotch. But immediately he seemed to sense the angry light in the champion's eye and that jealous flare that fairly bristled all over the Gotch frame. So Joe, that smile still there, started again on his way.

Then it was that Gotch boiled over. And—

"You couldn't do that to me in a hundred years!" he screamed at Stecher.

The crowd also sensed the unusual and again jammed in. Stecher's smile faded slowly and he studied for just a few seconds for a reply.

"When you're ready I'd be glad to give you a chance," Stecher said, leaning over to make himself heard. And then as an after-

"BURNED UP"

thought, he added: "But be sure you're good and ready!"

* * *

THAT last was a crusher, and I really believe Gotch would have made a fighting move but for the restraint his friends used. The crowd milled in, and after a few moments, the men were far apart—and never met again.

Alas and alack, the Gotch man was farther gone physically than anybody suspected. He made a few sad attempts to get into shape again, coming once into Chicago where he invited me to the gymnasium of the Chicago Athletic Association to see him work with the veteran, Mike Dwyer, I think it was. It was one of the shocks of my life when I saw Frank stripped. He wasn't even a shadow of his old self. He seemed to divine my disappointment and hastened to assure me he was feeling fine and all that. But a child could have known his true condition. He didn't live long after that.

Gotch's disappointment over Charley Cutler's failure that night in Omaha with Joe Stecher was as much the reason of that little drama at the ringside as anything else. Charley was a great pal of Gotch, who harbored hopes that some day the big Chicagoan might step into the Gotch shoes and furnish the American material that would be as successful in resisting foreign invaders as Gotch had been.

Cutler had a keen mind and was a thorough student of both boxing and wrestling. But his physical conformation was such that it was almost impossible for him to fight off that hideous accumulation of fat that persisted in poulticing him from neck to heels.

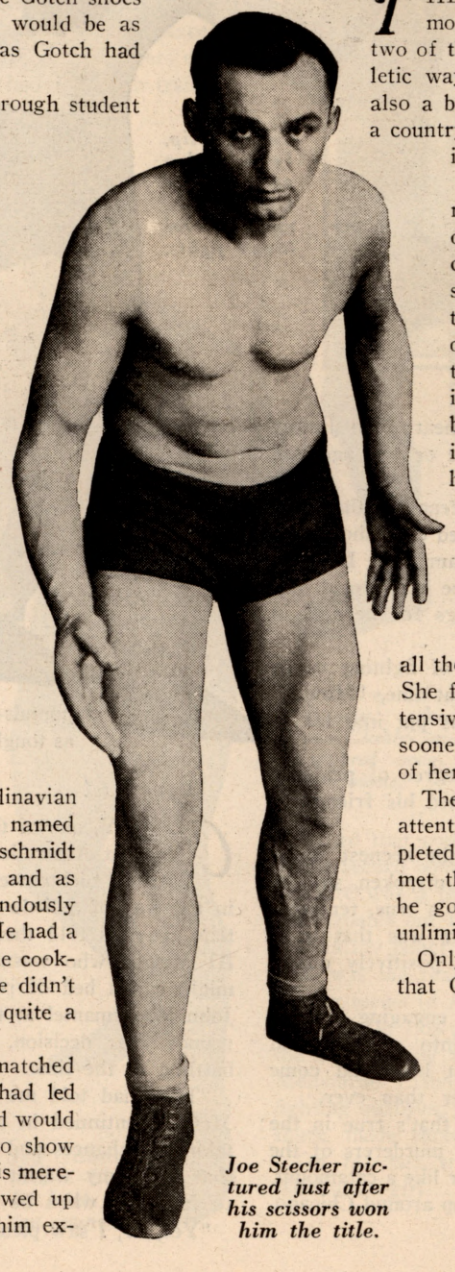
Charley had an amiable disposition, in fact I've always thought it was his joviality and light-heartedness, his carefree disposition and consequent easy manner of accepting life, that made him the roly-poly he generally was when out of condition.

* * *

THERE was one time, however, that Charley really was tremendously serious in the matter of conditioning. And along about that time there came to this country a fine gentleman from Sweden who, as was customary with the foreign stars, had in mind a match with Gotch. The latter always told them that if they could hurdle Cutler or otherwise get past him, he would give them personal attention.

If memory serves me right, this Scandinavian gentleman, and he was all of that, was named Fristensky and he traveled like a Hackenschmidt—evidently a big man in his own land and as handsome in his fine blond way and tremendously developed a man as one could ask to see. He had a capable, pretty wife and she did all of the cooking. This chap could wrestle a bit but he didn't match up to the American standard by quite a few jumps.

Unfortunately for him, when he was matched with Cutler at the Coliseum, somebody had led him to suppose Cutler was out of shape and would flop to him after giving him a chance to show what he could do on the mat. Mind you, this merely is my supposition. Anyway Cutler showed up that night in the best shape I ever saw him exhibit and when I, as referee, called them to the center of the ring, Cutler was ablaze.



Joe Stecher pictured just after his scissors won him the title.

"Tell him what you please," Cutler said to me in almost a brutal manner, "but also tell him as far as I'm concerned that it's a dead-level shooting match and I'm going to dump him as quick as I can."

The foreign star paled a little, I thought, and tried to say something to Cutler, but Charley raced back to his corner and paid no further heed.

It was a pitiful thing to look at—it lasted only a few minutes, for the massive Cutler upended his man in the first rush and flattened him so quickly that it wasn't even close. It was a sensation to the packed house—yep, you bet, we packed 'em in those days!

"Fool around with me, will they, tryin' to get me to flop to 'em?" muttered the indignant Charley as he prepared to leave the ring. I never asked for any further details, that night or since. Cutler wasn't a pleasant chap to fool around with, as you may opine, when he was a bit huffed.

* * *

THERE was a considerable membership in that most interesting Cutler family. There were but two of them that appeared before the public in an athletic way, Charley and his inimitable brother Marty, also a big chap. There was another brother who was a country fiddler and who could relate many an amusing tale of his days in the kerosene circuit.

The Cutlers came into considerable prominence along about the time that Charley was out with boxing side shows and was just conceiving the idea of becoming a pretty good sort of a "rassling" man. It was the mother of this considerable brood of huskies that got a lot of newspaper publicity by a most peculiar stunt that she conceived with a most peculiar purpose in view. She was a very hardy woman with unbelievable determination, as this little incident illustrates so well. It seems that one of her boys had succumbed to the lure of the wanderlust and headed himself for the Klondike.

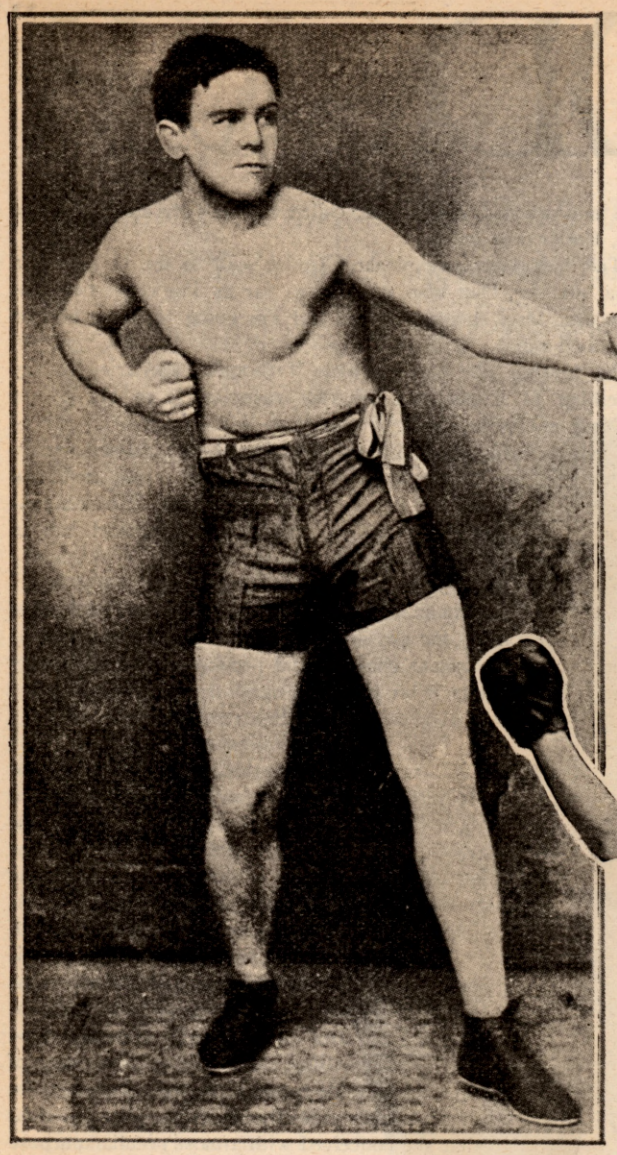
He had not communicated with his mother or any of the others of the family for several years. All means of locating him having failed, she decided upon a most unique scheme. She conceived the idea of walking all the way from her home in Minnesota to Chicago. She felt that if she could get her feat noticed extensively by the newspapers along the route that sooner or later it might be brought to the attention of her absent boy.

The newspapers, sure enough, paid considerable attention to the walk, and soon after she had completed her tremendous task, one of the clippings met the eye of the wandering boy and immediately he got into touch with his mother, much to her unlimited joy.

Only the few of the old-time brigade will recall that Charley Cutler began his athletic career as a fighting man. In fact, I think you will find, if the matter is gone into, that it was Frank Hall of Chicago, who had been mixed up in multitudinous sportive adventures and in all sorts of promotional schemes, who first dug Charley out of a small town in Michigan to give him his first big start.

If memory serves, Hall had on the road at the time a show *(Continued on page 45)*

Stout-hearted



OUT in Los Angeles the other day I happened upon that sterling old gladiator, Al McCoy, today merely an ex-champion among the middleweights and a slewfoot amid a dozen or so of the other "ex's" that are so thick through the delightful Southland (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce please note).

Al is doing well in Los Angeles along with that companionable brother of his, Babe, and in common with several of the other "ex's," is constantly on the lookout for fistic prospects. Brother Babe has had Tom Patrick, that rough-and-ready heavyweight, for some time.

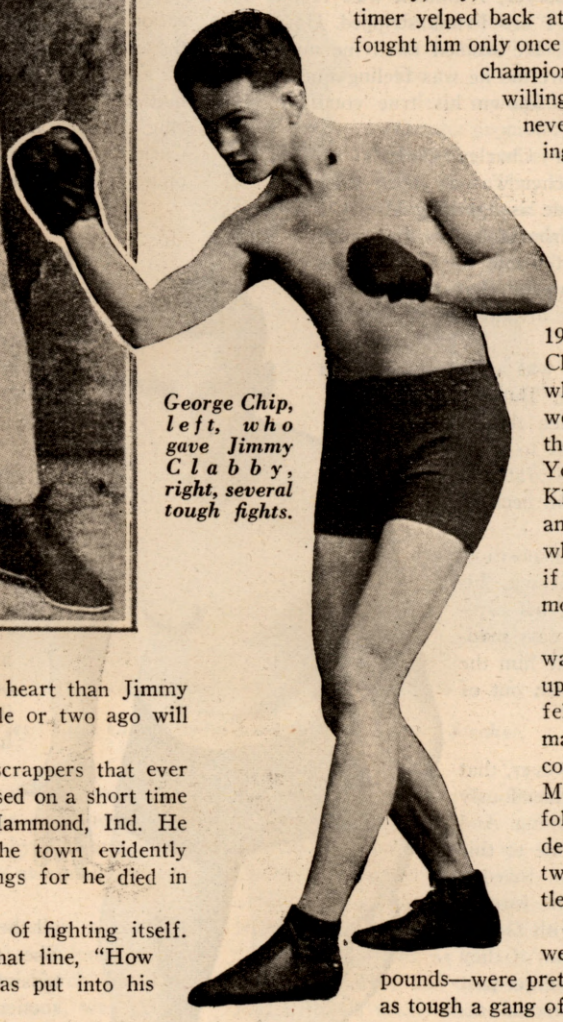
"Do you remember Jimmy Clabby pretty well, Al?" I asked the most famous of all the southpaws of another age.

"Say, boy, will I ever forget that chap!" the old-timer yelped back at me. "What a man he was! I fought him only once and though I was middleweight champion at the time—1915—and quite willing to take on all of them, I never was especially keen on having him cross my path again. Once with that sort of a battler is quite enough, especially when there are much softer ones floating about."

Al McCoy won the middleweight title on April 7, 1914, by knocking out George Chip in one round, or rather what was left of the title. There were some sterling contenders at the time, including Clabby, Chip, Young Ahearn, Jeff Smith, Frank Klaus, Mike Gibbons, Jack Dillon, and Eddie McGoorty. Fancy what a class that would be today if one could foregather such a mob of workmen!

And over in Australia, there was a young chap just coming up, a real sensational, brilliant fellow named Les Darcy. He had made his name known in this country by knocking out Eddie McGoorty in fifteen rounds and following that up by getting a decision over Jimmy Clabby in twenty rounds of a slashing battle in Sydney.

So you may see that the middleweights—the limit then being 158 pounds—were pretty much in evidence and about as tough a gang of cutthroats as one could fancy.



George Chip, left, who gave Jimmy Clabby, right, several tough fights.

* * *

IF this world ever produced a stouter heart than Jimmy Clabby's, a lot of the fans of a decade or two ago will give you quite an argument about it.

Poor ol' Jim, one of the greatest scrappers that ever sneaked an extra bit of tape into a glove, passed on a short time ago in the outskirts of his own beloved Hammond, Ind. He loved the little state-line town, but, alas, the town evidently had forgotten him and his sterling ring doings for he died in abject poverty!

It's a story as old, perhaps, as the sport of fighting itself. And Rip Van Winkle had it right when that line, "How soon are we forgot when we are gone?" was put into his mouth.

But Jimmy was of that type. He had a degree of pride that at times was astonishing. He never wanted his friends to know he was low. He just couldn't stand it.

There was a kid that had everything from the keenest brains to the most nimble of heels. He was frank, outspoken, sympathetic, with a heart as full and responsive as a true, temperamental Irishman can be. His natural courage was that of a Bengal tiger—so high that at times it was positively dumbfounding, foolhardy.

The curly-headed kid'd just laugh in that engaging manner of his, make some kidding remark, step into a ring with the toughest of the tough, all odds against him, and come out without a scratch—and the grin broader than ever.

They said he couldn't punch. Well, maybe that's true in the sense that he wasn't one of those devastating murderers of the Ketchel order, but he could cut and rip and tear like a catamount. I know 'cause I helped bring him up from a pup around Chicago. Jim's daddy was my pal.

CLABBY, one of the big contenders, already had contracted for that Australian trip under the management of the late Larney Lichtenstein and was on the prowl for something in the way of a little coin before taking the boat for the long trip. He was told there was a southpaw in New York named Al McCoy who wasn't too tough and still wasn't what one might call a bed of roses. So Jim and Larney signed up with John Weissmantel at the Broadway club to take on Al in ten rounds *sans* decision, which was the New York method of battling at the time.

"They had told me that Clabby was a careless trainer," Al McCoy continued in telling me of that encounter, "but I was taking no chances and was in good shape. Well, all I can say is that if Jimmy wasn't right that evening I'd hate to have had to face him when he was in the pink.

"Yes, sir, I saw plenty of gloves that evening for six or seven

Jimmy Clabby

By THE CHICAGO REFEREE

rounds and found that he was one of the toughest birds in the world to hit. That smiling face of his was always right there in front of you and so was that long, skinny body but, no matter how you attacked, the face and the body were always somewhere else when you shot your gloves through.

"Probably it was because I was stronger and in better shape that I caught him tiring towards the end and was able to outfinish him. As I remember it, the thing was one of the hardest fights I'd had up to that time. He simply gave me plenty of hell, just as he could dish it out to any of them. He was a most tantalizing fighter, terribly hard to hit and always sticking some sort of a glove in your face.

* * *

"IT'S all right with those who said he couldn't hit. He could hit you often enough to keep you in plenty of hot water, always had you tipsy and off your balance, and always saying mean things to keep you mad. He was what I would call a perfect timer and most always in a fine position to hit.

"But the strangest part of my story is what happened the next day. I had been doing my training at Captain Boyd's place at Stratford, Conn., a most famous spot where great fighters of all weights since the days of John L. Sullivan had done their training.

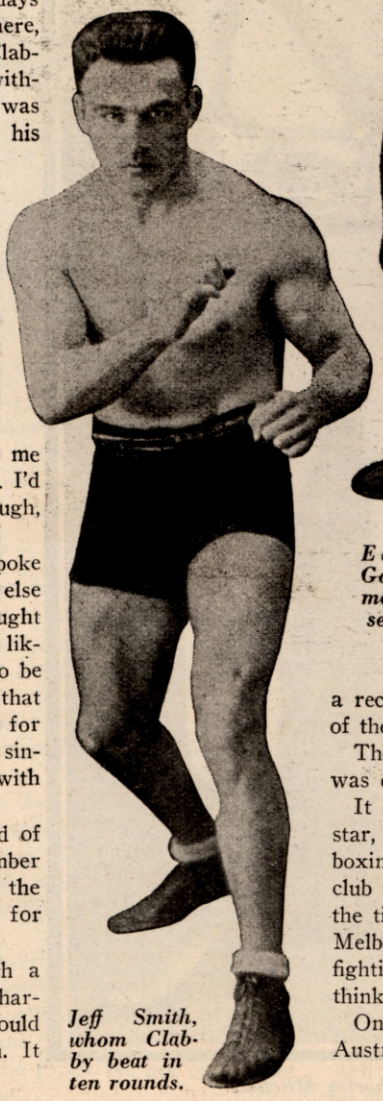
"So after the battle I started back for Boyd's to rest up for a couple of days and get straightened around. And there, in the same car, was this grinning Clabby fellow, bold as you please and without a mark on him. You see, he was on his way to Norwich, Conn., his birthplace, to visit with some relatives and a flock of friends he had there.

"'Say, Al, they told me, yes, a lot of 'em, that you were a sucker and that I'd punch you full of holes in a few minutes,' he roared at me. 'But I'm willing to say right now that you gave me as good a pasting as I've had in a long time. I'll be quite frank with you in saying that you hurt me plenty towards the end of the fight. I'd just as soon fight you again, though, when I come back from Australia.'

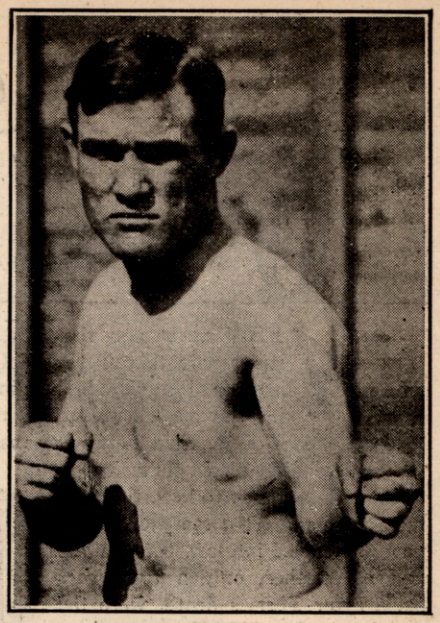
"That's the way the kid was—spoke right out in church or anywhere else and told everybody just what he thought—and it made him one of the most likable chaps I ever knew. We got to be real good friends before we parted that afternoon and, while we were rivals for the title and all that, I always was sincerely glad to hear of his success with other fighters.

"I lost my title to Mike O'Dowd of St. Paul, in New York on November 14, 1917, and it so happened that the occasion never came up again for Clabby and I meeting.

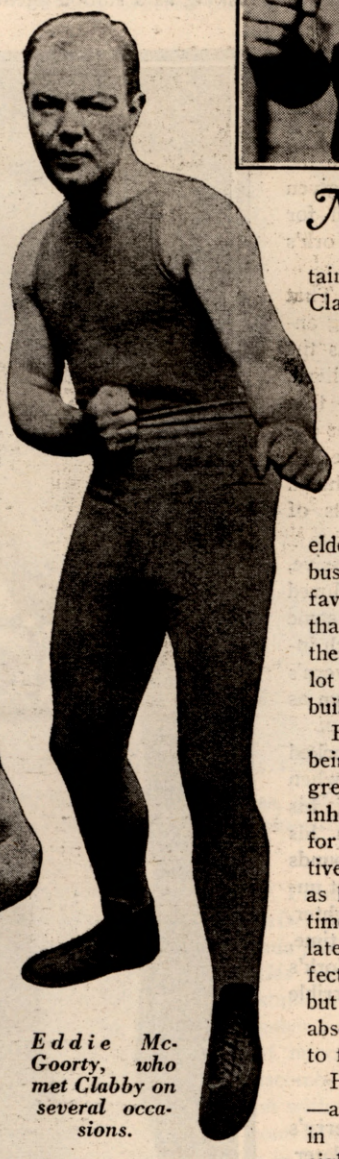
"It is pitiful to think that such a marvelous boxer and such a grand character, for he was all of that, should meet with such a miserable finish. It certainly brings a tear."



Jeff Smith, whom Clabby beat in ten rounds.



Frank Klaus, one of the best middleweights of Clabby's time.



Eddie McGoorty, who met Clabby on several occasions.

NEVER a champion but always a contender, almost from the time that he attained the age of eighteen, Jimmy Clabby was one of the best boxers in the business. He was born in July of 1890 in Norwich, Conn., and had most of his schooling there. When Jim was fourteen, his folks moved West and settled in the packing-house town of Hammond, Ind., where the elder Clabby went into the saloon business and became a great local favorite. So it was only natural that when Jimmy started to box at the age of sixteen he attracted a lot of attention and immediately built up a huge following.

He never was a powerful kid, being almost entirely without any great physical advantages. But he inherited from his father a liking for the sport and tremendous native ability. In fact, he was almost as handy with the gloves the first time he put them on as he became later—simply one of Nature's perfect fighting machines that needed but a bit of polishing to make it absolutely complete. And he loved to fight.

He started professional boxing—and right in the thick of it, too—in 1906 and was at it for nearly eighteen years. And behind him is a record that compares favorably with any between the covers of the record books.

There was a brother Eddie, too, a lightweight, I think, who was capable but far short of Jimmy's mark.

It is my belief that Larney Lichtenstein, with Clabby as his star, was the real pioneer of the idea of taking big American boxing teams to Australia. "Snowy" Baker, now a big polo and club man in Los Angeles, was the Tex Rickard of Australia at the time, having a monopoly of the big stadiums in Sydney and Melbourne. Clabby, because of his fine personality and sterling fighting qualities, became a tremendous Australian favorite and, I think, made three trips there.

On his last trip he brought back a bride, a fine-looking Australian girl.

(Continued on page 41)

Now I'll Tell One

By THE STORY TELLER

A FEW weeks ago, the fistic world was shocked by the report that Terry McGovern's son, Joe, had attempted suicide in his Brooklyn home, because he was out of work, had no funds and the little that the widow of Terrible Terry was making as a station agent of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system was insufficient to keep the wolf from the door. That story created a vast amount of interest, because Joe and his mother, only a few years back, after Terry's death, were the recipients of a $10,000 purse given them through a benefit staged for the bereaved family by New York's admirers of Terry.

"Terrible Terry" McGovern! That name will live forever in boxing annals. To New Yorkers, he was the greatest fighter that ever lived. Those who don't agree with that sentiment must agree that he was one of the world's best fighters. He had everything a first-class fighter should possess. He had all the assets of an ideal pugilist.

He was fast, furious, aggressive, game, a terrific hitter, and he loved to fight. But there is always some one to throw the monkey wrench into the works, and in McGovern's case, it was a Denver lad, known as Young Corbett.

The sporting world was shocked on Thanksgiving Day, 1902, when McGovern, at the height of his career, was stopped dead in his tracks by Corbett after two rounds of furious milling. It was almost unbelievable that an unknown fighter, such as Corbett was at the time, could have stopped New York's great little scrapper—the Terrible Terry!

Yet such were the facts!

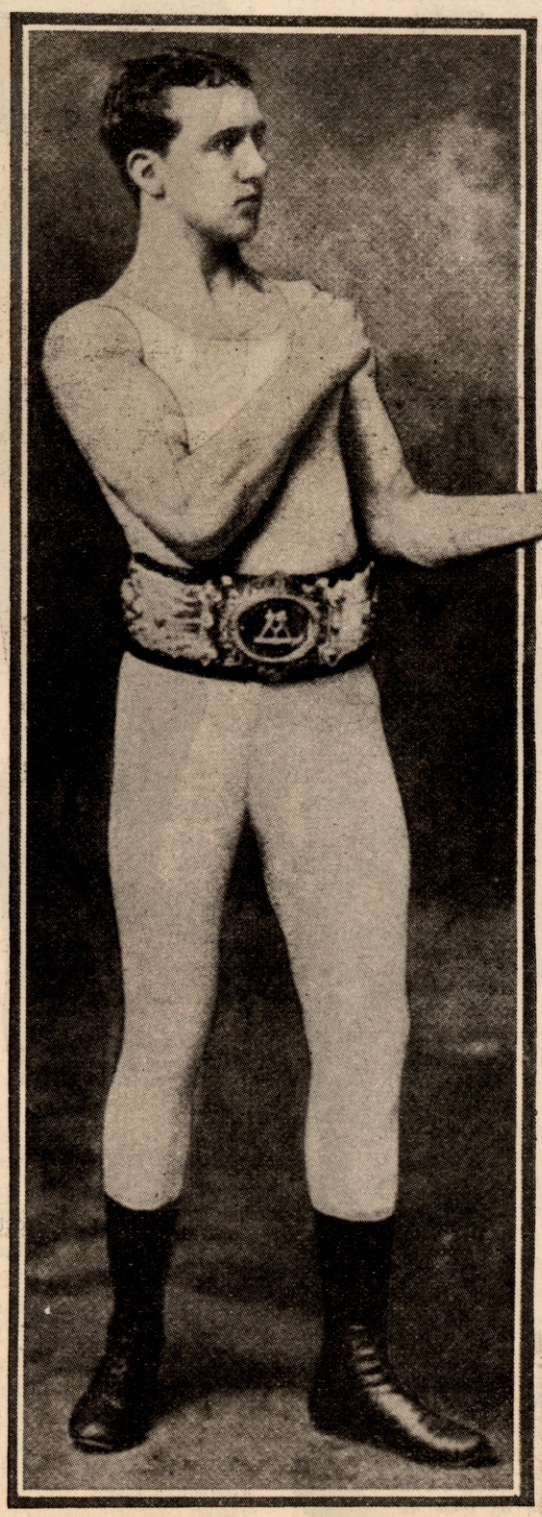
* * *

YOUNG Corbett had Terry's number and he proved it later, when they fought again in San Francisco. He proved then that he could take Terry's hardest wallops but that Terry couldn't take his.

Their second meeting, which took place in 'Frisco, attracted far more attention than had their first meeting at Hartford, Conn., for Terry was out to regain the crown and he had thousands of followers who were willing to wager their last shirt that he would succeed.

McGovern was the favorite. The wagering was sky high. There would be no stopping him, was the opinion of his cohorts. Terry was all tense. Mention of the name of Hartford brought fire to his eyes. He gritted his teeth, clenched his fist, and all but sailed into the fellow who would remind him of that city.

On the other hand, his conqueror went about his work in training as if it were just a galloping exercise. He was not the least perturbed over the stories he had heard about what Terry would do to him this time, and inwardly, he felt he was McGovern's master. He set about his task to repeat the Hartford performance, but in a manner peculiar to himself.



Charley Mitchell

Sitting on the porch of Mike Sheehan's roadhouse on the beach front of San Francisco, Corbett coolly announced to several scribes that he would repeat the dose to Terry, but that this time, he would first make him suffer for the stories Terry's friends were giving out. "He thinks he can whip me, but he has another guess coming. He may hit hard for some fellows, but he can't hit hard enough to hurt me," said Corbett.

* * *

GAME the night of the fight. Mechanics' Pavilion was packed to the doors. McGovern was all tense. He could scarcely wait to be called to the ring. They entered the squared circle while a horde of admirers of each let out rounds of applause and shouts. Corbett was so unconcerned, one would scarcely believe he was facing one of the most feared men in the ring. He wasn't the least annoyed or excited.

The boys were called to the center. Eddie Graney gave them their instructions and, a moment later, the bell clanged and the "battle of the century, for 'Frisco," was on. A moment later, Terry McGovern was sprawled on the floor, the victim of a terrific right-hand crash to the chin.

Terry was amazed, but when the count had reached four, he let out a sickening smile of contempt. He got up all right, shook the cobwebs from his brain, and tore into his rival. And from then until the ninth, it was a furious battle, as great a contest as ever was seen.

There was no rest for the weary. Each gladiator was bent on raising hell with the other, each determined to put the other to sleep, and for nine rounds, what a fight the spectators were seeing! It was just a case of slug, slug, slug, every second of the way, without a let-up.

THEN came a change that brought on pandemonium. McGovern let loose a terrible right hand that sunk deep into the pit of Corbett's stomach and he folded up. The fans leaped to their feet. They shrieked. Hats were tossed in the air. The scene was a wild one.

Young Corbett was all in. He backed to the ropes and held his hands around his stomach. His body was bent over. It was McGovern's great chance.

Sam Harris and Joe Humphreys issued a flood of advice to the Brooklyn Terror. "Finish him," they yelled in unison. "Don't give him a chance to come," shouted Harris.

And they were not the only persons giving advice to Terry. His backers went wild. They yelled like Comanche Indians, while those who were backing Corbett stood aghast, open-mouthed and speechless as they saw Corbett's head bob from side to side as Terry let loose a barrage to finish him.

But Young Corbett was not to be put away that day. He refused to yield. He took everything Terry delivered and didn't back away. It was a terrific lacing he received that lasted for more than a minute and when the bell rang ending the round, the Denver boy went to his corner, bleeding and groggy but still on his feet. Terry had given everything he had in that round, and found that he couldn't down his man! What a strange, new experience for the "Terror."

Was he discouraged! Was he downhearted!

Well you could have taken the picture of the saddest man on earth, despite the shellacking he had given Corbett, for Terry realized that his opponent was not human!

* * *

WHEN the bell sounded for the next round, Corbett came out as if nothing had happened to him in the previous session. McGovern, supremely confident but puzzled, rushed out and started to trade punches with his rival. He was bent on proving that Corbett would have to go the way that others went—even though it was with flying colors—and there's where he made the mistake of his life, as he soon discovered in the round that followed.

They got in close. That's what the Denverite wanted. At close range he got the better of the argument and ripped in short, telling body punches and then, backing Terry into his own corner, Corbett looked down on Harris, who was shouting advice to his man, and whipped over a terrific right hand to the jaw that dropped McGovern like a log.

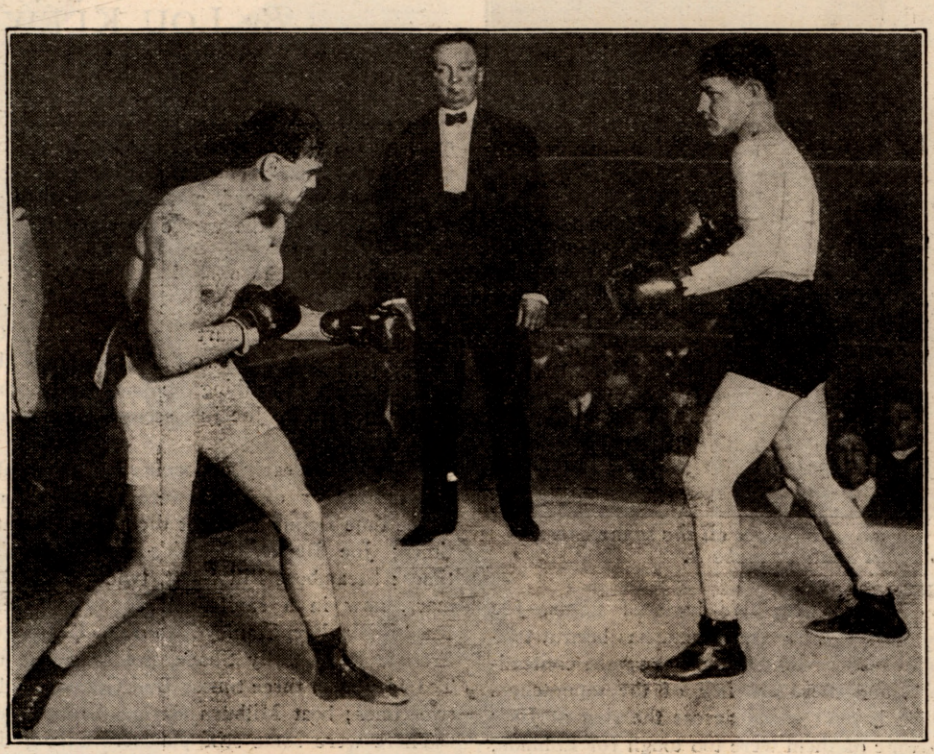
Poor little Terry's fighting was over. He squirmed and made a game attempt to stand upright while both Sam Harris and Humphreys were urging him on. Joe tossed water over Terry to revive him and at the count of nine, McGovern just managed to pull himself up with the aid of the ropes. He got to his feet just as Ed Graney had counted ten.

THERE stood poor Terry. The house went wild. The scene, that had been on exhibition when Corbett was in danger previously, was now duplicated but the pandemonium was greater. The place was a mad house.

There was McGovern, glassy-eyed, groggy, scarcely able to stand, the world a blank to him, his face full of blood, and standing just in front of him, ready to deliver the final blow—possibly a punch that might have ended McGovern's days on this earth sooner than they were—was Corbett. He had his right hand cocked. He aimed for Terry's chin, and, had not Referee Graney stepped between them and stopped the bout, poor Terry would have dropped from a punch that might have proved fatal.

Graney ordered Corbett to his corner. The crowd was on its feet throughout the turmoil and those favoring Corbett cheered, while those with Terry hooted and insisted that the fight go on. Humphreys and Harris protested, but to no avail. Graney was a wise referee and he knew when a fighter had enough.

The fight was over, and Corbett had proved his point that he could take all McGovern could give. It was a fight of fights!



Posing before the fight in San Francisco. Corbett, Ed Graney, the referee, with his "soup and fish," and McGovern are in the picture. Terry is wearing the white trunks.

* * *

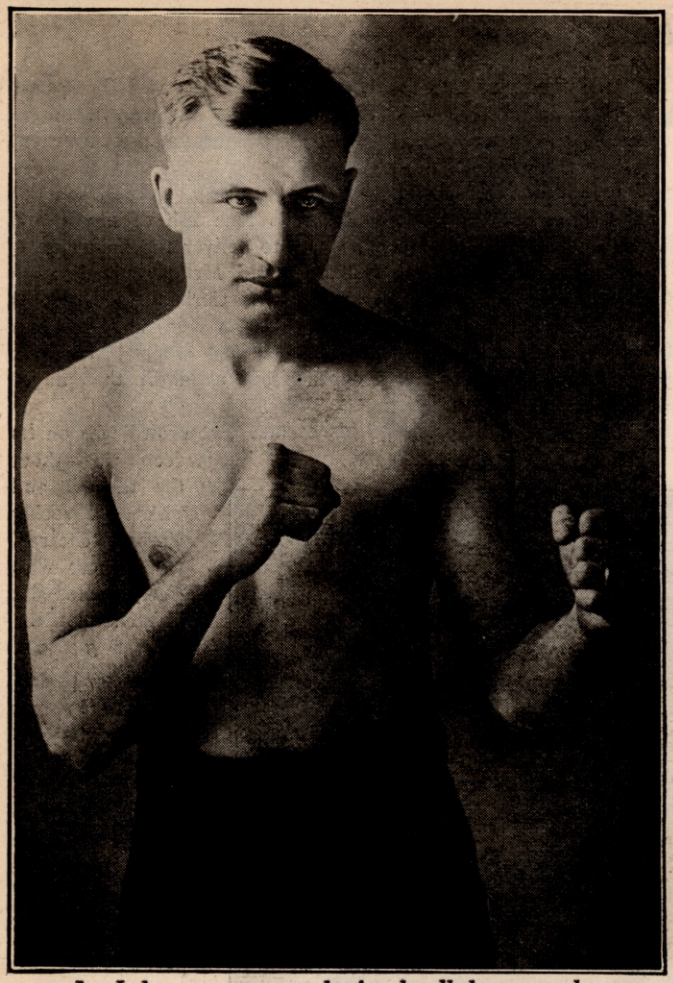
SOME years ago Charley Mitchell, the great English fighter, was for a season the star attraction in the Thatcher, Primrose and West minstrel show in this country. He went on after the first act and did Ajax defying the lightning, the Greek faun pitching quoits, the Roman gladiator facing the lions, and Atlas sustaining the earth and he came forth in full sporting costume of "Charley Mitchell, the Champion of the world," all under a flare of appropriate lights.

Among the minstrels of minor importance on the bill was a clog-dancer named Branscombe, an English boy who always wanted to put the gloves on with Charley. Mitchell treated Branscombe with the serene contempt that a star displays toward a small actor, until one day in Buffalo he told the ambitious youth to stick to his milk bottle, that he had no time to fool with him. That insult hurt.

The succeeding week at Detroit, on the opening night, Branscombe boldly walked on the stage when Mitchell was posing as the prize fighter and smashed him in the face. There was an uproar all over the house. Mitchell was surprised, even dumbfounded, and the clog-dancer put it to him half a dozen times before he collected himself. Spectators, minstrel men, and stage hands strove to separate the combatants. Finally they got the men apart and Branscombe yelled:

"What, ye Cockney stuff! Tell me to stick to my milk bottle! Why I'll fight thee 'arf a crown wi' one 'and be'ind me back!"

Mitchell had both eyes blackened and the Lancashire lad's injuries consisted of a bloody nose. However, they thought it well to convey Branscombe to Canada, where the next morning he lost his life in a railway accident. *(Continued on page 46)*



Joe Lohman, a veteran who fought all the topnotchers, but just couldn't make it.

Battler of Champions

By LOU KLEWER

(Sports Editor, Toledo Blade)

VETERAN of more than five hundred fights, Joe Lohman, Toledo's fighting Dutchman, has been a trial horse for light-heavyweight and heavyweight contenders for years, and there are few of the topnotchers of a few years ago who haven't gazed across the ring at Joe's battered countenance. None of them were too tough for Lohman, none too famous for him to tackle, and in his time he has probably fought as many champions or ex-champions in the middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight divisions as any man who ever took a left hook to the chin.

In spite of all the punchers he has been up against, of all the right hands that have been thrown his way, Lohman has just started to get a cauliflower ear. His left ear is thickening up a bit and Joe has just about decided he is through with the ring. "I can't get away from right hands any more," the veteran declared as he tenderly fondled his bruised ear, "and I think it is just about time I hung up the gloves."

There have been a lot of right hands thrown at that left ear of Lohman, and Joe has gone down before quite a few of them. But what other fighter in the record books can claim to have fought Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers, Jack Delaney, Jack Renault, Battling Siki, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Bud Gorman, Floyd Johnson, Young Stribling, Mickey Walker, Johnny Risko, Romero Rojas, Tommy Loughran, Bob Roper, Sully Montgomery, Jimmy Slattery, Martin Burke, Louis Hill, George Manley, Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Packo, Bill Reed, Chuck Wiggins, and dozens of other good battlers, and claim to have stood up against all of them, with ten being counted over him mighty few times.

Joe has a lot of knock-outs chalked against his record, but most of them have been fights that were stopped by the referee. Somehow or other, battered, dizzy, and reeling around, Lohman has always managed to get back on his feet for more until the referee stopped the bout to save Joe from further punishment.

It was a long time ago, as ring history goes, that Lohman started fighting, and he is still performing on some of the small shows in Ohio and Michigan. Early in 1915, the Toledo Dutchman got his first chance in the ring at the old Crescent Athletic Club in Toledo. Lohman was just a kid of sixteen then, tall, ungainly and awkward, and he knew little about boxing outside of getting out of the way of a right hand and throwing a lot of gloves.

In spite of his awkwardness, Joe began winning fights, winning them merely because he outlasted the other fellow, and the other chap couldn't hurt him. Knock-out George Brown, considered the greatest two-fisted fighter Toledo ever developed, hit him with everything he had, and Lohman stayed up, and, from there on in, Joe just seemed to take 'em bigger and better each time.

Many of his early opponents have just about been forgotten, although many of them were considered nationally prominent at the time Lohman fought them. Joe fought Homer Smith four times; Joe Burke, Detroit's round-heel heavyweight, several times; Steamboat Bill Scott, twice; Elmer Hogen, Johnny Celmars, now in a sanitarium for war veterans, several times; Russell Blankey, Stanley Swantack, K. O. Roberts, Jackey Clark, Frankie Ryan, Billy Shade, Soldier King, three or four times; Ted Jamieson, three times; Bud Gorman and Martin Burke, each two times; beat Milburn Saylor, Sailor Welden, and others.

There were some stiff punchers among that flock of battlers, and Joe stayed with them. Then he fought Gene Tunney, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers, four or five times; the veteran, Jeff Smith, Tommy Loughran, three times; Paul Berlenbach, Jimmy Slattery, Battling Levinsky, whom he defeated; Tony Marullo, Matt Adgie, Owen Phelps, Ernie Owens, Wilson Yarbo, Long Tom Hawkins, Tony Feunte, Vigo Doman, Armand Emmanuel, Dusty Miller, Angus Snyder, Martin Levandowski, Benny Touchstone, Frankie Wine, Dave Knost, Al Stillman, Dave Barry, Battling Angelo, Chuck Wiggins, five times; Roy Wallace, twice; Johnny Risko, whom he defeated on one occasion in Toledo; Harry Krone, Joe Sekyra, Tony Cancela, Butch Carr, Harry English, and others without number.

* * *

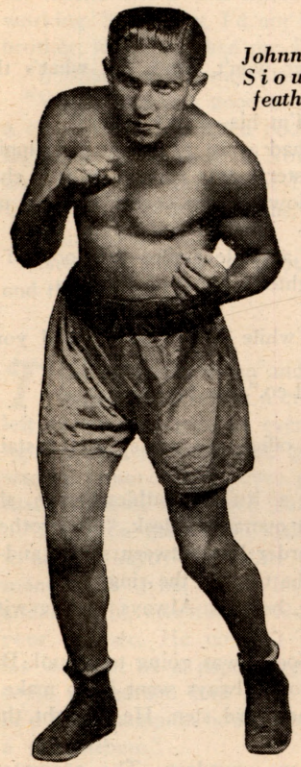
JACK DEMPSEY came the closest to having Lohman out in a hurry of anyone that the Toledoan has ever met, and that was in an exhibition in Toledo about 1919. Dempsey was appearing in a theatre there and Lohman went on as his opponent. Joe expected a right and Jack hooked a left. Joe started to go down, but Dempsey held him up until Joe shook the bees out of his bonnet and finished the exhibition.

In spite of the opponents Lohman fought, he never made much money, and a fifteen-hundred-dollar purse stands out in his memory because there were so few of them. Usually Joe's end was under a thousand dollars and, in some of his recent bouts at small shows, where he has been fighting on percentage, his end of the gate has been less than twenty-five dollars.

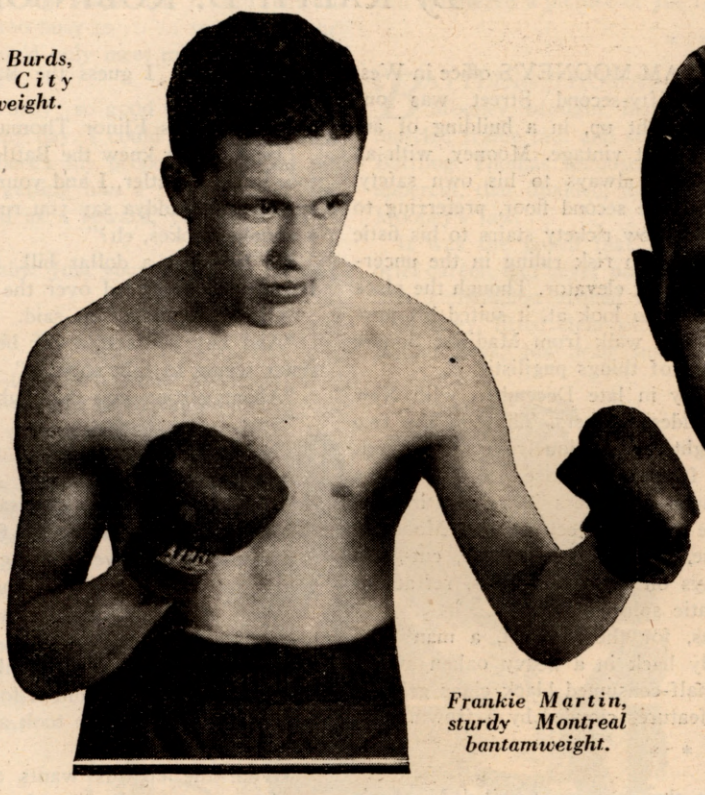
But Joe has had a lot of fun at the game and has battled in all parts of the country from Miami to British Columbia and from New York City to Los Angeles.

One of his outstanding battles, or *(Continued on page 46)*

Canadian and Mid-West Hopes

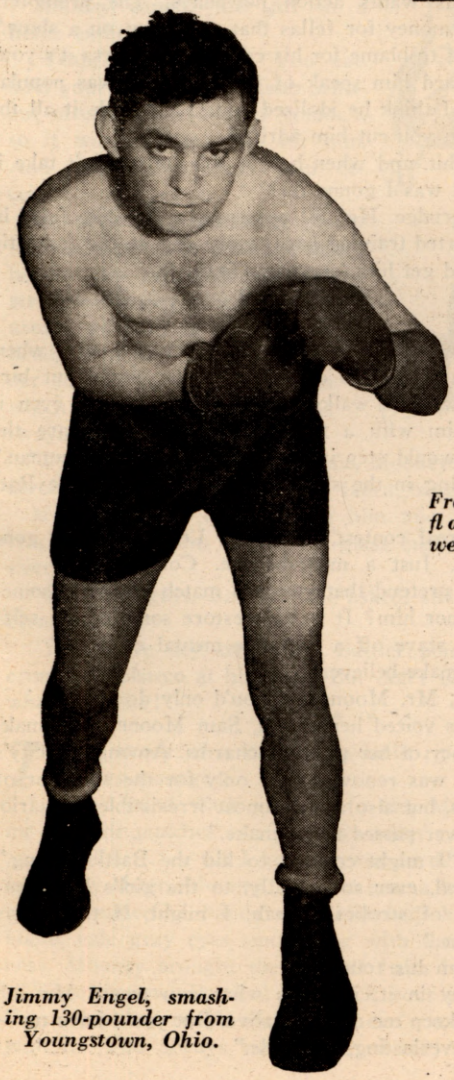


Johnny Burds, Sioux City featherweight.

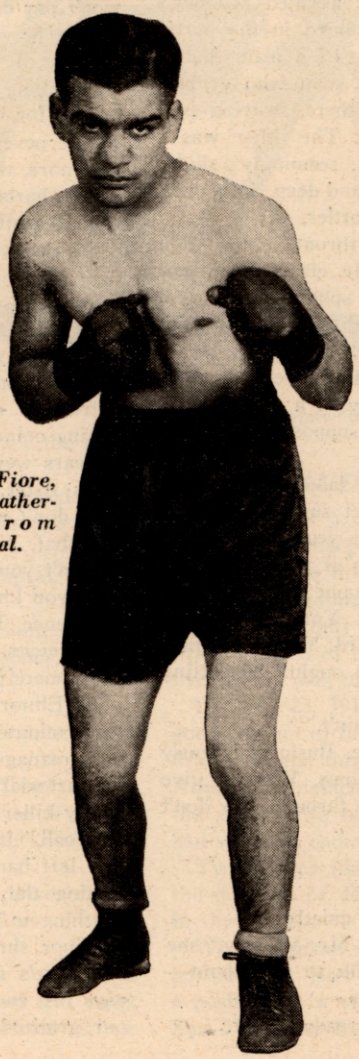


Frankie Martin, sturdy Montreal bantamweight.

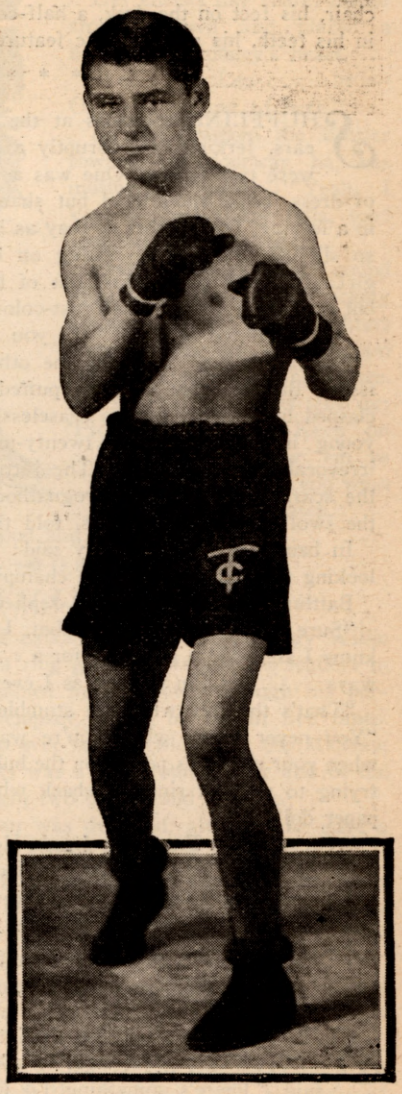
Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight, now boxing in the Mid-West.



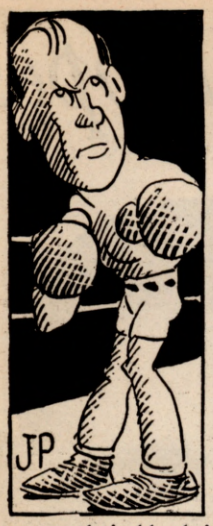
Jimmy Engel, smashing 130-pounder from Youngstown, Ohio.



Frankie Fiore, flashy featherweight from Montreal.



Lefty Gwynne, former Olympic champion from Toronto, now a pro.



STUMBLEBUM

By RALPH D. ROBINSON

SAM MOONEY'S office in West Fifty-second Street was one flight up, in a building of ancient vintage. Mooney, with an eye always to his own safety, had chosen the second floor, preferring to walk up the few rickety stairs to his fistic sanctum than to risk riding in the uncertain, shimmying elevator. Though the place wasn't much to look at, it suited his purposes admirably, being but a short walk from Madison Square Garden, the very hub and center of things pugilistic.

It was mid-afternoon of a day in late December, with New York basking in one of its mildest winters. Through the two front windows the sun bent bright rays, obliquely, from the west. The warm beams burnished the frames of a score or more pictures that lined the walls—photographs of boxers in ring attire and fighting pose—and fell upon the various objects on Sam Mooney's flat-topped desk. One of these, an immense, square, cut-glass inkwell, caught the golden rays on its many facets, refracting them in myriad darting prismatic splashes of light.

Mooney, fight manager, was, for the moment, a man with nothing to do. He lolled lazily back in a heavy oaken swivel chair, his feet on the desk, a half-consumed black cigar gripped in his teeth, his ruddy Celtic features clouded by a frown.

* * *

SHUFFLING footsteps at the doorway assailed Mooney's ears, jerking him abruptly around. Framed in the portal were two figures. One was a huge lout of a man, shabby of dress, broad-shouldered but shambling—a man who grinned in a leering, foolish sort of way as he stood there, swaying ever so slightly, his weight resting on his heels. The other was a girl, fresh and pretty, just out of her teens, seemingly; slight, but exquisitely formed, with rust-colored hair and deep violet eyes.

"Oh," grunted Mooney, "It's you again, Battler, eh?"

"Yeah, it's me," mumbled the other. His throaty enunciation issued thickly from between puffed lips. He clasped and unclasped his knotted fingers ceaselessly as he spoke. A man still young in years—perhaps twenty-nine or thirty—but marked irrevocably by his calling. The jutting brows and cheek bones, the scarred and battered prognathous jaw, the cavernous eyes, the swollen, cauliflower ears, told their story at a glance.

In bantering tones Mooney said: "And I suppose you're still looking for a match with the champion?"

Battling Thomas, that was, replied slowly, laboriously:

"Sure I am. Honest, Big Shot, I gotta get sumpin' to do. I know I ain't had a glove on for a . . . . for a year or two, anyways . . . . but I'm as good as I ever was, an' if you only—"

"That's the way with you stumblebums," came back Mooney. "You never know when you're washed up. You never know when your number's posted on the bulletin board. You'd look fine, trying to make a ring comeback when you'd oughta be cutting paper dolls."

"Aw, you t'ink I'm punch-drunk. Honest, I ain't."

"Well, whether you are or not, I don't care. Business is lousy enough for good fighters, let alone stumblebums. When I give you the air two years ago I knew you was through. So don't come bothering me. Scram!"

* * *

STEPPING forward, the girl interposed, quietly:

"I've a very great favor to ask of you, Mr. Mooney," she said. "There's something I'd like to talk to you about—alone, please."

Mooney, eyeing her appraisingly, winked a ready assent.

"Why, sure, I guess the Battler won't mind. Er, what's the name, Miss?"

"My name is Elinor Thomas. I'm his—Leo's sister."

"First I ever knew the Battler had a sister, and such a pippin, too. Listen, Battler, I and your sister wants to have a little chat together. Whaddya say you run down to the corner and get me a coupla smokes, eh?"

He held out a dollar bill. An amiable smile—the look of a friendly dog—spread over the fighter's battered features.

"Okay, Big Shot," he said.

"And buy yourself a big beer while you're out. I and your sister wants to talk about—"

"About getting you that fight, Leo," the girl cut in.

"Sure," said Mooney.

The Battler shuffled out of the office and made for the stairway leading to the street.

"Mr. Mooney," the girl said, a little breathlessly, as she slipped into a chair facing the fight manager's desk, "My brother, as you can see, is, well, on the border line between sanity and—you know, those terrible beatings he took in the ring."

"Yeah. Always a crowd pleaser, he was. Always leading with his chin."

"I never saw him fight, thank God. I was going to school. But he used to tell me he did it for you—always went in to make a real battle of it. Never took a backward step. He thought that pleased you."

"Well, the crowds wants action nowadays. The promoters won't pay out good money for fellas that won't put on a show."

"Maybe you're not to blame for his condition. I guess it's your business. I often heard him speak of you when he was popular and making money. I think he idolized you. That made it all the harder for him when you cut him adrift."

"He never could hit, and when he got so's he couldn't take it any more, why what was I gonna do?"

"He harbors no grudge. He still possesses a childlike faith in you. Recently he started training hard, every day, in the fantastic belief that you would get him 'one more fight.'"

* * *

MOONEY answered: "Aw, they all act that way when they're slug-dizzy. No club in the city would put him on. Everybody knows he's walking on his heels. Why, even if I tried to match him with a fifth-rater, the chances are the boxing commission would step in and bar the bout as inhuman."

Tears were standing in the shadowed violet eyes of the Battler's sister.

"I don't mean a real contest, of course. Leo is too far gone for that, poor boy. Just a make-believe. Couldn't you . . . . couldn't you merely pretend that you will match him with someone; you know, humor him? It would restore some of his self-confidence. It might stave off a complete mental collapse."

"I getcha, just a make-believe."

"A merciful hoax, Mr. Mooney, if you'd only do it."

As Elinor Thomas voiced her appeal, Sam Mooney was making a minute inventory of her physical charms. Among the city's fight managers Sam was renowned not only for the splendor of his sartorial displays, but also as an almost irresistible Lothario, a lady-killer who never passed up a "make."

"Yeah," he said. "I might consent to kid the Battler along." His left hand strayed, ever so casually, to the girl's knee, imparting the gentlest of strokes. "Yeah, I might, if there was anything in it for me."

Elinor shrank from his touch.

"There's no money in it, if that's what you mean. My job pays just enough to keep me and Leo alive. But you'd have my—our gratitude, our everlasting gratitude."

Mooney raised a deprecatory finger.

"Who said money? After all, I made enough out of the Battler when he was good. But right now I'm a busy man. You might call me a big shot in this racket. I stand well with the matchmakers. Ten fighters in my stable and I keep 'em all working. Still, baby, I'd not be too busy to . . . . to humor your brother, like you asked me, if you'd only meet me halfway."

"I, why, I don't understand—"

"You look pretty good to me, baby; so good that I'd give you a clean sheet in my red book any day. I could go for you in a big way and I mean it. Now, here's my proposition: I kid the Battler into believing that I'm getting him a swell spot in the Garden in a couple months, and as a reward, you hand me—"

"Hand you what?"

"Not such a heck of a lot, baby. Just your telephone number and the key to your flat."

* * *

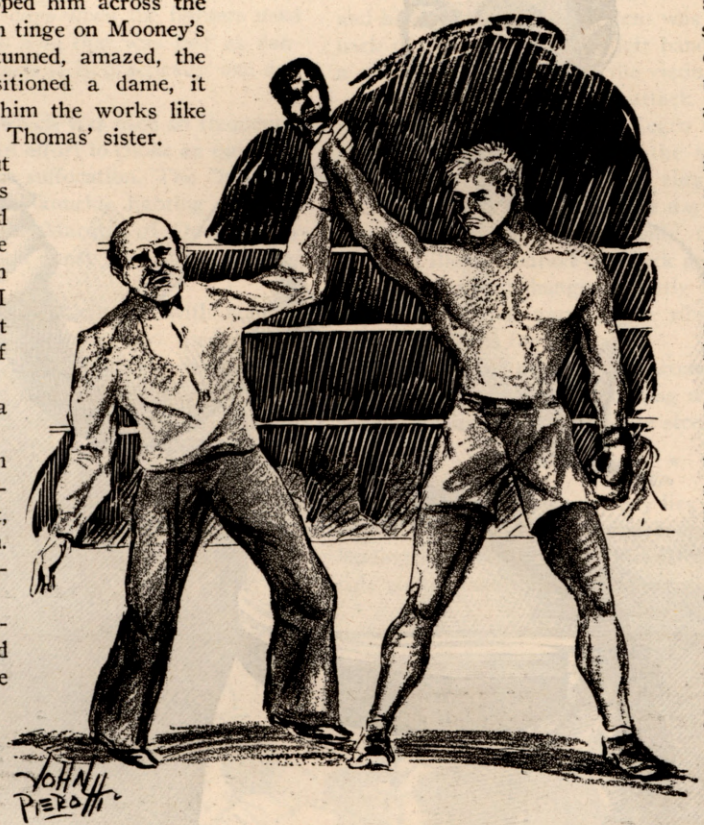
THE girl sprang up and slapped him across the face. The blow left a crimson tinge on Mooney's left cheek. The turn of events stunned, amazed, the fight manager. When he propositioned a dame, it was an honor. They never gave him the works like that. He arose and faced Battling Thomas' sister.

"Right on the button, baby, but it ain't a kayo!" The line of his mouth was grim. "You hit hard and straight, sweetheart. Not like your brother. He couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. If I could of learned him how to hit he'd be a champion now, instead of a stumblebum."

Mooney caught the girl in a fierce embrace.

"Yeah," he snarled, "You can land your right to the kisser without missing. The Battler couldn't, so it was just too bad for him. And now, baby, here's your receipt!"

He drew her, frantically resisting, even closer to him, and kissed her on her full, red lips. In the struggle the girl pulled Mooney around so that, as he lifted his head, he looked over her shoulder directly at the doorway, in which Battling Thomas was swaying.



"I seen ya! I seen what ya done, Mooney!" screamed the bulky derelict in cap and sweater and faded, baggy trousers.

Mooney thrust Elinor from him and, as he stepped back, reached behind him for the cut-glass inkwell. His fingers closed over it.

"Got the cigars, Battler?" he asked, striving to speak unconcernedly.

"Yeah, dere dey are!" The Battler pointed to some bits of crumpled tobacco at his feet. "But don't fergit, Mooney, I seen what ya done!"

* * *

THE wreck of a once formidable ringman advanced upon his ex-manager.

"I don't mind what ya done to me, Mooney. Always tellin' me to trade punches . . . . always tellin' me to please de crowd . . . . till I . . . . till I got dis way in de head. But I seen ya insult my sister, Mooney, an' I'm gonna kill ya!"

His boulderlike hands were clenched, his head lowered, his blank, pale gray eyes smoldering with the rising fires of madness. Mooney brought the inkwell from behind him.

"Careful now, Battler! I'll crack your skull like an eggshell if you try any rough stuff! You can't sock me and get away with it! You always was afraid of me! You're afraid of me now, you palookah! Take care. D'yuh hear me!"

Elinor was too late to intercept him as Battling Thomas, head down, powerful shoulders hunched, came charging in. Mooney let fly the inkwell, but it went over the Battler's crouching form and splintered a picture of Joe Gans on the far wall.

* * *

BATTLING THOMAS executed a quick feint with his left. Mooney brought his guard down, his own powerfully muscled frame taut and set for the impact. Like a flash of light, Battling Thomas unloosed a right-hand blow, half hook, half uppercut, that thudded, with deadly impact, against the angle of Mooney's jaw.

It was the punch that Battling Thomas, at the peak of his brief career, had never mastered—the blow that might have made him a champion instead of a stumblebum!

Mooney, lifted clear off his feet, landed heavily on the flat-topped desk, his head sustaining a frightful concussion. He sprawled there, limp, a thin red stream trickling from one corner of his mouth, for a moment, then slid to the floor, falling in a grotesque heap.

Battling Thomas, now shaking as with the ague, grasped his sister by the arm.

"Gee, sis," he chattered, "I musta kayoed him! I musta kayoed him!"

Her cheeks like chalk, Elinor stooped down and placed a hand over Mooney's heart.

"Leo . . . . Leo . . . . he's—Oh, let's get out of here!"

As she dragged the Battler toward the doorway he was muttering, thickly, "Yeah, I kayoed him! Game fella, too! Hope he ain't hoited!"

From below came the sound of heavy footfalls on the rickety wooden stairs. Two fighters were coming up to see Sam Mooney. One was saying, "Sure. Dat's what he always tells us: 'Please de crowd. Keep on punchin' and show 'em ye can take it. Even if you wind up in de booby hatch.'"

And the answer was a loud and mirthful guffaw.

PUDGY WILLIE MEEHAN

NEVER a fighter of extraordinary ability, Pudgy Willie Meehan, who as a ring gladiator fought the leaders in three divisions, gained fistic renown through his performances against Jack Dempsey, whom he fought five times. Willie is the only man who ever scored twice over the Manassa Mauler. Each of their bouts was a four-round affair and of the five, Willie won twice, fought two draws, and lost one.

On July 23, 1917, Meehan was defeated, although he gave a good account of himself. In a second encounter, they fought a fast draw, but the third time they clashed, in a fight for the Navy Athletic Equipment Fund, Meehan surprised all hands by taking the verdict. So bitter was that bout that even after the gong had sounded, ending it, Willie and Jack were still fighting.

Twice after that they met in the ring with Meehan gaining the decision of Referee Bob Shand in one and taking a draw in the other.

When Meehan retired, for a time he entered the delicatessen business but later drifted into the theatrical field. He obtained a position as a stage hand and is working at that now out in San Francisco. He was born on Christmas Day, 1895.

The LOST PUNCH

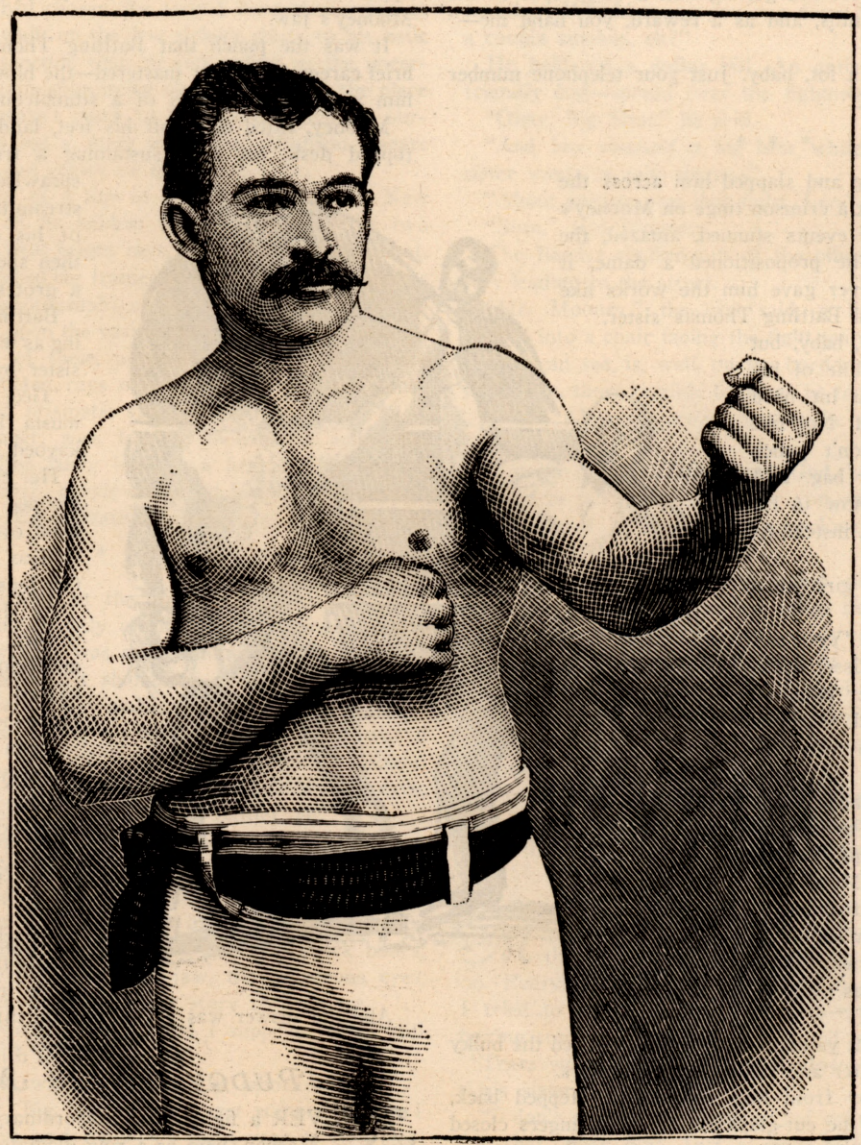
John L. Sullivan, on Exhibition Tour With Jake Kilrain and Charlie Cutler, Found His Conqueror in Old Father Time

By CLIFFORD L. THORNE

THE setting was perfect, the theater packed, and the announcer in fine fettle. He was short, stout, and pompous, with a huge diamond in his shirt front that sparkled and blazed. His voice was a clarion-tenor and his flowery address rang through the house ". . . . and remember, ladies and gentlemen, the days when his mighty fists were like thunderbolts and his scowl alone made opponents quail. True, Father Time has taken his toll, but, ladies and gentlemen, when the famous old gladiator gives his sparring exhibition tonight, notice carefully the great power still behind his blows. I give you, ladies and gentlemen, former world's heavyweight champion, John L. Sullivan."

Old John, pink as a baby, fat as a porpoise, amid a thunder of applause, waddled across the stage, took a bow, growled a few words, and was ready.

The announcer held his hands aloft. "Another world famous old gladiator, ladies and gentlemen, Jake Kilrain, one who years ago fought the mighty 'John L.,' when both were in their prime. Their battles and the results are now boxing history but tonight, once more they don the gloves for you."



Jake Kilrain, who toured with John L. Sullivan and Charlie Cutler.

Kilrain, though thatched snow-white, was springy despite his many years, and appeared in good condition.

The two old warriors now gave their nightly boxing exhibition. Sparring and slapping mostly, though now and then Jake took a rather stiff jolt. Sullivan, the star and drawing card of the show, was being allowed to outhit and outbox Kilrain. But in those later days, had Jake opened up he would undoubtedly have been the better man.

After much applause and a short rest for the boxers, the announcer again was going full blast ". . . . and now, ladies and gentlemen, notice carefully in this next bout that 'John L.' still retains the power of his mighty punch, even against this youthful giant, Charlie Cutler, well-known boxer and wrestler."

Sullivan, still puffing like an old bellows, now threw leather gloves against the face and body of the huge Cutler. The packed audience watched breathless and applauded time and again as John's punches bounced the other's head back or made him gasp with body blows. Amid a thunder of cheers the bout ended, John L. winded and blowing but growling and glowering, Cutler appearing to be hurt.

* * *

THE next bout was unannounced and it was in the dressing room . . . . but Old Father Time was there for his showing. Sullivan, beefsteak-red, sweat-stained, sat down completely winded. Kilrain, breathing easily, did not show any appearance of his workout. The giant Cutler, smiling and kidding, was in perfect condition and breathing normally. However he had a lecture coming.

"Hey, Charlie," growled the great John L., "jerk your head back sharper when I hit you. And bend your body more to my blows there. And listen, kid, pull your punches more." He glared at the other. "You got my wind bad tonight, boy, ease up after this."

Old Father Time had spoken then, though the words came from Sullivan. How had the mighty fallen, the "Boston Strong Boy," the terror of his days, had about reached his end, not from the fists of Kilrain or Cutler or Corbett or Mitchell but from the attack of him who gets them all in time, the "Old-Man-With-The-Scythe!"

It really was pitiful to see what age and over-indulgence in drink had done to one of the greatest fighters of all time. As a fistic marvel at the age of twenty-two, a heavyweight with tremendous power in either fist while he ruled the roost, he had fallen to the point where three minutes of sparring was the limit of his endurance.

PUGILISM'S PROGRESS

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

(This is the fourth of a series dealing with the various blows from the bare-knuckle days to the present. The series was written for THE RING *by Charles F. Mathison only a few weeks before his death.—[Editor's Note.)*

RECENTLY the New York State Boxing Commission issued an edict preventing wrestlers from tossing their opponents out of the ring, gouging, and the use of other dangerous tactics which are not listed in the category of sports. Pennsylvania, Illinois, and California followed in the footsteps of New York in the hopes of eliminating danger from the mat game. I wonder what the boxing and wrestling commissions would have done were they at the helm during the bare-knuckle days when the fighters used the wrestlers' tricks and employed a hold that was just as dangerous as is the strangle hold? In fact, it is practically one and the same.

I refer to the "head-in-chancery" which was used so frequently by the best fighters of those days in an effort to choke an opponent until he either quit or dropped from suffocation. The "head-in-chancery" was the feature of the bare-knuckle fighting and was responsible for bringing into effect the Marquis of Queensberry rules. That "head-in-chancery" was a most revolting mode of attack.

It was a brutal method of fighting which met with popular approval among the followers of the fighter who used it, but often resulted in death or near-death for the fighter who received it. Many of the most hardened fistic followers often were compelled to turn their heads away when one of the contestants got the head of an opponent in chancery. I was among those present at a fight in Detroit's suburbs back in 1884 when the recipient of such tactics gradually slipped to the ground as he became faint and, before medical aid could be brought to him, he lapsed into unconsciousness. He remained in a coma for two days, then died. His opponent was never apprehended.

* * *

THE procedure was simple, and yet was the most vicious and brutalizing in the history of ring battles. The first step was to get the left arm about the neck of an opponent and, holding him in a viselike grip, pummel his face with the right fist till the victim dropped helpless to the ground. Evan Lewis, one of the first wrestlers to use the strangle hold, was, under the rules of the mat game, prevented from doing more than apply pressure to the windpipe.

This hold was regarded as so dangerous that it was generally barred. Therefore it is not difficult to understand that when a bare-knuckle fighter first took a strangle hold on an adversary and then used his right arm as a club to batter his victim to a condition of helplessness the lowest and most degrading form of brutality had been reached.

Although biting and kicking were prohibited by the London rules, it is questionable if the application of those forms of attack would have been much more shocking than that of the chancery.

Modern glove fighters seldom try the chancery, for one of the cardinal rules of the present time prohibits holding and hitting. Yet many soft-glove fighters employ a modified form of the chancery.

Harry Wills, the giant Negro, was an expert in the use of hold-and-hit tactics. Wills's system was to clutch an opponent by the back of the neck with his left hand and then, using his right as a club, pound the body of the victim.

Wills used this mode of attack against Fred Fulton in 1920, and in the third round the Negro held Fulton by the neck with his left and battered him in the body with his right until the plasterer fell exhausted to the ring floor.

Other boxers of the present day also employ the hold-and-hit system in various ways. Usually, the man who indulges in this foul and illegal method of attack gets hold of one of the arms of an opponent and, hanging tightly to that useful member of his adversary, pounds away at the ribs or stomach till such time as the referee calls for a break.

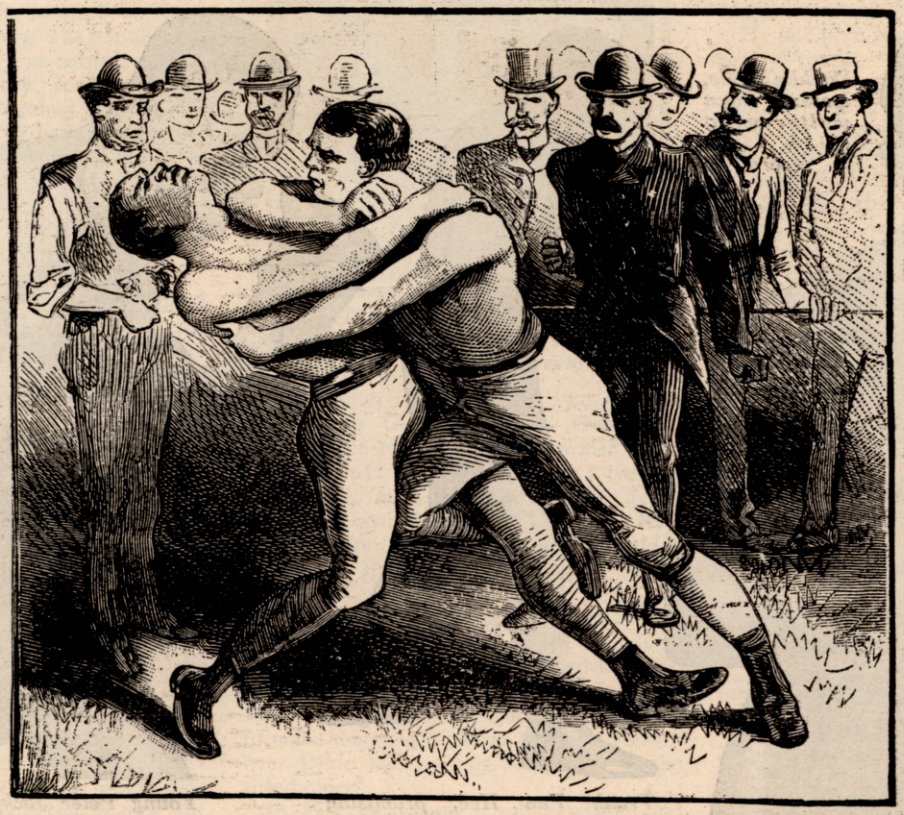
Unless boxing officials and promoters call a halt to this unfair method of attack, modern boxing will degenerate into rough-and-tumble combats, in which brute strength will triumph over boxing skill.

* * *

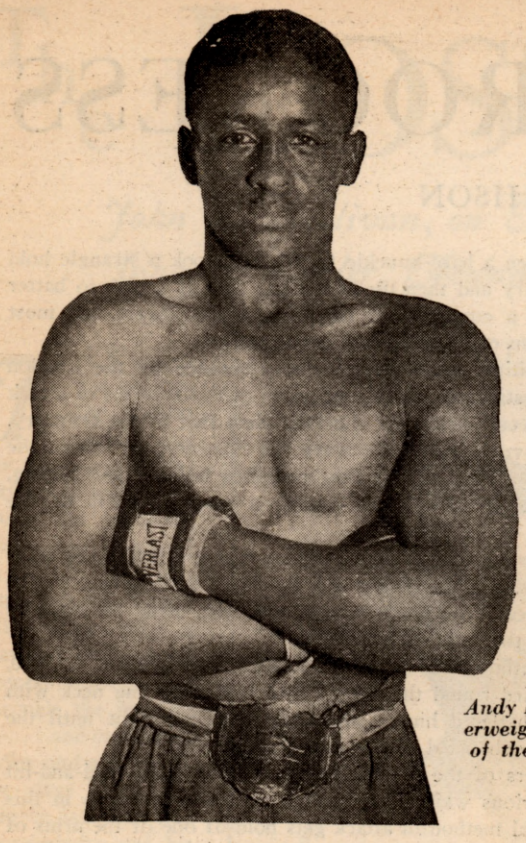
THE only effective remedy lies in the disqualification of fighters who persistently clinch and hug with the sole object of landing hard blows under illegal conditions. The violators of the rule almost invariably offer their gloved hand by way of apology, but that does not help the man who has been hit while being held.

The only apparent reason for failure to enforce the rule against holding and hitting—it is systematically violated all over America—is that the stoppage of a bout in the early rounds might irritate the promoter, due to the fact that he would be required to put on an extra contest to appease his patrons. Referees receive their compensation from the promoters, and the third men in the ring are chary about doing anything that might result in the cutting of their stipends. Unscrupulous boxers take advantage of the situation and use

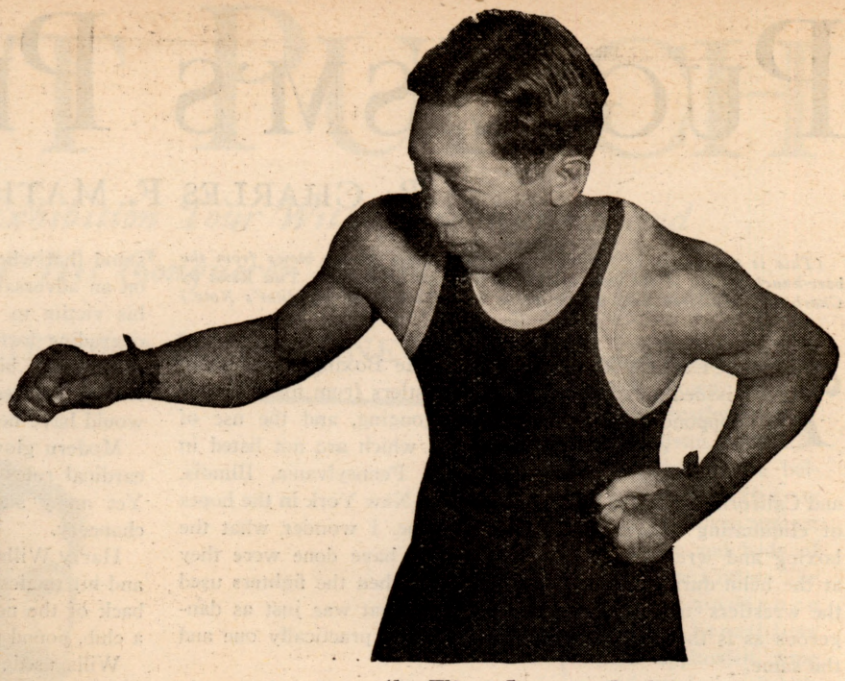
(Cont'd on page 46)



A scene typical of the old bare-knuckle contests when roughness prevailed.

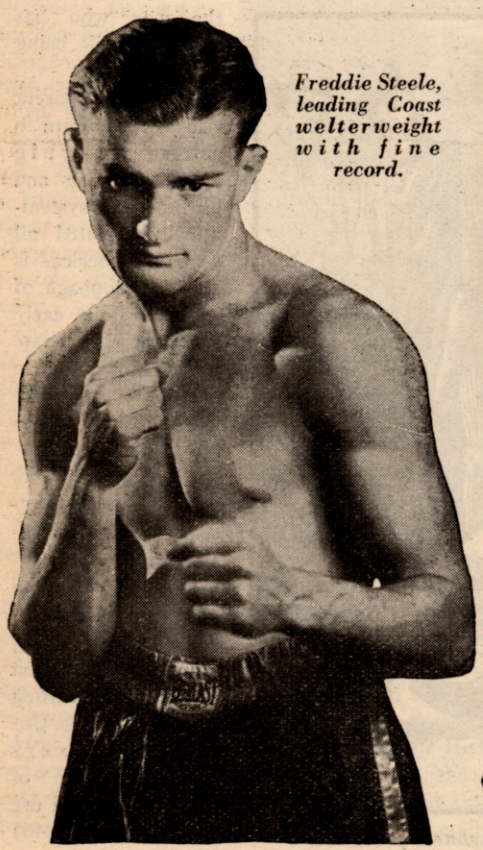


Andy Bundy, featherweight champion of the Northwest.

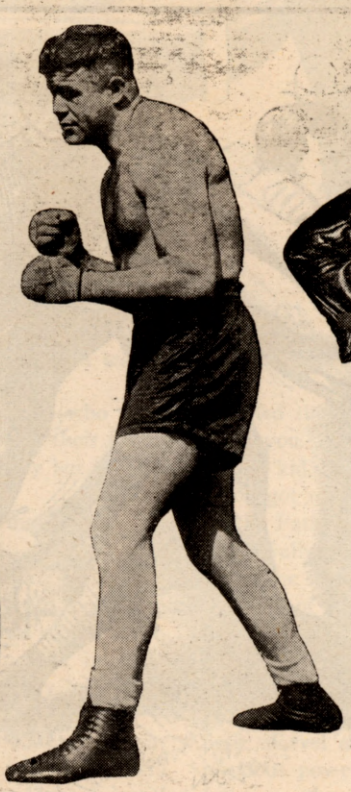


Ah Wing Lee, crack 140-pounder from Portland, Ore.

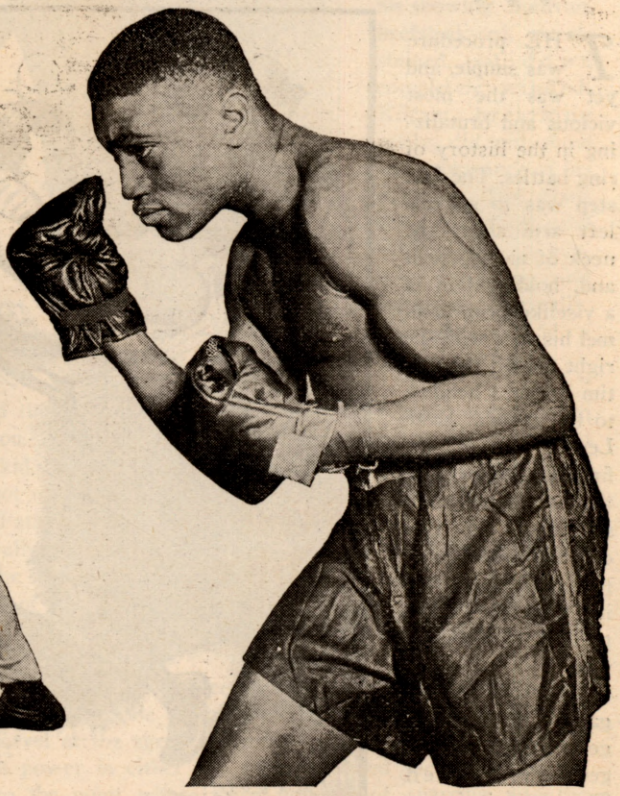
TOPNOTCHERS *from the* PACIFIC COAST



Freddie Steele, leading Coast welterweight with fine record.



Frank Van Hee, promising heavyweight from Seattle, Wash.



Young Peter Jackson, classy Pacific Coast lightweight champion.

Puzzling Southpaws

(Continued from page 11)

a puncher helped to lick many a fighter. They had heard so much about his punch that some of them went into the ring convinced that the first time he nailed them they would be flattened. The writer recalls what consternation was created years ago when it was learned that Chaney had sent in his name as an entry in the lightweight elimination tournament organized by the New York Boxing Commission after Leonard retired. At first every lightweight in the country wanted to get into the tournament. When the word got out that Chaney had entered there were numerous withdrawals.

In that tournament Chaney was knocked out by Tommy O'Brien in Madison Square Garden. O'Brien broke one of his hands in an early round.

O'Brien came back to his corner shaking his hand and also shaking his head. "My hand is broken," he wailed to his manager, grim old Paddy Mullins. "What'll I do now?"

If O'Brien expected Mullins to offer to heave in the towel he was sorely disappointed.

"What'll you do now?" roared Mullins. "Why, go out there and break the other hand."

Thus prodded to desperation, O'Brien went out and flattened Chaney, much to the relief of everyone else in the tournament.

In the old days, thirty years ago and more, southpaws never got anywhere in the fight game. For one thing, the orthodox fighters then were shorter punchers and they never took southpaws seriously. Also, there were fewer portsiders then than now, no doubt because boxers were more carefully taught. A kid who wanted to learn to box and was a southpaw was not allowed to retain that style but was turned around.

There was little work for southpaws then and the prejudice against them still is strong. Most managers of orthodox boxers will exhaust every possible excuse before accepting a match with a southpaw. There is a reason. Most boxers are all at sea when they face portsiders. Many go through their entire careers without hooking up with one.

There have been some turned-around southpaws who have risen high in the game. To mention just a few—there have been Charlie White, Fidel LaBarba, Paul Berlenbach, Ray Miller, and Johnny Murray. Naturally, any converted southpaw is a good left hooker.

Stouthearted Jimmy Clabby

(Continued from page 31)

CLABBY often was a careless trainer. He liked his beer and, most of all, the companionship that went with it. They tell the story in Los Angeles that during one of Jim's campaigns there he found himself in a café jam, something that wasn't at all of his own seeking. He never was quarrelsome but on this occasion took the part of a pal and the battle was on.

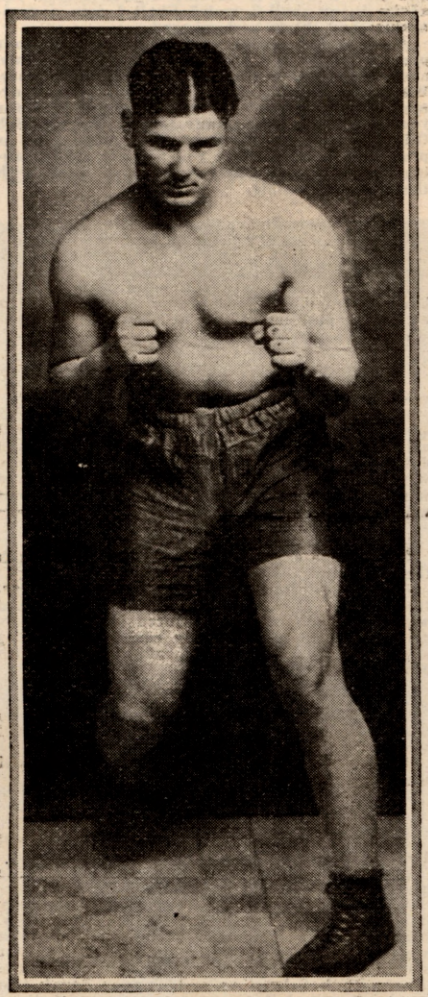
Gendarmes were called and Jim, getting clear, ran up an alley, trying to avoid trouble. Three coppers followed and found Jim hiding in a doorway.

"And," said Jack Root, the old Chicago fighter, who told the yarn, "Jimmy came out of the alley just as he went into it—all alone. Those coppers may be up there yet for all I know. It took the kid about five minutes to clean up the three of them!"

* * *

CLABBY was born at Norwich, Conn., July 14, 1890, of Irish antecedents.

Clabby, a combination fighter and boxer, started his career as a lightweight at Hammond in 1906. He quickly developed



Louis Zack, rugged and hard hitting Sioux City, Iowa, heavyweight, who is still in the running with the western heavyweights.

into a topnotcher and earned two matches with Jimmy Gardner at New Orleans in 1908. Gardner won the first, which went fifteen rounds, but he was held to a twenty-round draw in the second. In 1909 Clabby defeated Dave Barry of Chicago at New Orleans after a twenty-round battle which was to be Barry's last appearance in the ring.

He reached his peak as a fighter in 1910 when he beat Dixie Kid in ten rounds at New York. The Kid had claimed the welterweight crown when Mike (Twin) Sullivan relinquished it because of inability to make the weight. After Clabby's victory over Dixie Kid he was recognized as the title-holder.

In 1911 he became a middleweight and vacated the welterweight title.

Though he violated all training rules, Clabby's ability was such that he was able to win the majority of his battles without much difficulty. When he became a middleweight he fought all of the topnotchers in the class. Probably the most memorable of these engagements were against the late Eddie McGoorty and Mike Gibbons.

Billy Papke had outgrown the class and Jeff Smith, Frank Klaus, Gibbons, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, McGoorty, Jack Dillon, and the Hammond boxer all claimed the vacated throne.

Clabby made his final big bid for honors in 1921 and he was knocked out in the fifteenth round by Frank Burns.

* * *

JIMMY attempted a comeback in 1923 against Moorie Schlaifer at East Chicago, Ind., but the old stamina was gone and he fell a victim of Schlaifer's punches in the second round. After he had dissipated his ring fortune, Clabby returned to Hammond to live with his parents in 1930. When his father died the former champion became despondent and disappeared.

Until Clabby emerged as a potential champion he did most of his fighting in this vicinity. When he became a huge attraction he received numerous offers from promoters in Europe. He did his best work in Australia and in 1917 won the Australian middleweight crown by whipping Tommy Uren in a twenty-round fight.

Clabby received a huge guarantee for a series of bouts in Australia, where there had been a lull in the sport. His fights instilled new life into boxing in that country, and after his contract expired it was renewed.

This caused him to reside in Australia for a number of years. He bought a stable of race horses. At this time he became acquainted with an Australian horse owner's daughter, whom he married later.

He had been separated from his wife for several years.

When Jimmy left Milwaukee for Australia for his first trip, he had $680 in the bank and he wanted to withdraw all, but was urged to leave a portion just to keep an account. This he did. He withdrew all but $3, and when he retired and returned to the city he was dead broke but had remembered the $3. He went to the bank and found that, with interest, it had grown into $10 which he received and considered himself well off for the time being.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JOE COEGO, Cuba's sterling welterweight, earned a ten-round decision over Kid Calixto after a hard-fought battle at the Arena Cristal. Kid Sila also won over Kid Palomo in six rounds.

Marino Diaz, flyweight, won over Julio Recio, after a hard fight. Valentin Pedroso won over Battling Nelson of Cuba.

Castor Fernandez kayoed Kid Montano in two rounds, and then beat the Panther of Marianao in seven rounds at Miramar Gardens. Kid Buides knocked out Orlando Leanares in two rounds, and Joaquin Jorge drew with Kid Fernandez.

Baby La Paz, welter, scored a seven-round kayo over Criso Perez.

Adolfo Font, Cuba's popular boxing critic, is now with El Pais.

Aramis Del Pino and Luis Parga are actually lining up some big cards for the Cristal Stadium, and 1934 promises to be an outstanding year in boxing.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Edward Bator, New Augusta, Miss.

Q.—I am 5 feet 8 and weigh 142 stripped and have a chest development of 36 and expanded, 39. I will be 19 next September. Is my physique O.K.?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How should I fight a taller man than myself?

A.—You must adopt your own style. Loughran, in his bout with Impellitiere, played for the stomach because he couldn't reach his opponent's face often.

Q.—Am I too late to enter the Golden Glove tournament in New York?

A.—Yes, you are. They have already been held.

Q.—Is it O.K. to enter amateur tournaments without having had any experience?

A.—If you mean training experience, then I would advise against it. Do your training first. Study the fundamentals of boxing. There are plenty of fine textbooks in The Ring Book Shop from which to make your selection, and after you have thoroughly mastered the fundamentals, then join a club and enter a tourney from that club.

A. E., Winchester

Q.—Where did big Giacomo Bergomas go after he was stopped by Ernie Schaaf?

A.—Back to Italy where he belonged.

John Boukourasis, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Has Londos ever wrestled Browning?

A.—Yes, once, and Londos won.

Q.—When the N.W.A. rules wrestling in thirty-eight states and Londos is the recognized champion of the N.W.A., why is he not recognized generally as the national champion?

A.—Because the N.W.A. doesn't mean a thing in wrestling. It is an organization without any authority, with nothing but politics behind its decisions. Londos is not the recognized champion because he isn't. He has steadfastly refused to meet men who might throw him and thereby lost the respect of those who thought he was a great champion. Browning has met all who cared to tackle him and is ready to meet Londos or any other wrestler for the title under proper conditions. The N.W.A. controls less than a half of the states you mention.

Q.—Are the Curley and Londos camps now combined?

A.—Yes. Londos is now wrestling for Curley and don't be surprised to see the first big outdoor championship match, one at the Garden Bowl between Londos and Browning, this summer.

Mike Laurie, Tresckow, Pa.

Q.—What are the nationalities of the following: Tony Shucco, Lew Scozza, Vince Dundee, Billy Petrolle, Tony Falco, Frankie Klick, Midget Wolgast, Stanley Poreda, Frank Wallace, Sammy Fuller, Terry McGovern, and Maxie Rosenbloom?

A.—Shucco, Scozza, Dundee, Petrolle, Falco, all Italian-American; Klick, Irish-American; Wolgast, Italian-American; Poreda, Polish-American; Wallace, Italian-American; Fuller, Italian-American; Rosenbloom, Hebrew-American.

Jack Harland, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Did Nonpareil Jack Dempsey hold the world's championship in two classes—lightweight and middleweight?

A.—No. He fought in three classes, light, welter, and middle. But he won the title in only one class, middle, and that of America. Nearly all the time of his fighting career from 1883 to 1891, was devoted to boxing middleweights.

Dempsey, whose family name was John Kelly, was a speedy, clever boxer and a fairly good hitter. He really lost the middleweight title to George La Blanche on August 27, 1889, when the Marine knocked out the champion with a pivot blow in the thirty-second round. As pivot blows were not listed among the fouls in the London or Queensberry rules, the referee declared Dempsey the loser, thus giving the title to La Blanche. But the Marine did not attempt to defend the title and Dempsey and his friends insisted on the Nonpareil taking the ring against Bob Fitzsimmons, just arrived from Australia.

They met in New Orleans on January 14, 1891, and Fitz knocked out Dempsey in the thirteenth round. As Fitz stood 5 feet 11¾ inches tall and had tremendously large shoulders, arms, and chest, the Dempsey handlers did not think it possible for Fitz to make 154 pounds ringside, which was the middleweight limit in those days.

But Fitz's legs were slender, nearly all his weight being on his upper body, and when he made 150½ pounds ringside, the Dempsey backers were aghast. Dempsey's last appearance in the ring was in the Coney Island A. C. on January 18, 1895, when he boxed three rounds with Tommy Ryan, who treated the ex-champion gently. Dempsey died on November 1, 1895.

Harvey Jones, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Where are the biceps and where are the triceps located? Will "stitches" in the heart, brought on while I'm taking my road runs, affect me physically?

A.—The triceps are found on the outside of the arms, between the elbow and the shoulder. The biceps are located on the front of each arm, between the elbow joint and the shoulder.

If while running you find the heart "stitches," as you call them, coming on, by all means stop running. Such a condition is most dangerous and will bring about a severe heart attack if you are not careful. Instead of runs, take long walks and occasional jogs. The condition is curable.

Harry Feinstone, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am a high school student who has studied your boxing course, and has taken up amateur boxing. I have engaged in two fights and won both, thanks to your excellent course, and now I want to become a pro. Would you advise it, or shall I wait? Shall I join a gymnasium and obtain a manager?

A.—I would advise that you first get your preparation in half a dozen, or more if possible, amateur fights. You'll then get your experience. When good enough, enter the Golden Gloves tourney, then, if you win, it will be ample time for you to join the pros. Many Golden Glovers, Bob Olin and Ross among them, have made good as pros. Join a gym. There you will get good training by watching others work and work with them, when possible.

Mae Fisher, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Can I obtain a manager's license to handle the affairs of two girls who are excellent boxers and are eager to give exhibitions?

A.—You must apply for permission to your boxing commission. Most states won't allow girls to give boxing exhibitions. I don't know what stand your city takes.

Carl Jogerson, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—What exercises should one take for developing the back?

A.—I would suggest that you get the Atlas and the Jowett courses and in them you will obtain a chart with the proper exercises. If you don't want to do that, then bar-bell exercises, weight lifting, wood chopping, spading, and wrestling are among the many exercises that will help you.

James Finnerton, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is rope skipping a good exercise for both the wind and the legs?

A.—Yes. A great developer of wind and legs. But don't overdo it. Don't try to set a record and then find you have injured your heart by doing more than your body could stand. It is a strenuous exercise and should be taken with proper care.

A Ring Reader, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Is Paddy McDermott of Brooklyn, who fought Dan Davidson at Boston in 1876, still alive. If so, where is he living?

A.—I don't know. Perhaps some friend will see this and write me.

Martin Eller, Pontiac, Mich.

Q.—How can one obtain broad shoulders?

A.—By proper training. Get exercises that will develop them.

Q.—Does milk give a fat layer about the heart?

A.—That all depends. Milk will fatten the body if taken in extraordinarily large quantities. Otherwise it won't harm. It is beneficial to a healthy body. It possesses fatty globules that aid in the development of the bones and the tissues. Both Schmeling and Tunney drank two quarts of milk daily. It was a routine with them to drink that much milk. Neither, as you know, has a fatty layer around the heart.

Bruce Bristol, Madoc, Ontario, Canada

Q.—Is training in cold weather harmful when done outdoors? Will rope skipping aid one in indoor training if he cannot go outdoors? I have taken your Universal Boxing course and did all my training with my pal. We worked outdoors whenever possible but sometimes the cold was too great to take any chances. I scored knockouts in my first two fights. I used the straight left to good advantage, just as you told me to, and finished my opponents with a right hook. Shall I continue to develop my left or attempt to perfect other blows?

A.—Training in extremely cold weather is very harmful, in fact most dangerous. Don't do it. It is just as bad as training outdoors when the heat is terrific, and you have no protection from the sun. Rope skipping indoors is O.K. for the development of the legs and wind. Don't try to develop only one punch. A good fighter uses a variety, for then alone, can he fool his adversary.

J. W. Odez, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—I am 16, 5 feet 9, 137 pounds. Is there a chance of me being a heavyweight when I'm 21?

A.—Not likely. You'll probably be a middleweight or at most a few pounds more unless you put on weight rapidly.

Ralph Parenteau, Dighton, Mass.

Q.—I note where Jack Pfeffer, wrestling promoter, has told the public that all wrestling matches are in the bag. Is that so?

A.—How should I know. I might guess for you, but I think that Jack should know, for he says in signed articles that he fooled the public by putting on fake matches. Since all wrestling matches in New York and most other states are billed as exhibitions, the boxing board insists that such bouts therefore cannot be classed as fakes.

Q.—Is bicycle riding injurious for an athlete?

A.—No, a fine exercise, especially for the legs.

Harvey Frank, Long Beach, Calif.

Q.—Is cycling a good exercise for a boxer?

A.—If not overdone, it is. It is a good leg developer, but most fighters shun that form of training because they fear it might tighten their muscles.

Sonia Traveska, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Q.—Was Harry Greb world champion in three classes? From whom did he win the middleweight title? How many times did he meet Gene Tunney?

A.—No, only in one. He held the world middleweight crown and also was American light-heavyweight champ. Johnny Wilson. Three.

Tom Smythe, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—How many rounds should a boxer train when just starting to fight? How much bag punching should he do? Where can I learn how to punch the bag?

A.—Three rounds are ample—either two- or three-minute rounds. Two rounds of bag punching. Get Seeback's book on Bag Punching.

Mabel Kennedy, Dallas, Texas

Q.—Was there ever a world heavyweight championship fight fought in Texas? Did Fitzsimmons and Maher fight in this state?

A.—No. Yes, Fitz and Maher fought at Langtry and Maher was defeated by a knock-out in one round. That bout was one of the most famous in American ring history because of the circumstances surrounding it. The governor had issued orders against the fight and threatened the men with arrest if they disobeyed his command. When he learned that they were determined to fight in the Lone Star State, he sent a number of Texas Rangers to the scene with instructions to shoot to kill if any disorder accompanied the order to leave Texas soil. Fitz and Maher then went across the line, halfway between Texas and Mexico and pitched the ring in Mexico and fought while the Rangers occupied "ringside" seats on the U. S. side.

William Stewart, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Is Bill Bartush in Australia?

A.—No, he is one of the best of the crop now in London, England.

A. L. S., Honolulu, T. H.

Q.—I'm very bow-legged. Are there any exercises I can take to straighten the legs? I am 17 years old.

A.—Very little chance at your age. You might still try braces, but you should have done that ten years ago. Rowing exercises will also help. A temporary brace is best.

Q.—Am I O.K. for boxing if I am 108 pounds, have a chest of 30 inches, height 5 feet 5, wrist of 6½, forearm of 9, and neck of 14?

A.—Yes you're O.K. for a flyweight.

Dale Picklesimer

Q.—How does one find out his natural style?

A.—Through observation. He quickly learns how he can best accomplish his aim. The style that is easiest for you, and aids you to make rapid progress, is the style you should adopt as your natural one.

Q.—What is Tommy Loughran's style.

A.—Like Jim Corbett, straight, stand-up style.

Q.—Considering my weight and height, would boxing affect my heart?

A.—Certainly not. Boys eight years old have taken up boxing lessons in certain schools.

Q.—How old must one be to enter Golden Glove tourneys?

A.—I don't know. I think it is eighteen. Write to the "Daily News" of New York City for an entry blank.

"L." Peabody, Mass.

Q.—How many ounces are the gloves in amateur fights?

A.—Six to eight ounces.

Q.—What are the 112-, 126-, and 135-pound classes called?

A.—Flyweight, featherweight, and lightweight.

Q.—Where can I get the Massachusetts boxing laws?

A.—Apply to commission in Boston, Mass.

Ring Reader

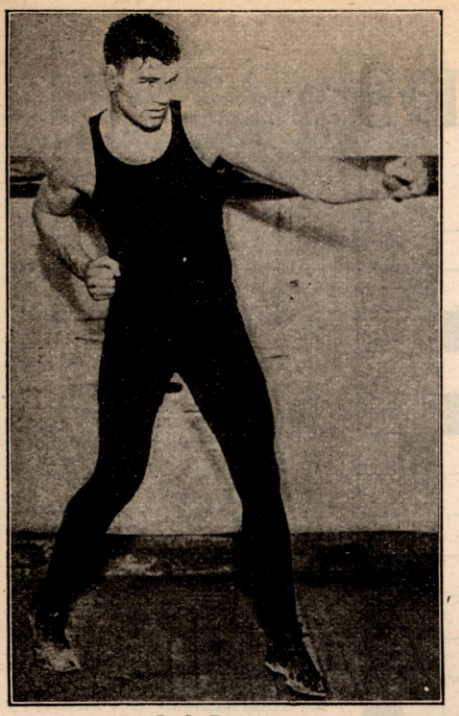
Q.—Is Billy Petrolle a Welshman or Italian?

A.—Italian-American.

Q.—Is twenty-four years too old to get started in boxing?

A.—A little, but many have succeeded at that age.

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE



Jack Dempsey

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

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With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fit to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

But that is not all —

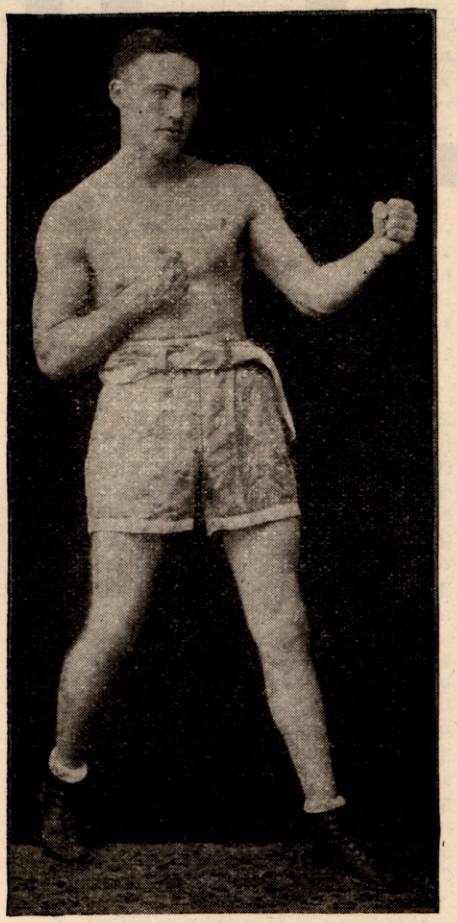
Here's Another Point Worth Considering

Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

Message to YOU

from Nat Fleischer

IT is not the essential purpose of this course to develop you into a professional boxer. However, it is my mission to teach you the rudiments of self-defense, minus all the hooey and trimmings which have complicated so many other similar attempts in correspondence courses.



Tommy Loughran

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport. **Therefore, I am making this extra offer. Your pal also will receive Free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.**

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

You might ask, why so generous? The answer is simple. I want to see more of the youth of the land proficient in the art of self-defense. And I want to put an end to many of the BUNCOMBE boxing courses that are now flooding the market and that are gypping the boys of their good money without giving a fair return.

You all know what I have done for boxing and wrestling in the past, and still am doing. For years I've devoted my entire time to the sport and am regarded, if I may be excused for boasting, as somewhat of an authority. My books have been adopted by the leading institutions and by boxing instructors throughout the world, hence you may rest assured that what I'm now offering in my new venture is good from the first word to the last.

In this new course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times. He knows what the boys require and he helped me to give them the points that he considered of most importance.

I also had the help of such a great little fighter as

TONY CANZONERI

Holder of three championships

Also the **Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing,**

TOMMY LOUGHRAN.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the

Greatest Ever Offered By Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.

You cannot go wrong. Your $5.00 will yield you a handsome return.

Also an enrollment blank, asking for your measurements and your employment, which will be returned to you with data showing what your measurements should be so that you'll be able to aim for that physical development during your training.

And after each lesson, keep in touch with me, consult me. I'll not only answer all your questions personally, but when you have completed the course, I'll continue to help you all I can.

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get. **Study Together and Train TOGETHER.**

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Remember—Jack Dempsey, Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri—**Three of the Greatest Ring Champions of Modern Times** have collaborated with the Author, Nat Fleischer, to give **you the benefits of Their Experience, Their Knowledge and Their Science and Skill,** in

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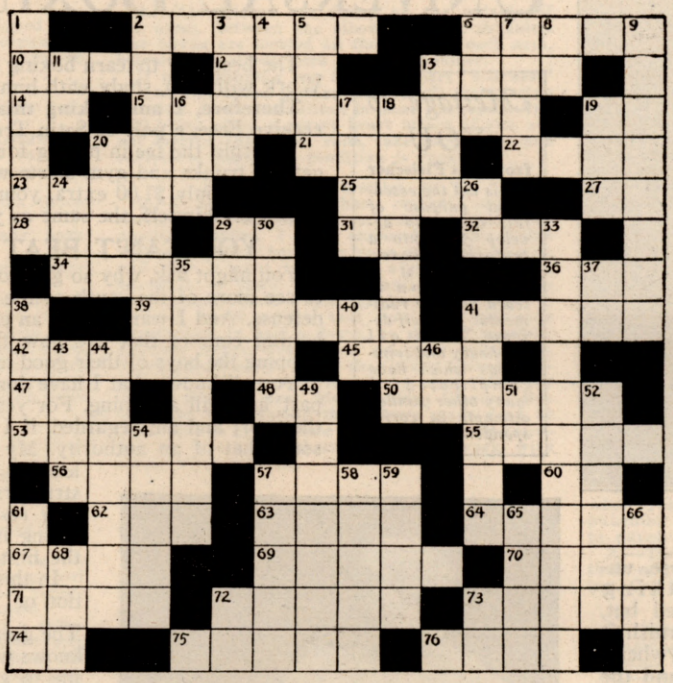
CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

2. Grappler who hails from Alaska.
6. Horizontal bars of iron.
10. A single thing.
12. Chieftain in Hindustan.
13. An Italian coin.
14. To bring about.
15. Present light-heavy champion.
19. Man's nickname.
20. Suggest.
21. The "Pittsburgh Windmill."
22. Small boat.
23. Armor used for the head.
25. Assert.
27. Long Island (Abbr.)
28. A surgical instrument.
29. A state (Abbr.)
31. District Inspector.
32. Distant.
34. First Frenchman to hold the featherweight title.
36. A girl's name.
39. Numerals.
41. A cloth.
42. The "Michigan Bearcat."
45. Brief satire.
47. A state (Abbr.)
48. Namely.
50. Present day middleweight.
53. Dodges.
55. First of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
56. Pleasant.
55. A murmur.
60. Manganese (Chem. Sym.).
62. German (Abbr.).
63. Great Lake.
64. Wrestler known as the "Bull."
67. Girl's name.
69. Preserves.
70. Form into one.
71. Past tense of saw.
72. Judicial.
73. Relating to incurring punishment.
74. Totally new (Abbr.)
75. A rustic.
76. Old-time French wrestler.

Answers to puzzle on page 47

VERTICAL

1. To confuse.
2. One of the best heavies ever to represent the South.
3. Long ago.
4. Street (French).
5. The "squared circle."
6. River in Spain.
7. A great number.
8. That is.
9. The "Boston Strong Boy."
11. A denial.
13. The lower part of the ear.
16. Single.
17. Small nail.
18. Hard-punching Chicago heavyweight.
19. Tool.
20. One who succeeds in the possession of property.
24. Part of a curve.
26. Royal Order.
29. Aggregates.
30. Obligations.
33. The "Fighting Blacksmith."
35. The fourth part.
37. Nickel (Chem. Sym.)
38. Trade.
40. Royal Society.
41. Wrestler who is a graduate of Oklahoma A. & M.
43. Man's name.
44. The "Saginaw Kid."
46. International Academy (Abbr.)
49. Intrepidity.
51. Either.
52. In India, that part of the house that is reserved exclusively for women.
54. Body of water.
57. The "Nebraska Tiger Man."
58. Competitor.
59. Bobbin for thread.
61. To prove.
65. Reveal.
66. Trust.
68. A cave.
72. Behold.
73. Italian River.

Inch from Title

(Continued from page 9)

but do not these recorded incidents, all historically true, prove it?

He was the best-conditioned fighter over a period of years that I ever knew. Never did I know Charley White to be really out of shape. He was too cautious, too suspicious for that.

There are some strange things about White that are interesting.

He took up boxing when he weighed only one hundred pounds and was thought to be tubercular. He was a fast, on-his-toes boxer then. Later, with increased weight, he paid more attention to his hitting and dropped to a real flat-footed style that made him look slow. But he wasn't that.

The one lightweight I thought could hit harder than White was a New Yorker called Young Otto. Otto is now a boxing and physical culture director in a New York gymnasium and is also a referee. The late Larney Lichtenstein discovered him in New York and later our own Baron Long, now a big hotel man in Aguas calientes and in Los Angeles, where he has just taken over the Biltmore, brought him to California for a campaign. Either hand contained the deadliest of wallops.

White was known as one of the greatest of left-hookers—a left hook and not a swing, for there is a sharp distinction. Yet he used his right many times for the finishing blow after this left had straightened out his man. His right came through so fast as to almost fool an onlooker's eye.

Charley was a great gym worker and it was known that he once "showed up" Packey in a workout. And Packey, it was agreed, could show up anybody else with ease, even the middleweight, Eddie McGoorty, being sadly off key when tuning up with that other great Mick.

* * *

WELSH faced White three times. In a fight at Brighton Beach, White got home that left hook and spun the Briton completely around. He would have gone down but for the fact that he luckily fell exactly into White's embrace as his knees buckled under him.

The unknowing White waltzed with him just long enough for him to get his head cleared.

Emil Thiry, one of the country's greatest trainers and judges of condition, told Fred Welsh when he made the Colorado Springs match that he was making a mistake.

"Why do you think so?" asked the affable Welshman.

"Well, first of all, you're too old," was the frank answer.

"Say, Emil, I can have one foot in the grave and still lick that chap," came the reply. It proved so although both Freddie's feet were on solid ground when the match was fought.

That's what you call having a man's number.

Little Joe Thomas, who trained and seconded White for that fight, told Charley in the seventeenth round that he was behind and not to permit Welsh to constantly turn him and thus keep his eyes in the sun, a trick that Freddie worked to perfection.

"I'm doing the fighting; you mind your own business with the sponge," was the disconcerting retort. That was White all over. He always knew better.

Welsh had the worst pair of hands in the business and that was why he was such a light puncher. Often he would spend two hours in taping them before a fight. But he had the quickest brain of any fighter that ever lived, big or little.

* * *

IT was the capable work of the late Harry Morgan Pollok that kept Freddie going as long as he did. Pollok's death in California a short time ago was a great shock to his friends all over the country, and hundreds of great sporting yarns were instantly recalled about this clever New Yorker's adventures in many branches of sport.

Pollok's skilful chatter induced Willie Ritchie to carry his title abroad and put it at stake in an English match with Welsh, a match that Ritchie probably could have won ONLY WITH A KNOCKOUT. That, because the British have a different idea than the Americans of boxing skill—and Welsh's particular style—appealed to them absolutely.

Nate Lewis, who handled Charley White during almost his entire career, believed Pollok was one of the fairest and squarest managers he ever contacted, this, too, despite the fact that they were the bitterest of rivals especially during the time Harry had Welsh in such a commanding position and White was the chief contender.

Charley White, an excellent business man, has made much money in Chicago with a physical culture system catering solely to women.

When Gotch "Burned Up"

(Continued from page 29)

featuring the late John L. Sullivan and his one-time bitter enemy, Jake Kilrain, as co-stars. Of course both John L. and the older Jake were much too stout and ancient to mingle with the young blades of the boxing game. Hence, to make the show more attractive Hall conceived the idea of getting a couple of strapping young huskies to meet all comers in the various spots where the troupe showed.

So Charley Cutler, then a burly kid of some 200 pounds and with plenty of ambition as well as a fair knowledge of how to hook a left and short-swing a right, was taken on. And whom do you guess was his partner? None other than Jim Barry, that wild man from the plains of Montana, another reckless young chap of 195 and, like Cutler, with the will to do and a desire to go places.

There were plenty of "comers" at that time and in some of the towns four or five would show up of an evening to try and get the $25 that was offered by the generous and philanthropic Hall to anybody capable of sticking around for four rounds with either of his gladiators. Now, Hall had no idea of letting his young men off lightly and didn't want to turn anybody away, except in front of the house. He tried religiously to accommodate all comers, three, four, five a night, often. It is said that, when a particularly tough-looking mug would show up to try and earn the few smackers offered, a special arrangement or back-stage set-up was arranged for him. The far side of the ring was always put up flush against a back-drop which was nothing but a painted canvas. Then there would be planted immediately back of this a husky stage hand with a big slab of stiff timber in his willing hands.

When an opponent got too tough either Cutler or Barry, whichever happened to draw the customer, would signal secretly to the wings and the signal would be relayed to the stage hand in back of the drop. Quickly as possible the comer would be backed over against this back-drop and as soon as the back of his head made an impression on the canvas the stage hand would land a lusty wallop on his head with the bludgeon he carried. And out would go Mr. Comer as cold as a wedge!

Now, mind you, I'm not vouching for any such yarn, but some day when you run into Cutler you might ask him about it and hear what he says. "Vos you dare, Sharley?"

You can imagine what a lot of fun Charley and Jim had with that outfit! Their salary was just about enough to provide them with coffee-and. Further, just fancy what appetites those young huskies had, too!

This taste of the pugilistic didn't leave Charley for a long time, if ever. And it led him into the managerial end of it, fancy that, although Charley really made a careful and painstaking handler of another's affairs while perhaps his own suffered a bit.

One day he bobbed up as manager of a big hulk of a chap he purposed making the champion of the world. His name was Jess Willard and everybody laughed at Charley's candidate and his clumsy efforts to do something bright in an athletic way. I say "everybody" but I should have excepted the Cutler family. They took it all seriously, and I'll say right now that it might have been the excellent foundation that Charley laid with this big chap that ultimately enabled him to go along and finally, under the smartly capable management of Jack Curley, to come into the title.

Willard wasn't eating regularly when along came Cutler. It was thought for a badly mistaken moment that Willard might make a wrestler. So they took him over on the Northwest Side in Chicago one night where the elder Zbyszko was meeting all comers and gave him a whirl at the expansively broad Pole, who had as much width as Willard had length. It was a funny encounter, but at the finish the amiable and always expressive Stanislaus, when asked for an opinion, was crushing with just this:

"Aw, Charley, he is impossible!"

So the course of training towards pugilism was continued and wrestling was wiped off the Willard curriculum. And just think of it—he went on to a title, tremendous wealth and then the life of Riley out in Glendale, Calif., until depression struck him a knockout blow.

Brother Marty, meantime, was a big help. But he had his own career to look after and with Jack Dribbs and the late Joe Rickard, who wrestled under the name of Kalla Pasha, the Americanized Turk, became one of the greatest of comedy wrestlers. Likewise Marty helped train Jack Johnson for several of his most important fights and was highly esteemed as a helper by the great colored star.

* * *

MARTY was a happy-go-lucky chap, and in that connection, I'll relate a little yarn Charley once told me to illustrate the odd mental twists Marty displayed when it came to finances. Marty was paid an even one hundred dollars for a job he did one time. That being the most money he ever had at one time, he asked Big Brother Charley to handle it for him—save it, he said.

Within the next few weeks, when Marty would be short, he'd call on Charley for a five-spot here and a ten-spot there until Charley, keeping track of the amounts, discovered the hundred had been exhausted. Marty had borrowed it all back. Imagine Charley's astonishment one day when Marty confronted him suddenly with this query: "Say, Charley, I have use for some dough; let me have that hundred, will you?"

Probably that first match with Joe Stecher in Omaha was Cutler's most important. Joe had been kicking over everybody who dared take the trip out there. Charley didn't think the elongated farmer boy was good enough to do it to him, hence he got himself a bank-roll guy and started to work.

Now it was known that one could bet an unlimited amount out around Omaha, and, taking Cutler at his word that he could win, Chicago went with him almost to a man. So confident was the Stecher mob from around Dodge, led by a wealthy chap named Reese, that they were betting even money Cutler wouldn't go thirty minutes!

The result was crushing, for Stecher, pest of the world outside of Nebraska, clamped on his rib-crushers early and won most easily despite Cutler's desperate fight.

One of Charley's chief backers was a well-known cleaner and dyer from the North Side near where I lived. Three days after the match there was a sad reflection of what had happened. This Jewish lad had out huge wagons on the streets, each equipped with a most doeful bell, announcing that the price for cleaning suits had been cut to seventy-five cents, called for and delivered! This was far under the regulation price and almost precipitated a price war!

Conan Doyle, Fight Enthusiast

(Continued from page 5)

was of the firm opinion that boxing played an important rôle in the Allies' winning of the World War. He believed that the soldiers benefited greatly from the instruction in boxing which they received, with the result that their combative spirit and aggressiveness developed in a way which would have been quite impossible had they been deprived of this phase of their training.

Especially in the bayonet work did Doyle observe positive evidences of this combative spirit. Georges Carpentier, the one-time light-heavyweight champion and French war hero, was greatly admired by Doyle, both for his personality and for his ring ability.

Doyle never lost interest in things pugilistic, and his judgment was greatly to be relied upon, as it was founded on a comprehensive knowledge of the ring sport. Steeped in the lore of the squared circle and liking nothing better than a fair fight, this true British sportsman is deserving of a conspicuous place among those great men in all walks of life who saw in boxing the ideal sport.

Talking to Myself

(Continued from page 20)

the old zip into your punches?

Your last fight, how your brain told you what to do, but you couldn't do it—and how down-hearted and blue and discouraged you felt when the fans cheered the kid who beat you, and ignored you completely?

How hard it was to stay retired—how you wanted to see your name in the paper?

Trying to crash the gate after you'd hung 'em up, how the various promoters turned you down cold?

Remember, ah, remember how you wished you could find a million dollars so that you would be able to forget the heart-breaking, chiseling fight racket, and open a bank?

And how you would like to take a poke at the promoter who was your friend when he could use you, but forgets you now that your fighting days are over?

How to make easy money

See your local wholesale dealer of "The Ring." Arrange with him to have you sell "The Ring," world's Greatest Boxing and Wrestling Magazine, at a commission, at all fight and wrestling clubs in your city. You can get his name from any newsdealer.

Battler of Champions

(Continued from page 34)

at least one he is fond of narrating when chinning with other ring worms around the gym, was with Bearcat Kribbs, then a light-heavyweight boxer, but who is now wrestling under the name of Leo Alexander.

Joe tangled with Kribbs in a town in Indiana—Muncie, I believe it was. It had been a rough-and-tumble affair, like many other Lohman fights, and during one of the mix-ups, Joe's glove came off. Lohman motioned to the referee and waved his gloveless hand at Kribbs, but his opponent kept boring in, swinging away with both hands. Joe took one punch and then began swinging himself and backed Kribbs into the Lohman corner, where Mrs. Joe was cheering at the top of her voice. Mrs. Joe got excited, reached up and grabbed the Bearcat's ankle, and, while she held him, Joe hit him with everything he had. When the clouds of the battle finally settled through the efforts of the sheriff, his deputies, and several policemen, Joe found himself barred for life in Indiana, and his wife as well.

Another interesting bout he likes to tell about, happened in Biloxi, Miss., with Big Boy Peterson. Joe and Big Boy had been doing quite a bit of roughing during their *mêlée* and finally, in the round before the last, Joe picked up Big Boy and tossed him over the ropes into the crowd below, *à la* the present day wrestling game. Peterson climbed back and tried his darnedest to do the same thing to Lohman, but Joe got on a motor cycle and stayed there the rest of the bout.

That was a busy week for Joe. He fought in Biloxi one night, three nights later in Des Moines, Ia., and three days later in Macon, Ga.; these bouts taking place back in the days before a boxing commission said a fighter needed at least five days between bouts.

Never more than one hundred and eighty pounds at his heaviest, Joe made one serious bid for fame. Matched as just a set-up and trial horse for Floyd Johnson, Joe met the championship contender at Grand Rapids, Mich. Johnson was being primed for the title and was considered one of the best young heavyweights in the game at that time. When the bout was over, Lohman won the victory and Floyd Johnson was back among the has-beens.

* * *

LOHMAN'S next bout, however, was far from easy. Jack Renault was then at the height of his power, and the youngster from the Mid-West was matched with the hard-punching Frenchman. Outweighed, outreached and outpunched, Lohman was no match for Renault and, after being knocked down times without number, Joe was saved from further punishment when the referee stopped the fight.

The Johnson bout was good build-up material for Joe, however, and he had little trouble getting bouts for a long time afterward. Not a hard puncher, opponents were not afraid of him, and promoters knew he always put on a good show. Now, when Joe is considered an old man somewhere in his fifties by fans who just remember seeing his name on the sports pages for nearly twenty years, the matches are hard to get and the pay is small.

But the fight game and Joe are just about quits. In a recent bout with Al Stillman, he suffered a dislocated jaw, and Joe is now afraid he may not be able to take 'em any more. Al also helped cauliflower Joe's ear a bit, and Joe is sensitive about that. He wants to do more than just jerk his ear in order to get in fight shows.

"I may get a cauliflower after all," Lohman said recently. "This wrestling game doesn't look so tough, after what I've been through. I may make a stab at that before I quit for good."

Now I'll Tell One

(Continued from page 33)

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was set upon a number of times when under the influence of liquor, once very effectively in Boston by a waiter, who threw off his apron and said:

"You can lick a woman, but you can't lick a man. Come on!"

John rushed in blind rage at his sober and clear-headed antagonist, who sidestepped and hit him under the ear, and each time the champion arose the waiter dropped him again.

John was partner in a minstrel show about the time Mitchell was with Thatcher, Primrose and West, and he did the same stunts as Mitchell. Usually both of these men were ardently sought out by the saloon-keepers of the cities they visited to form an attraction which never failed to draw customers to their houses. The sports regarded it as a distinction to buy the Boston fighter a drink, and then there were the gamblers who always preyed upon the Negro minstrels. So John L. had little chance of escaping from the temptation of his besetting sin.

One of John's duties was to be interviewed, and the press agent's business was to see that John was sober and dignified at such times. One day a representative of the city's leading newspaper appeared at the entrance of John L.'s dressing room and, knocking at the door, announced that he had come for an interview. Unfortunately, Sullivan was strongly under the influence of liquor and roaring with a roar such as only the Boston Strong Boy was able to emit when angered. Sullivan made a flying leap for the reporter who fell down the steps while trying to escape from the fury of the fighter.

The next day the reporter had a long yarn about John L.'s escapade and this made Sullivan all the more angry. The reporter returned for a follow story, and on being invited to enter the dressing room, he stood motionless, pale as a ghost for several minutes, then entered. No sooner was he in the room than Sullivan grabbed him by the coat collar, shook him until he begged for mercy, and then shoved him through the door.

Thereafter John L. received no more callers for interviews.

Pugilism's Progress

(Continued from page 39)

illegal methods at every opportunity.

It was the head-in-chancery atrocity that spelled the end of bare-knuckle fighting, and it is not unlikely that hold-and-hit fouls will bring modern boxing into deserved disrepute and result in repressive measures calculated to throw boxers, managers and promoters into the discard.

The Queensberry rules, which were designed to eliminate the brutal features of the London code, were drafted in 1865, and, while the Marquis of Queensberry sponsored the innovation, it is said that Arthur Chambers, lightweight boxer, assisted in drawing up the rules.

The new code was very brief, but its salient provisions prohibited wrestling or hugging, thus doing away with the "head-in-chancery" attack or the "knee-to-stomach" treatment following a fall. The new rules also forbade the use of spiked shoes and prescribed that "fair sized" gloves should be worn on the hands.

The Queensberry rules practically did away with finish battles through the medium of a clause instructing the referee to count over a man on the floor, the contest to end unless the fallen boxer arose within ten seconds. These humane rules did much to restore pugilism to a reputable basis.

Boxing commissions throughout the United States and the authorities in England, France, and Australia have elaborated the rules for glove contests until today they are practically perfect. It would be a difficult matter to suggest any changes that would improve the rules of the Walker Law.

Although the first heavyweight battle for the championship of America under Queensberry rules, with gloves, was that between Sullivan and Corbett in 1892, yet there had been many glove bouts previously. Bare-knuckle fighters used gloves in training quarters, and it is said that glove bouts were held in France as early as 1818. The late William Muldoon told me on several occasions that the first glove bout in America was that between Mike Donovan, who was boxing instructor of the New York A. C. for many years, and Bill McClellan. This took place in a hall located where the old Herald Building stood at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, and was staged in the early eighties.

Playboy Baer

(Continued from page 17)

combined the glamour of the bright lights with the sordid atmosphere of the saloon, and was a playboy if ever there was one.

Of course, we must recognize the comparatively limited opportunities of Sullivan, for there was no Hollywood for his activities, and we had no night clubs of the type which flourish today.

What a wow Sullivan would have been with the modern playing-around facilities which lie before Mr. Baer!

Sullivan never was known as a great one among the women, but he was the king from champagne to stout and ale.

* * *

THERE was a sharp upturn in the moral tone and the morale of the fight game when Jim Corbett knocked out the paunchy, pouchy Sullivan at New Orleans. Corbett was a clean-living, clean-limbed young athlete from California, who brought the breath of the out-of-doors into the ring and saved the sport from being submerged in the sawdust of the American saloon.

Bob Fitzsimmons, who knocked out Corbett, was a clean liver, and not much for the bright lights. Fitz developed the trend started with Corbett, and Jim Jeffries, who took the title from Ruby Bob, continued to pull the sport to the heights and on to the era which set in with Rickard's promotion of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno.

The playboy came back with the rise of the Negro, Johnson. The one-time stevedore from Galveston found himself in an atmosphere of money and adulation, even adulation by white women. Little wonder that he succumbed to the temptations that were strewn in his path and got himself into plenty of trouble.

There was a reversion to the old serious type with the achievement of the heavyweight pinnacle by Jess Willard, big and lumbering, and just a country boy from Kansas.

After Willard came Jack Dempsey, who was all business, as he gathered in the millions, and did not get himself embroiled in divorce headlines until after he had passed the peak of his ability as a fighter, and his ability to draw the crowds.

* * *

TUNNEY was the most serious-minded champion of them all, and, while he may not have been one of the greatest fighters in the history of the heavyweight division, he was the cleanest of the lot and a great credit to himself and the sport. Tommy Loughran is another battler of the Tunney school.

Jack Sharkey led the game along clean lines in so far as personal conduct was concerned. We already have discussed Schmeling. As for Carnera, he has been mixed up in suits brought by women. But we must realize that when a man becomes prominent, especially in the fight game, he invites the attention of unscrupulous persons, male and female.

Now comes Baer. Good-looking, big, and strong, mentally more alert and able than the average—a fighter who has made good in the ring and who has done a remarkable job in the movies.

Two forces fight for his attention. Just now it is Playboy Baer. Will the playboy instinct engulf his fighting potentialities?

Answers to Puzzle on Page 44

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Petrolle Retires

(Continued from page 3)

time that Billy has announced his retirement, but it is safe to predict that he won't attempt a comeback again, as he did after his first. Following a bad beating by King Tut, he quit the ring and remained out of fisticuffs for ten months. While in retirement, he kept building himself up again and, when he thought the time was ripe, he pleaded with his manager, Hurley, to permit him to start a new campaign. Jack was adamant in his urgings to Billy not to attempt a comeback, but so convincing was Petrolle's argument that Hurley undertook to pilot him again. Strange as it might seem, Billy's fortune was made mostly after his first retirement.

He repelled Tony Canzoneri, who later successfully defended the lightweight title against Petrolle. He fought McLarnin three times and pulled down a fortune for the second battle. In all, he fought 235 battles and was beaten twenty-five times and knocked out about half of his opponents. Foreigners were his meat.

Billy had a horde of admirers because, like Jimmy McLarnin and Canzoneri, the fans always knew that they could depend on him to give his best at all times. Good luck to you, Billy, in retirement!

Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 23)

in 27½ minutes, Joe tackled Strangler Lewis at Evansville, Ind., and made him quit in two hours. Then they wrestled again at Omaha on July 5, 1916, and that bout ended in a five-hour draw. More will be said of this match later. It was on April 9, 1917, that Joe lost his title to Earl Caddock.

Stecher was only 21 years old when he won the crown, he being the youngest matman in the history of the sport in this country to attain such honors. Had his brother Lewis cared to take up professional wrestling instead of following the sea, he, too, would have been a world champion or close to it. At Annapolis, he was captain of the wrestling team and went through the years 1913 and 1914 without a defeat. He held the Navy championship for two years. He also was a fine football player and only an injury to his knee forced him to retire.

Everyone in the Stecher family has always been an ardent follower of wrestling. Even father and mother have always been enthusiasts. Joe's five sisters, Mary, Bessie, Blasta, Anna, and Elsie, for a number of years were known as the Stecher girls' basketball team.

Joe has one hobby. He has a huge scrapbook in which he pastes clippings which he finds about himself either in newspapers or magazines, and in his leisure moments he likes to read about his early matches. He takes a deep interest in all that has been said about him and he appreciates the many fine stories which tell of his career.

* * *

DESPITE his many years of activity, Stecher is still a most feared grappler because of his scissors. He has made and lost a fortune, much of it in the grain market, and he still possesses a sum sufficient, according to reports, to enable him to live comfortably. But Joe says that, with the exception of three or at most four men, the field of mat stars of today is mediocre compared to the stars who competed when he was in his prime, and he hopes before he hangs up his togs for good, to be able to work his way into a championship bout with the aim of again winning the crown he has held three times. But those who have watched him perform recently declare that age has gotten the better of him and that never again will he be a champion.

Joe is a great student of the game and that has helped him considerably in his "old age." He declares that Jim Londos is the best of the men who have competed within the past five years and are still in the game; that Strangler Lewis was the toughest man he ever met; that Jim Browning has two powerful legs and knows his wrestling; that John Pesek is the craftiest of all the stars of recent years; and that the advent of football tactics into wrestling has made the sport more spectacular but that all of the science and skill of his best days are lost in the present-day style, which is mostly not wrestling. In that statement, many of those who love the mat sport, agree with Stecher.

Boxing's Effect on the Human System

(Continued from page 8)

Had that boy not assured me that he was not hurt and had felt absolutely no ill-effects from the punch with which I had knocked him out, I probably would have been a quitter because I always would have kept that in my mind. But when I learned from him that a knock-out punch was even less painful than most of the blows we usually receive, I made up my mind that I would fight fearlessly, without any thought of what a knock-out punch might do to me. And it also made me feel that I was not punishing a man as much by delivering a knock-out to him as by pounding away unmercifully at him and holding him up. That's why I always do my utmost to land the K.O. wallop as quickly as I can."

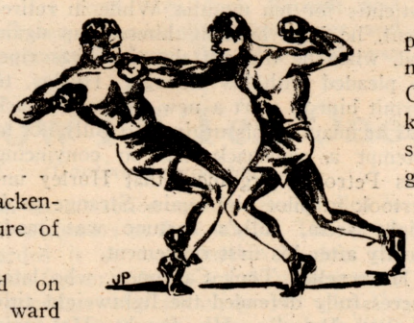
There's a mighty interesting story of a famous fighter whose opinion should go a long way to settle the arguments as to the dangers of boxing to the human system.

Letters from Our Readers

I THINK THE RING is by far the most interesting boxing magazine in the world, and I have been a reader of it since its first appearance. And that is why it grieves me to read in its columns information which is not only not true but also most unlikely. Mr. A. D. Phillips, in his most interesting articles, "Milo to Londos," will surely agree that he did not correct his copy when he writes that Hackenschmidt was 5 feet 6. I have known Hack very intimately and have taken his measurements at my school of physical culture in Paris. The Russian Lion was 5 feet 10. His neck was 19 inches (not 22), and his chest expanded was 51 inches (not 54). But the greatest mistake is his forearm measurement. Mr. Phillips makes it *nineteen* inches. You certainly know that no man in the world ever had a nineteen-inch forearm.

The biggest forearm I have ever measured in thirty-five years was Apollon's, and it was 44 centimeters (17½ inches). Hackenschmidt's forearm was, at the best of his form, 37½ centimeters (15 inches).

Even Zbyszko, who had the biggest arm in the world (53 centimeters biceps contracted), had a forearm one centimeter smaller than Apollon, whose biceps were one centimeter smaller than Zbyszko's. I possess, in Paris, a plaster cast of Apollon's arm, one of Zbyszko's, and one of Hackenschmidt's at their best. They are exactly life-size, and it is easy to prove that the measurements I am giving you are exact.



For the purposes of accuracy in the records, I also want to call your attention to another error *in re* the Hackenschmidt-Madrille match in London. Mr. Phillips makes the assertion that Madrille's elbow was broken in that match. I was one of Hackenschmidt's seconds and I have a clear picture of what took place that night.

Hackenschmidt attempted a waist-hold on Madrille, and the Turk, in attempting to ward this off, tossed the palms of his hands against Hackenschmidt's forehead. Quick as a flash, while still holding Madrille about the waist with his left hand, Hack grasped the waist of Madrille with his right and tossed it behind his back as one did with the hammerlock hold. Thus he got a combination hold on him and forced him backwards and pressed him to the ground with his elbow under him. In this manner, Madrille sustained a dislocation of the elbow and not a broken shoulder.

It might be of interest to your readers to know that the reason that I am so familiar with Hackenschmidt's record at this period is because both Hackenschmidt and I were training at the same time in the same gym, he for his wrestling match and I for the middleweight championship weight-lifting tournament of Europe, which I won in the Polytechnic Club in Regent Street, London, a few weeks after the Madrille-Hackenschmidt bout took place.

LEON SEE, Paris, France,
Former Manager of Primo Carnera.

Thanks, Leon. As I wrote you, it was most unfortunate that the errors cropped up. They were not made by Mr. Phillips. They were typographical errors, caused by the fact that Mr. Phillips's illness—he is eighty-four years old—delayed his copy and in the rush to make the edition, we could not read proof.—The Editor.

* * *

ONCE again I'm South for the winter, from Canada, and I note with a great deal of reassurance that you have changed your quarters to Madison Square Garden Arcade. It seems to me this is a better location for your valuable work. I hope you retain the interesting illustrations you had in your old quarters.

I do not know that I agree with the habits of some of the newsdealers returning so promptly unsold copies of THE RING just because a month has gone by. It has been impossible, even in this large city, to secure back numbers of your magazine, and it seems to me penny wise and pound foolish on their part not to hold back numbers in stock, especially because your magazine is always interesting, no matter where you take up the reading.

Don't you fancy sometimes that writers often present their stuff from their wishbone rather than from actual facts? That in our love for the sport of boxing, etc., we often halo a circumstance so much that in a short time it becomes a reality with us, and that we often write, and no doubt believe, some things which actually never happened.

Now, for instance, take your January number and the remarks made by "The Story Teller" on the last meet-up between Corbett and McGovern in San Francisco, and how Corbett's remark in the eleventh round upset McGovern and lost him the fight. I was very close to the ring that night—third row—and seats were close in those days. Corbett's remark to McGovern came very distinctly to me right in the first round.

"You've come a long way to get licked, you son-of-a ——."

He hurled that remark out of the corner of his lip and it stung Terry, who gave a half-cry as he rushed in to finish his tormentor. Corbett was ready. He set himself and drove over a terrific right to the jaw, and Terry went down for a big nine. Terry fought defensively from there on—which was not his racket—and lost the fight in the eleventh. I think that is where Corbett won his fight and not in the eleventh round, as "The Story Teller" seems to think.

Continuing the ideas we weave around champions. Consider what was said about Fitzsimmons's drive to Corbett's gut in his fight in Carson City. It was simply a body blow and knocked the wind out of Corbett, pure and simple. He was up shortly after the count, begging for the fight to go on, up just as soon as he got his wind back. And yet out of all this came what is known as the solar-plexus blow, and how Fitzsimmons had been practising on it for years, and all that bunk.

You may rest assured that, had Fitzsimmons anything up his sleeve, he would have swung it before he blundered into a half-blind swing that happened to reach Corbett, for already a long count had saved Fitzsimmons, and it was only a matter of minutes before he would be definitely down again for the full count. The full answer is in the fact that Fitzsimmons never gave Corbett another chance—the fighter knew his finish too well.

Then, again, we hear so much about champions. Suppose we had them all in their prime today, would you hesitate to line them up and classify them as follows?

1—John L. Sullivan; 2—James J. Jeffries; 3—Jack Dempsey; 4—Jim Corbett; 5—Peter Jackson; 6—Jack Johnson; 7—Bob Fitzsimmons; 8—Tom Sharkey; 9—McCoy; 10—Jess Willard.

I see in your same number where Jack Johnson chooses to say a few words about himself, but it is my firm belief that Jeffries, in his prime, would have polished off Johnson. I know of no one who could question that. Jeffries was pestered by Johnson, that is true, and it was reported once too often in Harry Corbett's saloon in San Francisco, where Johnson had approached him again. Jeffries turned on him and irritably said:

"You want a fight?"

"I'd like to box you," replied the cautious Negro.

"Well," said Jeffries, "you leave five thousand dollars with the bartender and I'll do the same, and we'll go down in the basement here, and the one who comes up can have it all."

"Oh, no, Mr. Jeffries, I don't want to fight you that way."

If this story is not true, it is so close to fact that it answers just about where Johnson would have stood in a fight with Jim Jeffries.

Now I'll close. Use this letter as you please, but drop me a line. Do try some good 1934 resolutions and I'll close with a few suggestions.

1. Make a man out of Max Baer.
2. Put over the Carnera fight with Baer.
3. Try to spare that silly match with Loughran.
4. Insist on the German fighting Baer on an even percentage.

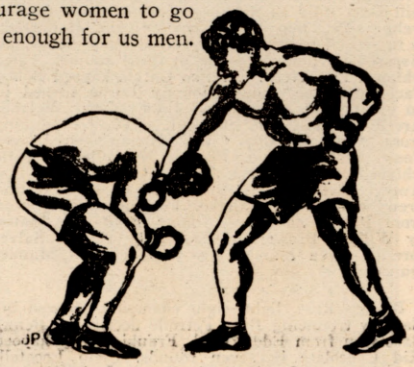
All those are hard ones, but some great things are happening in '34 and let boxing do its part.

VINCENT WOODBURY,
Timmins, Ontario.

* * *

I AM a boxer who has traveled and fought in many parts of the world, and who has just returned from a two years' trip to the West Coast and Mexico, where I engaged in many bouts. I wrote this only because I am anxious to answer a letter which was published in a recent issue, signed "A Lady from Out West." I hope you will print it. Here goes:

Being in the boxing game myself, having traveled all over the United States and Europe, having had one hundred and four fights, in which I met some of the toughest welterweights in the business, I just had to write this to you. It is the first time in my life that I ever wrote to Mr. Fleischer, asking him to put in anything for me, but I feel it to be my duty to ask you to please forget about the boxing and wrestling game where women are concerned. By your letter you leave an impression that you are an intelligent woman, but please do not encourage women to go into the boxing or wrestling game. It is tough enough for us men. When you mention in your letter that people paid to see a man and woman fight, and he did his best to beat her up in a professional way, lady, I must say that he was NO MAN. And when you say people liked to see such a bout, it makes me wonder what kind of a world this is we are living in.



I saw such a bout as you referred to in a small town in Montana last year. A couple of local farmers boxed the main event and, as I stopped in the town just overnight, the fellow that ran the show asked me if I would referee the main event. A young girl about twenty years of age and a young farmer boy, about the same age, came into the ring after the semi-windup. I figured it was just going to be fun for three two-minute rounds, and I consented to referee. But when they started, I was shocked to see that they really meant business.

In the second round, the girl got hit on the left ear with a right-hand swing that started from the floor. I will say this for the girl—she had, what we call in the fighting game, a fighting heart, and she made a struggle to get up at the count of two.

Of course, I could see she was inexperienced as much as was her opponent, but it was too much for me, and I stopped the bout, much to the disapproval of the fans. When we got the girl in the dressing room, her ear was three times its normal size, and I am sure if I had not been there that night, that girl today would be walking around with what we call a tin ear, but fortunately for her I rushed her to a doctor, who prevented that. Her people, and also the girl, thanked me a million times the next day, for when I showed them some of the ears on some of my boy friends' photos, they were horrified at what their daughter had narrowly missed.

My reason in writing this letter is to plead with you. Please do not encourage girls to go into the boxing or wrestling game. I love to see girls interested in sports, like tennis, swimming, and golf, but please forget about boxing or wrestling in a professional way.

The game is tough enough for us men and there are very few of us who leave the game after years of campaigning without some trade-marks. From a brother reader and a lover of clean sport.

FREDDY TOOLEY,
General Delivery,
Camden, New Jersey.

P.S.—Please, Nat, put that letter in your January issue. If you want to abbreviate the letter in any way, it is O.K. with me, and I know you are just as much against the game for women as I am, and anybody else is with an ounce of brains.

I know you will put this letter in for me. I think it will make the woman out West think differently about the game. Am heading back East now, Nat, and hope to be in Camden for Christmas and get some kind of instructing job, if I can. Am thirty-two years of age, O.K. physically and mentally, not so bad off after all, eh, Nat, after the sights I have seen roaming around the country. If I can be of any help to you in your "Question Box" regarding what different fighters are doing and where they are, will be very pleased to help you in any way.

Hoping I have not taken up too much of your time, and that you will put my letter in to that lady out West,

From one of your many admirers,

FREDDY TOOLEY.

* * *

I WAS so well pleased after reading your notice in the November issue, giving us girls a break after waiting ever so long, for a few pictures of women wrestlers and allowing us a page or two in the bargain.

I really agree with you on boxing for women, as I think it is injurious and I do not care for it one bit myself, but with wrestling I have to admit it is certainly a wonderful sport for either sex.

I have wrestled for at least twelve years, and wrestled hundreds of times, maybe for fifteen minutes in one bout, and again here, about eight days ago, another woman and I wrestled for over two hours before she could pin me down.

I admit that I am no champion, but I have defeated women who weigh about 190 pounds, and not big, fat women either, and I weigh only 156 pounds and I am 5 ft. and 6 in. tall and 29 years of age.

My last bout was one of my hardest because my opponent was heavier, taller, and was only 19 years of age, and it was utterly impossible for me to break her holds. Also about five years ago I met a Swedish girl wrestler and we wrestled at a private party of women and I really believe that that was the most wicked bout I ever took part in.

She knew every hold and how to break away. I must say that I did take an awful beating that night, but what hurt me most was for her to tie me up in different positions so that I couldn't move, and she was smaller and lighter than I was by at least twenty-five pounds and anything that burns me up is to have a smaller woman or a girl who is still in her teens actually take me down and sit on me, as I have had happen to me, and it is no fun.

I would like to have you print this letter in THE RING so that other women or girls may read it and they may write a letter on their experience.

MISS ELLEN KERRIER.

* * *

AS a regular reader of THE RING, I feel disappointed at the inclusion of a department for women boxers and wrestlers.

Pictures of bony females sprawled on a wrestling mat, trying to look like Strangler Lewis, are not particularly edifying. Why can't women be content to remain women, and not try to be caricatures of men?

These beings who ape men in clothes, habits, and sport are utterly lacking in femininity and charm and can hardly be regarded as belonging to either sex.

Your magazine loses immeasurably by catering to such abnormalities.

G. DUNCAN,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

To the Readers of THE RING

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

ALL indications point to a coming revival in fisticuffs. The outlook is highly promising for those who are identified and others who are primarily interested in boxing. Visible signs are seen for improvement in the sport and it is highly gratifying to those who have participated in the uplift to know that they have contributed their share in the upheaval. Principal among them is Barney Ross, who stepped out in the welterweight division and took on the most dangerous contender, Billy Petrolle, and caused his retirement by giving him a thorough trouncing. King Levinsky did his share in whipping Don McCorkindale in the heavyweight ranks, Walter Neusel by whipping Ray Impellitiere, Bob Godwin, by defeating Maxey Rosenbloom in an overweight match, and Cleto Locatelli by his triumph over Jackie Kid Berg.

Levinsky takes ranking position among the prominent heavies who were in action during the month through his victory over McCorkindale. Neusel is right behind, with Impellitiere's scalp. Neusel also drew with Natie Brown. Lee Ramage defeated Red Barry, while Red drew with Abie Feldman. Feldman scored over Al Ettore, who won from Popper Stopper. Art Lasky disposed of Tom Patrick in three rounds, and Jack Van Noy in ten. Jim Maloney was beaten by Johnny Risko and kayoed by Corn Griffin in five rounds. Unknown Winston drew with Dick Madden. Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Bill Longson in three heats and Battling Mamoreaux in the same distance. Les Kennedy scored over Big Boy Rawson. Marty Gallagher disposed of Dewey Kimrey in nine rounds. Tony Cancela drew with Hans Birkie. Leonard Dixon defeated Jack Pettifer. Frankie Edgren scored over Roy Wallace and was beaten by Eddie Houghton.

Bob Godwin comes in for considerable praise by winning from Maxey Rosenbloom, but it had no effect on his light-heavyweight title. Lou Brouillard defeated Bob Olin. Clyde Chastain disposed of Jack Van Noy in three rounds. Ambrose Palmer, Australian, stepped in for some attention through his victory over Dave Shade. Al Gainer won from George Nichols. Leroy Brown whipped Gordon Fortenberry and George Manley. Henry Firpo defeated Leo Tiger Flowers. Al Stillman whipped Willie Oster and stopped Rosy Rosales in six rounds. Harry Fuller upset the comeback aspirations of Pete Latzo by beating him.

Gorilla Jones, one of the ranking middleweights, won over Tony Poloni. Young Terry defeated Ben Jeby. Frank Battaglia won on a foul from Sammy Slaughter in the second session. Ignacio Ara defeated Francais Frere. Laurie Peppin scored over Ace of Spades. Red Affinito disposed of Al Rossi in five rounds. Eddie Flynn kayoed Chico Ortega in two sessions. Jack Rosenberg scored over Connie Josenio, while Paul Pirrone kayoed Tony De Marco in the first round.

Although Billy Petrolle has announced his retirement due to the Ross defeat, for this issue we still keep Billy as the foremost contender for the welter title. Bep Van Klaveren, the Hollander, is in second position. He whipped Tony Falco and disposed of Benny Levine in three rounds. Falco whipped Pete Nebo. Cerefino Garcia kayoed Bobby Pacho in three rounds. Johnny Lucas turned in an upset when he whipped Jimmy Leto. Werther Arcelli stepped into the elite class by winning from Andy Callahan. Billy Hogan scored over Tony Scarpati and Frankie Petrolle. Petrolle whipped Petey Gulotta. Tracey Cox defeated Lou Avery. Jackie Davis won over Cocoa Kid and drew with Steve Haliako. Frankie Knauer won from Prince Saunders. Jimmy Reed was beaten by Willard Brown and kayoed by George Salvatore in seven rounds, who also defeated Manuel Quintero.

Barney Ross, lightweight champion, showed his class by trouncing Billy Petrolle decisively. Benny Bass won from Eddie Cool. Frankie Klick kayoed Kid Chocolate in seven rounds. Cleto Locatelli scored over Jackie Kid Berg. Jack Portney whipped Wesley Ramey. Lew Ambers stopped Patsy Le Rocco in seven rounds and defeated Paris Apice. La Rocco won over Lew Fox. Johnny Jadick whipped Joe Glick. Johnny Craven, a newcomer, defeated Young Firpo. Pete Nebo drew with Tommy Bashara and Lew Raymond. Steve Haliako kayoed Eddie Dempsey in four rounds. Charley Bedami scored over Dick Welsh. Johnny Bonito whipped Jack Rose and Johnny Gaito. Billy Wallace kayoed Roy Stice in eight rounds. Davey Abad scored over Manuel Castro. Harry Mizler whipped Johnny Cuthbert for the British lightweight title.

Freddy Miller, ranking featherweight, scored over Roger Bernard and Jackie Sharkey. Frankie Wallace defeated Frankie Klick. Baby Arizmendi whipped Mark Dias. George Hansford scored over Joey Ponce. Lew Feldman defeated Mike Belloise and Phil Zwick. Belloise scored over Al Roth and Mickey Barron. Tommy Paul kayoed Little Dempsey in four rounds. Jackie Wilson stopped Johnny Mitchell in six rounds. Petey Hayes drew with Pete De Grasse. Kid Francis battled evenly with Harry Barras. Mose Butch won from Jimmy Gilligan and kayoed Tiger Rosy Crier in eight rounds. Frankie Covelli scored over Petey Sarron and Johnny De Foe. Pinto De Sa disposed of George Gambi in four rounds. Varias Milling scored over Paul Dazzo. Andy Bundy whipped Clever Sison. Johnny McMillan kayoed Tommy Rogers in one round.

Young Casanova, Mexican bantamweight, scored a knock-out over Cris Pineda. Young Tommy drew with Eimei Hattori in Japan. Little Pancho scored over Pablo Dano. Star Frisco kayoed Ernie Jurado in four rounds and Chato Laredo in ten. Ernie Maurer whipped Pee Wee Gale and disposed of Joe Boldin in eight rounds. Baby Palmore whipped Young Speedy. Louis Salica won over Pete De Grasse. Young Perez won from Eugene Huat.

Midget Wolgast still reigns among the flyweights. During the month he whipped Jimmy Perrin and Dewey Cannon. Tommy Pardoe scored a six-round kayo over Willie Smith. Percy Dexter whipped Johnny McGurn.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Joey Martinez, New Orleans, La.
Bantamweight—Augie Ruggiere, New York City.
Featherweight—Mickey Phillips, Washington, D. C.
Lightweight—Johnny Craven, Conshohocken, Pa.
Welterweight—Joey Bazzone, McKeesport, Pa.
Middleweight—Freddy Bernard, Flint, Mich.
Light-heavyweight—Dan Hassett, Philadelphia, Pa.
Heavyweight—Eddie Hogan, Waterbury, Conn.

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RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

These are my ratings for the month ending January 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	Bob Godwin	Vince Dundee	Billy Petrolle
2—Tommy Loughran	John Henry Lewis	Teddy Yarosz	Bep Van Klaveren
3—King Levinsky	Tony Shucco	Gorilla Jones	Cerefino Garcia
4—Max Schmeling	Joe Knight	Young Terry	Kid Azteca
5—Charley Massare	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy Smith	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Don McCorkindale	Clyde Chastain	Len Harvey	Tony Herrera
7—Walter Neusel	Ambrose Palmer	Ben Jeby	Baby Joe Gans
8—Steve Hamas	Bob Olin	Dave Shade	Johnny Lucas
9—Patsy Perroni	Al Gainer	Frank Battaglia	Werther Arcelli
10—Lee Ramage	Leroy Brown	Kid Tunero	Jimmy Leto
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Frankie Wallace	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
3—Benny Bass	Seaman Watson	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
4—Frankie Klick	Baby Arizmendi	Speedy Dado	Ginger Foran
5—Sammy Fuller	George Hansford	Young Tommy	Mickey McGuire
6—Cleto Locatelli	Lew Feldman	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
7—Jack Portney	Tommy Paul	Star Frisco	Praxille Gyde
8—Wesley Ramey	Jackie Wilson	Joe Tei Ken	Tom Pardoe
9—Eddie Cool	Petey Hayes	Bobby Leitham	Ellis Ashurst
10—Lew Ambers	Frankie Covelli	Ernie Maurer	Tommy Steele

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

ATTENDANCE at local boxing shows has shown a rapid increase, with indications that the death-knell of the fistic depression hereabouts will have been sounded during the months of February and March. Good fights, the introduction of new faces, and increased employment in this locality are given as the reasons for the improved turnout. Give them FIGHTS and they will come.

Eddie Dempsey, local lightweight, spotted the veteran Joe Glick nine pounds, and held the crafty New York Hebrew to a draw in a sparkling six-round bout. Glick's ring generalship and tricky style made a hit with the fans.

Dempsey was not so fortunate against Steve Halaiko, the Auburn flash. Halaiko put over a lethal sock in the fourth round, and Dempsey hit the canvas for the full count.

Mike Belloise, the "Italian Ike Weir," made a tremendous hit in whipping Mickey Barron, Scranton gamester. Belloise revealed the poise and power of a champion as he stepped around Mick, driving short left hooks and smashing straight rights to Barron's head and body as the rugged Scrantonian tore in. Belloise had Barron on the floor twice.

The writer has never, in his twelve years in the boxing game, met two more genial square-shooters than George Hughes, manager of Belloise, and Billy Brown, manager of a score of New York boxers.

Some fight results here:

Glick-Dempsey card—Werner Wilsch, Wilkes-Barre, outpointed Panama Fred Jenkins, Colon, C.Z. (six)); Al Ragone, New York, and Joey Brown, Syracuse, drew (six); Paulie Sykes, Jersey City, stopped Pete McNulty, New York (two); Frankie Stevens, Ogdensburg, and Jack Singer, DuBois, Pa., drew (four); Marty Mellett, Wilkes-Barre, outpointed Mickey George, Syracuse (four).

Belloise-Barron card—Joe Rovelli, Albany, outpointed Norm Cordaro, Batavia (six); Paulie Sykes, Jersey City, outpointed Kid Sullivan, Watertown (six); Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse, outpointed Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse (six); Frankie Stevens, Ogdensburg, outpointed Art Bokino, Baldwinsville (four); Joey Kushner, Syracuse, outpointed Jimmy Sosso, Utica (four).

Halaiko-Dempsey card—Mickey Serrian, Scranton, was awarded decision over Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse, after Emanuel was disqualified by Referee Jack Michaels for butting in the fourth round of the scheduled six-round semi-final. Frankie Goosby, Pittsburgh, outpointed Jimmy Taylor, Cleveland (six); Joey Brown, Syracuse, and Tommy Howells, Buffalo, drew (six); Bill Brennan, Buffalo, outpointed Tiger Perry, Syracuse (four); Frankie Eagan, Buffalo, outpointed Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse (four).

SHORTS—Irv Robbin's new light-heavyweight star, Harry Fuller of Niagara Falls, defeated Pete Latzo, former world's welterweight champion, at Scranton in ten rounds . . . . Tommy Romano, Watervliet, scored two knockdowns to win from Baby Joe Thompson, the bounding California colored ape man, at Albany . . . . Joe Moran recently recovered from an attack of scarlet fever. He was confined to his home at Niagara Falls . . . . THE RING circulation has increased considerably in this section . . . . Fighters and fans eagerly await their copy . . . . Gabe Genovese and Jackie Brady contemplate operating a gym for boxers down town.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

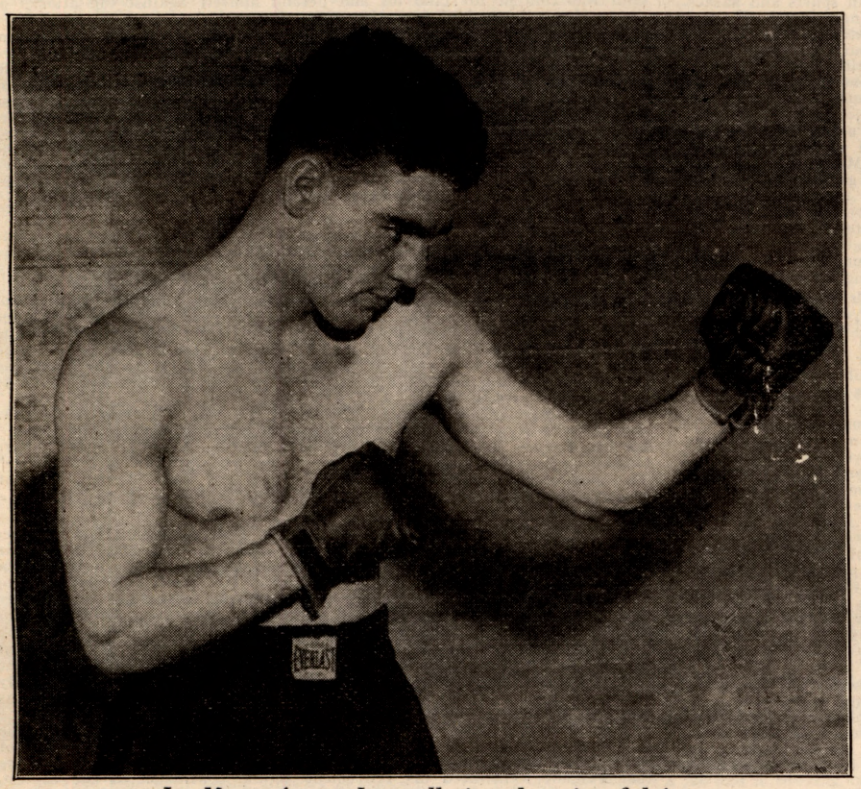
THERE has been little or no boxing to speak of at the Broadway auditorium here this winter. Wrestling, lacrosse, and bike racing have all had their inning but the glove sport, formerly so popular here, has been a dead issue.

No one can tell me that boxing won't come flying back with a roar. Any sport that has so much kick in it and packs so many thrills always wins back the sport fans when good talent appears.

Jimmy Duffy, long and lean Lockport lightweight, later a welter, is the boy to whom I give much credit for making Buffalo a red-hot boxing center. Possessing the best left hand I have ever looked at Duffy blazed his way to the top and rose above the crowd at a time when the lightweight division was studded with illustrious fighting names. There was such formidable talent then that each and every fight had the fans bubbling over with enthusiasm and excitement. The Broadway auditorium was packed every time Duffy went to the post.

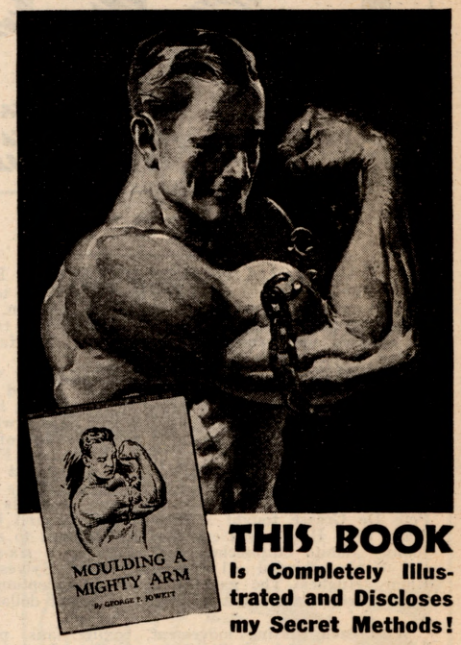
Other sensational fighters of a few years back were Rocky Kansas, whom the writer regards as the best 133-pounder of his day; Dick Loadman, a great bantamweight; Herman (Uncle Herman) Smith, featherweight star; Willie K. O. Brennan, a rugged, strong middleweight who never suffered a knock-out; Jimmy Goodrich, later lightweight champion; Bud Christiano; Al Rogers; Ted Joyce, featherweight; Jack Perry of Pittsburgh, welterweight, who lived here for a couple of years; Steve Choynski, Milwaukee middleweight; and Kid Curley, a great rival of Jimmy Duffy's in the old days.

Jimmy Slattery rose to fame during the big money period and at the time when Rickard was at his peak as a promoter. As a result Slattery, a sensationally clever performer, who radiated in color and had a marvelous following here, drew some astounding gates. The biggest was against Lou. Scozza. This house grossed $69,000 and set up a Buffalo record.



Joe Moran, former Intercollegiate champion, fighting successfully around Syracuse, N. Y.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

JANUARY marked the decline of Jackie Kid Berg as a pugilistic figure for the future. He made a desperate attempt to stage a successful comeback against Cleto Locatelli at the Garden, and had every possible advantage in his favor: The scene of his former triumphs, the great ovation he received upon entering the ring, and the fact that he was facing a mediocre opponent.

Locatelli at best is nothing but a smart, cagy veteran, who has seen his best days and is doing the best he can. He showed nothing against Canzoneri but the ability to assimilate punishment and fight back in spurts and flashes. Against Berg, Cleto should have scored an overwhelming triumph. He won clearly enough, but that was due to Berg's lack of fighting power.

The semi-final furnished an upset when Lew Feldman clearly outpointed Mike Belloise. This was Mike's first defeat but he still showed traces of ring greatness. There is a certain timidity in his movements when severely pressed which will have to be eliminated from his system. Petey Hayes and Pete De Grasse fought a slam-bang, six-round battle, which ended in a draw. Billy Hogan was extended to the limit to score over Tony Scarpati. Johnny Bonito outpunched Jack Rose in a six-round exchange. Leonard Del Genio whipped Al Casimini, while Sylvestro Matacena won over Jimmy Hughes. The gate attracted an exceptionally good crowd of customers, which amounted to fifteen thousand dollars.

With each passing movement, boxing fans, promoters, managers, and fighters in general should be eternally thankful for the installment of Bill Brown as chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. On various occasions, Mr. Brown has saved the sport from getting into trying situations. Continuous praise must be pretty tiresome for him, but he is deserving of it, nevertheless.

His latest display of good judgment was exhibited at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, when Walter Neusel was paired with Natie Brown. Heretofore, it was always considered undignified for a member of the Commission to attend any shows held at the small clubs, but Mr. Brown seems to make no distinctions. He visits them all alike and watches every bout carefully.

Natie Brown hadn't fought in over a year and it seemed odd that Neusel should select Brown as an opponent at this particular moment, considering the fact that he had turned in a meritorious victory over Ray Impellitiere only two weeks previously at the Garden. Commissioner Brown entered Brown's dressing room and gave him a lecture that he will never forget. He didn't expect him to win, but he requested an honest performance. He wouldn't even consider a suspension if the bout looked fluky, but he would have him arrested on the spot, the first sign anything went wrong.

Neusel and his manager, Paul Domski, were notified of what had occurred in Brown's dressing room and this seemed to have a peculiar reaction on Neusel. He dressed immediately and tried to get out of the clubhouse, where four thousand spectators had gathered to see Neusel in action, which, incidentally, was for a German benefit. The commissioner checked them and gave his ultimatum. He told Neusel and Domski that, if they left the club, it would be their last appearance not only in New York, but in this country. He would have both deported.

The drastic action assumed by the commissioner seemed to put some sense in their heads. They went through with the fight and Neusel got away luckily with a draw. Brown dropped Neusel in the second round and had the better of the fighting most of the way. We don't know if Mr. Brown intends taking any further action, but of one thing we are certain, he averted a possible riot through his alert actions and he is to be commended highly for his interest in the sport.

Harry Blitman, former topnotch featherweight from Philly, has now turned scribe and is writing boxing news for the Camden *Courier*—Harry was always an intelligent kid outside of the ring and he has our best wishes—Tony Martello, aside from his duties as matchmaker of the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn, is booking a radio singer by the name of Dixie Mason—Luke Carney has the two Zivic boys fighting on the Coast every other week and reports that they are improving with each bout—Eddie Walker returned from his New Orleans and Mobile trip richer in experience only—He took Midget Wolgast there for two fights but the expenses practically ate up all the profit—He reports that conditions are improving in the South and has nothing but praise for the treatment accorded him—Dr. Alexander Schiff has returned from the Pacific Coast fully recovered from bad health and is busy with his practice and duties connected with the State Athletic Commission—Nate Lewis, while unsuccessful in landing the Schmeling-Levinsky match for the Chicago Stadium, made worth-while connections which compensated him for the trip.

Bep Van Klaveren finally went through with his oft-postponed match with Tony Falco at the Broadway Arena and won the verdict—Van Klaveren has had plenty of bad luck since the Billy Petrolle mishap at the Polo Grounds and he hopes to have better luck in the future. He followed up with a technical kayo over Benny Levine at the Ridgewood Grove—Skippy Allen drew with Al Ragone in the semi-windup—Billy Hogan scored a victory over Frankie Petrolle at the Ridgewood but had many uncomfortable moments before the expiration of the bout—Petrolle dropped him in the second round and gave him plenty of trouble—It seems that Gus Wilson is working Hogan too hard and the youngster is entitled to a rest—Hogan is only a youngster and each fight is a tough one—Jerry Mazza scored over Danny Rosen, while Roy Frisco turned the tables on Bud Signorelli by scoring a knock-out in two rounds.

Walter Neusel checked the rise of Ray Impellitiere by roughing him all over the ring in ten rounds at the Garden—It was anything but a fight. Ray had to retreat steadily to go the full distance—Neusel, while strong and willing, showed nothing that would give the first flight heavyweights any cause for annoyance—Abie Feldman and Red Barry engaged in the eight-round semi-final, with honors evenly divided—Lew Poster won over Eddie Houghton in six rounds, scoring a knockdown in the first round—Leonard Dixon showed Jack Pettifer, English giant, that he was never destined for boxing by smearing him around for six rounds—Lew Barba whipped Julius Veigh, while Eddie Hogan, former amateur champion, flattened Jimmy Alba in one round.

Bob Olin received his golden opportunity to step into the elite circle of light-heavyweights but failed to take advantage of the chance offered. He was paired with Lou Brouillard at the Garden, and Brouillard bulled and roughed his way through to victory, although Olin was the better talented—Olin was content to stand off and defend himself against the attacks of the southpaw instead of executing some damage himself.

Brouillard lost two rounds for low punching, and even with that advantage, Olin could not catch up to the Worcester boy—Abie Feldman whipped Al Ettore in the best scrap of the evening—This was a high-class bout, entertaining in every respect, with some corking punches exchanged by both principals, but Feldman proved too strong and smarter at close quarters and enjoyed the edge at the finish—This was Ettore's first defeat since entering the professional ranks—Lee Ramage outscored Red Barry in an entertaining eight-rounder but Barry dropped him in the first—Red Affinito scored a real upset when he stopped Al Rossi in five rounds, after scoring several knockdowns—Izzy Singer won from Trader Horn, while Eddie Hogan defeated Irving Askanazy.

If Charley Massare is able to conquer King Levinsky at the Garden late this month, there will be plenty of back-patting by the writer—Massare has been touted for two years as one of the best of the younger prospects, and this bout will be the turning point in his career, particularly if he is able to defeat the wild-swinging, dangerous-punching Kingfish—More about that in the next issue—Phil Glassman has returned to the boxing game as promoter for the Philadelphia Arena—Phil made a fortune in boxing when he managed Lew Tendler, Danny Kramer, Joe Tiplitz, and Benny Bass, and in the last year or so confined his efforts to the wrestling industry—Glassman sees an upward trend in boxing circles and wants to get in on the ground floor.

Tony Palazzola has interested himself in the San Francisco Auditorium and came to New York to line up some attractive names for the Coast—He has Barney Ross signed up for three bouts—Tony Canzoneri is contemplating an offer from Tom Gallery to go westward for a few bouts—Two mentioned opponents are Baby Arizmendi and Baby Manuel, Mexican contenders.

When New York fans witnessed Barney Ross in action last summer against Tony Canzoneri, they saw a natty-looking, clean-cut youngster in action. He was smooth in his movements and appeared to be a boxer who knew what to do when the occasion demanded. He lacked that certain color which characterizes the appearance of an unusual champion. Ross looked qualified to act as title-holder, yet there was something lacking in his fighting style.

The deficiency discovered in his initial appearance as a champion was rectified at the New York Coliseum, when he faced Billy Petrolle for the New York *American* Milk Fund benefit. A capacity gathering that fairly shook the sides of the arena saw Ross give as brilliant an exhibition as was ever witnessed in New York.

Ross showed the polish, flash, and luster of a rare gem and gave the fans a genuine treat of outfighting and outboxing Petrolle in nine out of ten rounds, and administered such a thoroughly comprehensive whipping that Petrolle announced his retirement at the conclusion of the contest.

A pistonlike left hand was tossed continually into Billy's face, and an assortment of right crosses, left hooks, and uppercuts followed that would have floored a less hardy ringman. He held the situation in hand all the way and increased his speed when Petrolle cut loose with an occasional rally. Petrolle managed to land some of his vicious left hooks and connected with some jarring right-handers, but this only tended to make Ross fight the harder.

The only opponent to give Ross any kind of battle is Canzoneri in the lightweight division and, if Ross's ambition extends him to higher planes, he should have no trouble in taking the title away from McLarnin. McLarnin has accumulated ring dust during the past season while Barney is still improving with each contest. If they meet by next summer, it is almost a foregone conclusion that Ross will be the next welterweight champion.

The most gratifying spectacle that the Ross-Petrolle battle furnished was the immense crowd that they attracted and the fact that over ten thousand people were turned away, owing to lack of space. They drew thirty-three thousand dollars, and in the Garden they would have drawn whatever that temple could hold. It was a great comeback for boxing and the lesson could be converted into constructive criticism for the Garden officials and their methods.

Mike Belloise, spidery Bronz featherweight, scored over Al Roth in a corking six-round scrap in the semi-final. Belloise floored Al in the first round and enjoyed the advantage most of the way, but Roth gave him trouble until the finish. Johnny Bonito outscored Johnny Gaito; Davey Day, Ross's stablemate, disposed of Danny Rosen in four rounds and made a great impression; Patsy La Rocco outpunched Lew Fox, while Irving Eldridge finished Joe Kovel in the third round of the opening four. It was a great night for everyone, and we take our hats off to Billy Petrolle and Jack Hurley for taking the defeat in a sportsmanlike manner. Petrolle made a wise decision in retiring, and we wish him nothing but the best.

Eddie Mead and Scotty Monteith are trying to arrange a benefit boxing show for the family of the recently deceased Al Werbe—Werbe was a prominent Detroit sportsman, who managed Clarence Rosen several years ago—Plans have been started for this enterprise to take place at the Detroit Olympia—Art Winch's recent marriage to a Chicago girl did not surprise his friends—It seemed pitiful that a home town boy like Canzoneri, when matched with Locatelli in the Garden, was absolutely ignored by New York sports writers, for whom he has been such hot copy for several years.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE outstanding fighter to appear in Michigan during the month of January was Freddie Miller of Cincinnati, recognized by the N. B. A. as featherweight champion of the world. Miller boxed in Flint and outpointed Roger Bernard. Miller took seven of the ten rounds. The champion weighed 126½ and Bernard two pounds more.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids' sterling lightweight, ran true to form when he whipped Johnny Stroppa, now making Detroit his headquarters, in a ten-rounder at Grand Rapids.

Stanley Krannenberg, the wandering welter, returned to his home town to beat Harry Fine of Detroit in the six-round semi-final. Sammy Goldman, another Grand Rapids boy who has boxed all over, was beaten by Mickey Hines of Detroit in another sixer.

Georgie Quackenbush, Grand Rapids featherweight, scored over Eddie Anderson of Detroit in another six-round preliminary, while Emmett Curtice, Jackson, light-heavy, drew with Eddie Dorian of Jackson over the same route.

Scotty Strachan of Detroit is keeping his fighters busy. Scotty has Johnny Stroppa, Johnny Mitchell, and Charley Belanger.

Billy Scheer, Wyandotte boy, has returned from New York where he scored several victories under the direction of Joe Woodman. Among the boys Billy stopped were Charlie Anderson and Jack Manley. Scheer weighs about 195 and ranks as one of the leading heavies in Michigan.

Wilbur Chevalier, Frenchman from Bay City, flattened Eddie Shannon of Toledo in the fourth round. Chevy was floored himself for a seven count in the second round.

Frankie Erne, the livewire matchmaker, will soon have to have a bigger arena than his present Hazel Park Club. In his first two shows of the New Year he turned them away. Billy Moore, Flint welter, and Mel Sharkey of Saginaw featured the first show and fought a fast draw. U. S. Chocolate, colored featherweight, stole the show in the semi-final, beating Mickey Nelson, popular Ferndale boy.

Pat Spurling, Flint middleweight, stopped Frank Franks of Detroit in forty-five seconds of the first round.

Georgie Bond, as game a kid as we have ever seen, was stopped by the ancient Cliff Chick in the opener.

Johnny Whiters, young colored heavy from Pontiac, drew with Eddie Dorian in the other sellout. It was a great fight of six rounds.

Lou Handler, promising Detroit heavy, outpunched Chet Raynor of Pontiac in the semi-final. It was a bruising battle but Handler was too hard a hitter for Raynor.

Frank Kapanowski, rising Detroit middleweight, had an easy time with Bobby Buckles of Jackson in the six-round main preliminary. Ollie Nettlow, River Rouge welter, showed some hard punching when he stopped Tommy Meeking of Windsor in the first round, and Nick Torres, Detroit, was given credit for a technical knock-out over Eddie Plant of Windsor, when he ripped a gash over Plant's eye in the third and Referee Jack Asperry would not allow him to come out for the fourth.

Scotty Montieth, Detroit's outstanding promoter, has been active over the holidays. Montieth will run shows at the Naval Armory this year.

Walter Sharp expects to start up at Dearborn soon. Sharp has a stable of boxers and at present is helping Andy (Kid) Brown with U. S. Chocolate. Chocolate shows plenty of class, and the fans like him.

Harold Anderson and Jackie Sherman are back from the Coast. Anderson, who is light-heavyweight champion of Michigan, had five fights out there, winning four of them by knock-outs. Sherman won one fight and drew in another. Jackie has had nine fights and is undefeated.

Jack Beaton is after Johnny Miler and Harold Anderson for his young heavyweight, Alex Borshuck. At present, Borshuck ranks as the best of the Michigan boys at his weight.

Lou Handler, former Michigan State College football star, is coming along fast. Lou, in his last three starts, has triumphed over Ed Jarvis, Albert North, and Chet Raynor.

Johnny Stroppa, Detroit Italian, whipped Harry Robertson, Port Huron Negro, in an eight-rounder at Flint. Glen Duel, Flint lightweight, continued his winning streak in beating Al Henderson of Detroit in six.

Lou Hendler, Mt. Clemens welter, knocked out Arnold Drouillard of Windsor in the fifth round. Red Casson, Detroit, defeated Mickey Hines, also of Detroit, in a four-rounder. Casson weighed 121 and Hines 117. Tommy Meeking, Windsor lightweight, outpointed Joe Stalnes of Detroit in another four-rounder.

Two fighters whose names are quite similar are Lou Handler and Lew Hendler. Quite a few people have been confused, as both Hendler and Handler have been fighting at Hazel Park and other small clubs. Handler is a heavyweight from Detroit, while Hendler is a welter and hails from Mt. Clemens.

Harry Robertson showed the Hazel Park fans a neat brand of fighting when he dropped Milton (Babe) Albrecht twice to take every one of the six rounds. Robertson, since his return to the ring several months ago, has been winning regularly.

George Sutka, Wyandotte middleweight, whipped Pat Spurling of Flint in the six-round semi-final. Glen Duel, Flint, outscored Joe Schlagyi, Detroit, in a hard lightweight battle of six rounds, and St. Louis Kid and Jimmy Crawford went the same distance, with the Kid winning. Johnny Smart took a pasting from Silent Hartman, deaf-mute from Flint, in the curtain raiser, and his seconds tossed in the towel just as the bell rang ending the fourth and final round.

Scotty Strachan broke even in a fight card at Chicago. Johnny Mitchell was stopped in the sixth round of the main bout by Jackie Wilson, colored demon from Pittsburgh. Johnny Stroppa, cracker-jack 140-pounder, knocked out Danny Neenan of Chicago in the fifth round. Jud Judkings of South Haven, Mich., was kayoed in the third round by Jim Cummings, Chicago middleweight.

Johnny Mitchell received the decision over Ken Offet, Detroit Negro bantam, at Mt. Clemens, but the fans booed. Jimmy Crawford lost to Nickey Nelson in a preliminary. Ray Johnson, Flint, lost to Mike Kolnick, Detroit featherweight, in the semi-final.

Johnny Miler, who was piloted to the amateur heavyweight championship of the United States by Jack Beaton, is now under the direction of Silent Mike McNulty. Miler is unbeaten in eight professional fights.

The last bell rang for Al Werbe, veteran fight manager of Detroit, January 8. Werbe died suddenly of a heart attack.

Ernie Maurer scored his second victory over Pee Wee Gale of Three Rivers in a one-sided bout at Lansing.

Ivan Harburn, former Detroit Golden Gloves champion, won easily from Jimmy Rankin of Detroit in the six-round feature match at Mt. Clemens.

Lou Hendler knocked out Silent Hartman, Flint welterweight, in the first round of a scheduled six-round semi-final. Glen Duel whipped Otto Worth in the six-round preliminary. Eddie Mathan was puzzled by the portside delivery of little Mickey Hines, and lost the second four-rounder to the Detroit boy. Young Ritchie outsluggged Cecil Lothery of Romeo in a four-round welterweight bout.

Manuel Cantera, Detroit featherweight star, is resting up. Manuel has a job and is working regularly.

Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City buzz saw, was out of shape and Ivan Harburn, Flint youngster, outscored him in five of the six rounds of their battle at Hazel Park. Mickey Misko of Saginaw and Frank Kapanowski of Detroit fought a bristling draw in the semi-final.

Coca Cola Kid, Detroit, shaded Glen Duel of Flint in the six-round main prelim. Nick Torres, former Detroit amateur star, outpointed Billy Naggy of Davison, Mich., in a six-rounder, and Baby George Dixon, Detroit flyweight, beat Eddie Matchmey of Flint in six.

Red Casson, Detroit bantamweight, is winning fights regularly. Red is piloted by Chuck Doris, who will be remembered as a good light-heavy back in 1927 and '28.

Mel Sharkey and Frankie Zavadil of River Rouge battled six rounds at the Hazel Park Arena, Sharkey gaining the edge by virtue of a two-count knockdown in the last round.

Thurston McKinney, colored Detroit welter, was given a lacing in the semi-final by Mickey Misko. Misko has been doing very well of late.

Red Casson came from behind to knock out Speedy Johnson of Pontiac in the fourth of a scheduled six-session skit. In four-rounders, Ollie Nettlow beat Young Ritchie, and Vince Mande, Detroit heavyweight, outscored Hank Kaiser of Lake Orion.

Harry Robertson put the crusher on Louie Haines of Toledo in the sixth of a scheduled eight-round feature match at Mt. Clemens. Glen Duel knocked out Lloyd Bennett, Toledo, in the fifth of a scheduled six. Mike Kolnick had an edge on the St. Louis Kid in another six-rounder, and Cliff Chick, Detroit, kayoed Sid Ensley in the second round of the opener.

Anyone wishing lists of Michigan promoters can get them from me for a quarter. Or I will trade a list for a back number before 1933. Anybody with any of these magazines take notice, for I am in the market for them. Will S. T. Holland of Detroit kindly get in touch with me.

Eddie Dorian defeated Jack Horton, dusky Detroiter, at Hazel Park. Mel Sharkey banged out a win over Billy Gerbe in the semi-final. Nickey Nelson outpointed Harry Taylor of Detroit, Mickey Misko beat Dave Runyon of Pontiac, and Otto Worth shaded Bob Runyon in six-rounders.

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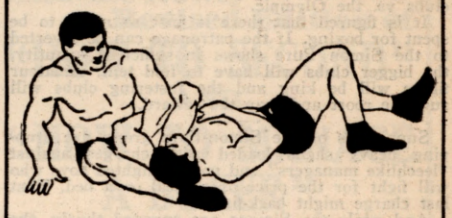

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By SKIPPY JOYCE

THERE is war among the fistic gentry of Southern California!

War, mildly amusing to many but deadly in earnest to some.

It all started when a few began making money through the media of amateur boxing. Immediately there was a rush of altruistic gentlemen anxious to aid in the development of youth and incidentally to tune in on the symphony of silver through the turnstile.

For some reason a faction of this group believe the end of amateurism can be served only through the annihilation of the professional game. The situation is slightly involved. Let's see if we can trace the action.

1. Isolated amateur clubs in the section were paying dividends.

2. Promoters of smaller clubs, steady and sporadic, together with a group of prospective promoters formed the Amateur Boxing and Wrestling Association of Southern California. The aim of the group seems to be, at present at least, to supplant professional fights with amateur boxing.

3. The group made overtures to the A. A. U. not only because of necessity but because they recognized a staunch, willing, and sincere ally.

4. The Olympic, the section's big club, and its nearest competitor, Hollywood, were left out of the negotiations.

Summed up, that leaves us battles on two fronts: Amateur vs. the pro game. And the smaller clubs vs. the Olympic.

It is figured that there is just so much to be spent for boxing. If the patronage can be diverted to the Simon Pure shows in sufficient quantity, the bigger clubs will have to fold tent. Amateur fights will be king and the fostering clubs will rule the roost and reap the reward.

Supporters of the Simon-Pure group are dropping heavy shells loaded with charges against "leechlike managers" and poor benighted boys who will fight for the price of a meal or a bed. That last charge might back-fire.

And while the Simons are engaged thusly, the Olympic quietly wheels up her big guns to fight fire with fire, so to speak.

Some time this month the big club will announce the installation of George Blake as chef of amateur boxing! Blake will prepare and serve his delectable dishes when he chooses. Probably once a month.

And in these parts Mr. George Blake and amateur boxing and clean sport are synonymous.

Undoubtedly there will be an alliance between the Olympic and Hollywood.

That looks like a victory for the bigger clubs over the association. With the crowds coming to Blake's cards once a month (and they will) it will be easier for them to come back for the regular bouts on other weeks.

The sponsors of amateur groups assume that they are the sole developers of ring talent. They fail to face the fact that the very managers they are combating will be among, if not in the majority of, those handling the amateurs. And the managers, some of them, will get paid.

And, further, when talent is developed for the sheer joy of accomplishment, with no thought for gain, managers of professional prize fighters will be prominent among the developers!

Seriously: There is a concentrated attack being made upon professional boxing and those in the game, in Southern California.

At the moment, the managers are doing very little, if anything, about it.

And they could do plenty. They could organize and among themselves create an interest in fighting throughout the ranks of the dormant fans.

The coming of spring finds new blooms fully budded on several promotional plants. Moose Taussig is installed as matchmaker at Dreamland, Johnny Sylvester naming the contestants for the Vets at the civic auditorium in San Francisco. Across the bay Ora Froman holds the spot with "Hard hat" Louie Parente still in the market for shots of "extraordinary merit."

The new set-up should rekindle the flame that made San Francisco one of the best fight spots at one time. Sylvester comes from Sacramento with a good record as a matchmaker. He is a live wire and is showing the old hustle and bustle. The kind they pay off on.

Taussig knows fights, fighters, and the fight situation in his region if any man does. Moose has been in the game continually since way back when.

Taussig has trained no less than nine world's champions—a record I believe. I dare say he knows, personally, every individual connected with the game in the bay region.

Lively competition is perking up the game in San Francisco and is bringing out a better showing of fans. People have faith in these two men, which is half the battle.

Forman moves into Oakland after several fairly successful years at the San Jose club. He plans to show regularly and use home talent wherever possible.

The situation in Los Angeles is not definitely settled. The Olympic lease is to be renewed this month and it is problematical whether or not J. J. Doyle will remain to run the boxing end of the house. There is a possibility of Doyle leasing the Ambassador Sportorium or of his rebuilding his old Vernon Arena.

The Ambassador would make a good spot. It is on the same lot as the Cocoanut Grove and should pull in the boiled shirt element. It is also handy to considerable of the L. A. metropolitan population.

The chief point of discussion concerning the Olympic is the matter of rent. The plant operates under a net of about $35,000 per year.

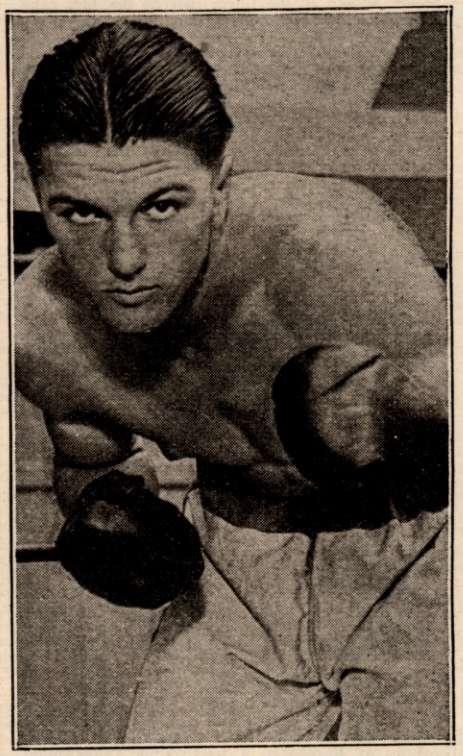
Jackie Fields is now a full-fledged referee.

Best fight for this month should be the Frankie Klick-Barney Ross affair in San Francisco.

What has happened to the ruling to the effect that champions could not fight in California unless the title was at stake?

The Chicago C. Y. O. split even in sixteen bouts with a combined S. F.-L. A. amateur squad before a sellout house.

THEY TELL ME—Jim Browning and Jim Londos will have it out in L. A. this summer. . . . . San Francisco will have an important



George Hansford, hard-hitting Coast featherweight, who is making rapid strides.

heavyweight scrap this month . . . . Herbie Hansford, Georgie's young brother, will fight among the amateurs another year, being too young to get a pro license. . . .Juan Arizmendi, twelve-year-old brother of the Baby, received injuries when struck by an automobile while playing in the street, that were the real cause of his death . . . . Gorilla Jones will make 147 pounds for Jimmy McLarnin, 160 for Vince Dundee, and 175 for Maxie Rosenbloom. Ambitious . . . . Tony Poloni has settled in Los Angeles and has joined the National Guard there . . . . The commission indorses the new junior heavyweight division among wrestlers. They are eliminating one another now with a title-holder in view. Two hundred and ten pounds is set as the limit.

At the moment, Art Lasky heads the run of the heavies on the Coast. He stands a good chance of landing some fairish shots.

There is no complaint concerning Lasky's work but at the same time, he hardly rates as a "contender." He has disposed of such as he has met. And has accepted all offers excepting LeRoy Haynes. His most impressive win was a three-round knock-out of Tom Patrick.

The month's upset was Lew Farber's win from Speedy Dado. Dado looked decidedly off-color. His timing was bad and his judgment of distance not so good. He tired in the later frames. Dado fought sporadically, but failed to turn in the performance we expected of him.

After weeks of darkness the L. A. Olympic reopened with Ceferino Garcia downing Bobby Pacho to retain his state welter title. Pach started the evening as though he was going places. In the first round he scored repeatedly with a short left hook, never letting Garcia get set. Although Pacho took a few heavy ones in the second, he laced the Filipino plenty. He was boring in in the third when Cef connected with that right uppercut and Bobby's knees were paralyzed. He tried to get off the floor but just could not make it. Gorilla Jones defeated Tony Poloni in ten rounds on the same card. Tony was down for eight seconds in the opening frame.

Babe Marino beat Charley Hernandez from here to there, but the referee saw it as a draw. Marino had at least seven rounds.

Little Dempsey was no match for Tommy Paul and in the fourth round of their Hollywood scrap the Filipino took to the canvas for the full count. Johnny Hines demonstrated several things in drawing with Perfecto Lopez in the semi. Hines had Lopez out when he got his jib in the way and was knocked cold himself, just as the bell ended the third round.

He receipted for plenty in the fourth. Was down a time or two but on his pins fighting at the finish. Hines is this month's best prospect.

Bobby Olivas continued his winning ways, earning a decision over Young Speedy at Hollywood. Olivas uses the feint to better advantage than most who have been through far more battles than he. He is learning quickly and will enter faster company any day now.

Star Frisco knocked out Chato Laredo in the final of a ten-round Stockton bout. Kenny Reed finished Joe Disck in three at San Diego.

Little Pancho and Pablo Dano fought ten fairly even rounds in San Francisco. Pancho had a shade taking four rounds. Three to Dano and the rest even.

IN THE BROADWAY - HOLLYWOOD MANNER—Art Jarrett at the fights. The Mrs. (Eleanor Holm, Olympic aquatic star) at home sewing tiny garments . . . . John Charles Thomas, baritone, the guest of Conway Tearle at the Lasky-Patrick bout . . . . Johnny Weismuller and Lupe Velez (Mrs. Weismuller to Johnny) in the front row just opposite Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler . . . . Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak a few rows back . . . . Jack Oakie and George Raft, an interested twosome . . . . Edward G. Robinson comes in late, preceded by a long stem pipe . . . . The Gary Coopers making their first public appearance together since the wedding. . . . . Pat O'Brien, in a hurry to get somewhere following the main event . . . . A marquee raised and a carpet laid to the middle entrance of the Stadium. The purpose twofold. The chauffeur knows where to pick up his boss. Also it marks a spot to stand while waiting for the cars to form a line *a la premiere*. And it affords a chance, for those who want a gander, to gape. And, more important, it is insurance for the "picture name" against being missed.

Cotton Warburton worked as one of the judges for an amateur card at Culver City, sitting opposite the veteran Ed. W. Smith . . . . Carl Brisson, playing a lead in *Murder at the Vanities* is an ex-boxer. Paramount plans extensive development along the romantic lover line . . . . Jim Jeffries is riding solo with his Burbank club. It looks like a good spot and draws capacity every Thursday. Dozens of the movie colony drop in. There is an intermission for refreshments. Jeff does his own refereeing . . . . The Burbank veterans' post that was in with the former champion is starting a new club . . . . Jack Kearns bought Paulie Walker's contract . . . . Abie Miller is starting a comeback under "Gig" Rooney . . . . Tom Patrick wrecked his auto the afternoon of his fight with Lasky. . . . .

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

AFTER an eight-month lay-off, Jack Pallat re-entered the ring at the Firestone show and knocked out Bill Hallet of Youngstown in the first round.

Jerry Sachs is going at the Coliseum, 40th and Euclid Avenue, and will run every two weeks. He is seeking a good heavyweight for Buck Everett, who is going good in the Middle West.

Al Zill is ready to start again at Youngstown. And Canton and Akron also are now running weekly shows.

Bruna Sala has gone into the Army camps.

Jimmy Dunn has a new job as boss of the Street Cleaning Department on the West Side. Joe Tuma will take over his stable and work them at the Argonne A. C.

Mickey Dugan is going to be featured by Walter Taylor at the Equestrium—on one of his future shows.

Bryan Downey is back from Chicago—and will make Cleveland his home. He hopes to secure a position as instructor and trainer for the city. Bryan is also figuring on opening up a gymnasium downtown.

Suey Welsh is planning a trip to Australia for George Manley. He is also trying to induce Triscaro to make the trip.

Charley O'Connell is lining up some of his amateur boys for the Golden Gloves tournament, which got under way here this month. Johnny Papke has entered forty-three boys to date.

Eddie LeRoy of Williamsport, Pa., is anxious to box any of the local junior lightweights up to 133 pounds. LeRoy will probably make his home here if he can keep busy.

They appointed a new boxing commission at Akron, Ohio; William E. Cunningham, Martin K. Moore, Clarence J. Fitzpatrick, Frank Fenton, and Stanley Harris, chairman.

Billy Mack, Akron's latest lightweight sensation, won easily from Sammy Lombardo, Cleveland, at the Akron Armory.

Buddy Scrutchins, who is a big star around Akron, went to Detroit to battle Johnny Stroppa.

Sam Danis, former Cleveland heavyweight, has put on a lot of weight and is going to take another fling at the ring game. His last fight was with Johnny Risko here.

Bill Smith, ex-sheriff, has taken a hand at promoting and is lining up an amateur show for the Irish-American Civic Organization at the Grays' Armory.

Tommy Freeman is hot on the trail of Vince Dundee, one of the very few good fighters he has not met in the ring. Tommy is going very good right now. He has only lost about five decisions in his entire career.

Ad Thacher will soon be back to his first love, promoting shows, at Toledo. He was defeated for re-election as mayor.

Business is picking up, and I look for boxing to come back again with some good houses. The right kind of matchmaking and co-operation between managers and promoters will do the rest.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE leading scrap of the month in this vicinity was the Freddie Miller-Jackie Sharkey, N.B.A. featherweight championship mill at Music Hall in Cincinnati on New Year's afternoon. Miller coasted into an easy ten-round win over the Minnesotan. The receipts were chalked up at around the $3,700 mark, which was pleasing to Herman and Maxwell Katz, the promoters.

In the supporting ten-rounders, Varias Milling, the Filipino, beat Paul Dazzo of Chicago; Young Tiger Flowers, Terre Haute, lost to Roughhouse Glover of Jacksonville with Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati, edging out Dick Clark, Memphis, in the five-round curtain raiser.

The Greater Cincinnati lightweight title again changed hands in the other main event at Music Hall the current month. Frankie Mieners took the nod from Artie Schultz in an eight-reeler.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their pilots . . . . Shuffling Billy Baker the flashy Negro lightweight who gave Ohio and Michigan fans more than many a real pleasing battle is on the comeback trail . . . . Billy is now weighing around 140 and is training like a Trojan . . . . Si Nebloski, fresh from his Southern tour through Florida, bounced back to beat Dick Clark and then jumped up to Dayton where he knocked out Ray Taylor in a couple of rounds . . . . Smokey Maggard, suffering from a bad set of boils on his body, took a scrap with Cherokee Joe in Dayton and was stopped in six rounds . . . . Lee Cox, who is tutoring the amateurs in Bob Bonner's new gym on Moore Street, is priming little Johnny Ralston, a bantamweight, for the amateur meet at the L. B. Harrison Club . . . . Mickey Murphy, former great little featherweight, is now tending bar at Rappold's on Vine Street.

The ten best at their weight in Southern Ohio are:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Joe Sekyra, Dayton.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT — Franky Palmo, Cincinnati.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Roughhouse Glover, Cincinnati.
WELTERWEIGHT—Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati.
JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT—Little Dillon, Dayton.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Franky Sanzone, Cincinnati.
JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT—Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Pee Wee Weghorn, Cincinnati.
FLYWEIGHT—Georgie Annarino, Newark.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THERE is no one in these parts willing to dispute the fact that Midget Wolgast has everything in ring lore that a champion flyweight needs. The Philadelphian made a rushing trip to New Orleans and Mobile, and the leading bantamweights there "learned about fighters from him." First in New Orleans, before the largest gathering in several months, Wolgast decisively trounced Jimmy Perrin. All bantamweights supported the Wolgast-Perrin event. Santos Hugo, Filipino, and Joey Martinez fought to a draw in the semi-final. George Murla, Filipino, beat Clyde Roberts, and Joe Fryou stopped Dominick DeGeorge in the outstanding bouts.

Then, hopping over to Mobile, Ala., three days later, Wolgast again demonstrated his superiority over any fighter brought out in this locality by lambasting Dewey Cannon, Mobile, for ten rounds. Again a capacity attendance greeted the visitor. In the semi-final, Baby Kiser, 158, Tulsa, Okla., and Sailor Blalack, Mobile, went eight rounds to a draw.

In ability Ritchie Mack, veteran Dallas, Texas, lightweight, is a spoiler of favorites. Again he came to New Orleans and performed his feat, this time at the expense of Chuck Woods, Detroit, Mich., who had built up a following in the Crescent City during the past few months. Mack took down an easy ten-round decision at the Coliseum Arena.

In the semi-final, Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, who, a few weeks ago, was the featured fighter thereabouts, kayoed Chico Ortega, Mexican middleweight, in the second round. The card, however, had one bright spot when it unearthed a promising lad, George Murla, Filipino bantamweight, who hung a technical knock-out on the perennial preliminarian, Caveman Farace.

Patsy Flanagan, Crescent City bantamweight, entered the bailiwick of Dewey Cannon, Mobile, and lost a ten-round newspaper decision. Flanagan had previously won a close and hectic scrap from Cannon in New Orleans.

Charlie Barrett has again taken over the promotional helm for the American Legion in Mobile after an interim in which several parties tried their hands at it. Barrett is doing fairly well. On one of his early cards, Eddie Flynn technically knocked out Horace Burkel, Boston middleweight, in the sixth of a ten-round go. In the semi-final Jimmy Barrett, brother of the promoter, stopped Jimmy Camaratta, New Orleans middleweight, in three rounds.

If any reader of THE RING desires a list of active promoters and fight clubs in Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, and Texas, communicate with Matty Matthews, 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La., and enclose twenty cents to cover cost of handling.

OUTCROPPINGS — A former heavyweight champion of the bare-knuckle days, from 1865 to 1873, Mike McCoole, is buried in a New Orleans cemetery . . . . The stand-out Negro fighters hereabouts include such names as Eddie Kid Brown, K. O. White, K. O. Coleman, lightweights . . . . Jumbo Rovira refused the gift of a German police dog because "I can't speak German" . . . . Kid Oser, rugged Algiers lightweight, is a consistent performer in Texas rings . . . . Ervin Berlier, New Orleans, is now a "big gun" in Texas . . . . Generally fighters from Louisiana fare poorly in the Lone Star State . . . . Note from "Doc" Avery saying he has opened quarters at 26 Nelson Street, Dorchester, Mass., and wants to hear from fighters intending to go East . . . . Send your notes to this writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

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"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

"TIGER" HUMERY, who is in the stable of General Descamps, has developed into a tip-top lightweight. His last two matches were against the British champion, Johnny Cuthbert, whom he knocked out, and the German champion, Fritzy Seissler. The latter he knocked out within two rounds. Both bouts were fought under the auspices of Jeff Dickson.

Azioti, the champion middleweight of Rumania, was awarded a points victory over the clever Frenchman, Besneux. The bout was a close fit, just a nick-in victory for the Rumanian.

In a bout held in Geneva, the Italian, Rodriquez, defeated Deccico of Lyonnais, on points over ten rounds.

Kid Tunero, the Cuban middleweight, sent word to his manager in Spain that he will return to Europe early in February. Tunero, who is a very clever ringster, is unfortunate to be troubled with rheumatism.

Flyweights are springing up like mushrooms in France, and some good little battlers should come to the surface during this year.

Boxing is starting up well in Sweden for this year, and there has been a call sent from there for Jeff Dickson to promote some big stuff. John Anderssen, the light-heavyweight, who comes from Sweden, is doing lots to help the game get going well there.

Anderssen is one really good boxer. He has appeared in Paris many times and he is very popular in the gay city.

At one of the recent wrestling entertainments at the Palais des Sports, Paris, there was a complete sellout, when close to twenty thousand persons crowded the huge arena. The main bout was between Dan King Kong (Bare Foot) Koloff and Steve Savage, both well known in the United States. The bout was won by Koloff.

Deglane, the French ace, and Santen of the United States, at the same entertainment, had a thirty-minute scheduled bout, which was won on a fall by Deglane. Rigoulot, who claims to be the strongest man in the world, has taken to wrestling, and he is beginning to make good. He certainly has tremendous strength. He raises the over-two-hundred-pounders up over his head without any effort. He defeated Sailor Arnold at a recent wrestling gala held in the Paris Palais des Sports.

At Barcelona, Spain, the ex-champion of Europe, and now the Spanish champion welterweight, Ignacio Ara, defeated Francais Frere on points over ten rounds.

Kid Francis and Harry Barras went ten rounds to a draw in a bout which was held at Strasbourg. Francis appears to be slipping away from his former brilliant form.

Jeff Dickson has several very attractive boxing matches arranged for, to be held during the remainder of this season in both London and Paris.

Wrestling is still going over strong in Paris, drawing much better average houses than boxing does. The managers put the skids to boxing to a great extent by their hold-out tactics.

Promoter Dickson does not have to request managers to call on him as formerly. They are now begging for matches for their meal tickets from Jeff.

Ice hockey and general skating certainly came to the rescue of Dickson to make his huge Palais des Sports show a profit. It appears to be the only big stadium in the world that is paying a profit. It is run on thorough business principles by the young American promoter.

The champion boxers of France, as carded by the French Boxing Federation, January 1, 1934, were as follows:

FLYWEIGHT—Angelmann.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Huat.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Bonaugure.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Humery.
WELTERWEIGHT—Tenet.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Thil.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Argotte.
HEAVYWEIGHT—Lenglet.

Lenglet won a heavyweight tournament promoted by Jeff Dickson, late last year. He then defeated Griselle, who held the professional title. In all of the classes, with the exception of the heavyweight, some good material is ripe for development.

Bonaugure, the flyweight champion of France, will probably have to discontinue boxing owing to eye trouble. He is a brother to Kid Francis, and he has shown himself to be a skilled boxer in the many contests that he has had in France.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

AMBROSE PALMER has surely pushed himself right on to boxing's front page by his latest performance. After some months of inactivity, Palmer answered the gong as the first Australian opponent of the veteran American middleweight, Dave Shade. They clashed in Rushcutters Bay, and Palmer came out on top. He gained a points decision in fifteen rounds. It was a close tussle, and indeed Shade almost got there first. A return bout would seem to be a "natural."

Here is my rating for 1933. The rankings are based on last year's performances, which accounts for the appearance of several names that have left pugilism's rollbook during the year. But they could not well be omitted, as their owners really earned their ranking before discarding the gloves. Here is my list:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Ambrose Palmer (T). Son Tealey is the best of the smaller fry.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Palmer alone is worth mentioning.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Jack Carroll, Fred Henneberry (T), Ron Richards.

WELTERWEIGHT—Jack Carroll (T), Bobby Blay and Bobby Delaney, Jackie O'Brien and Cyril Pluto.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Jimmy Kelso (T), and the rest, nowhere.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Young Llew Edwards, Darkie Blandon, Herb Bishop.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Darkie Blandon, Pat Craig, Ern Evans, Les Ferris.

FLYWEIGHT—Wally Walker (T), outstanding, Norm Bible, Midget Brodie.

(T—*Title-holder.)*

Ambrose Palmer, Jack Carroll, and Jimmy Kelso were the outstanding boxers of 1933 in this country. I would recommend that all three be given very high ranking in their respective divisions (175-pound, welter, and light) in THE RING'S annual list. Palmer had a series of cakewalks during the year, and completed the round with the Shade affair. As Dave is No. 5 on the middleweight ladder in the latest RING at hand, it doesn't take much logic to show that Palmer is first-class. He had a weight advantage, certainly; but David had about ten years' advantage in the way of experience against the best of all parts of the world. Palmer's normal weight is within the 175-pound limit, and it's dollars to doughnuts that he can swing glove songs with the world's best in that division. Ask Pa Stribling, Phil Schlossberg, etc.

. . . . As for Carroll, he can box rings 'round anything in the land, welter or middle, though only a welter himself. He has twice outclassed Fred Henneberry (a really good lad), official middle champ, in non-title matches. And on top of that he has recently made Al Trulmans and ex-world's champ, Tod Morgan, look like novices . . . . Kelso was a nonentity last year. But this year he hit the top with a bang that can still be heard. He twice defeated Al Foreman, who is no slouch, belted the Aussie title off Bobby Delaney's hands, cleaned up some small scalps and won and lost in bouts with Tod Morgan. If James had a T.N.T. punch he'd wipe the floor up with most of the lightweights in the game. He can mix it with the best as it is, anyway.

Bobby Delaney (welter), Henneberry (middle), and Young Llew Edwards (feather), deserve high rating on this year's doings. They have improved quite a bit on previous efforts. Let's drop a reminder that Edwards took the nod from Nel Tarleton in Melbourne. Darkie Blandon is a growing menace in the featherweight ranks and should go a long way. . . . Evans, Ferris, and Blay have retired, but fought regularly most of the year before doing so. They are three good lads who will be missed from the local ring in future. *Adios!* . . . .

The outstanding event of recent weeks, apart from the Palmer-Shade bout, was Bobby Delaney's return to his best form. Showing all the sparkle and ferocity that made him a little tin god in the old days, Delaney handed Lee Paige, American Negro, what I hope to be the most cruel and vicious shellacking that gentleman has ever run into. From beginning to end, Paige's only aim in life appeared to be the accumulation of leather. And how Delaney piled it on! Joe Wallis stopped the fracas in the twelfth stanza.

Jack Carroll handed out two boxing lessons not so long ago. Pupil No. 1 was none other than the very popular Tod Morgan, who used to be a world's champion. Tod put one crusher punch on the Carroll chin, in the fourteenth round, but that was the sum total of his success, and likewise of the night's excitement . . . . Another cakewalk was presented to Carroll when Al Trulmans of the U. S. A. faced him in Melbourne. Nothing could have been easier than the Victorian's job on this occasion. He demonstrated each and every aspect of the noble art at lightning speed and left poor Al in a whirl. Believe me, this Carroll is a master of fisticuffs, as modern standards go.

Two swell battles were staged by Jimmy Kelso and Tod Morgan. The local boy won the first by a hair-line verdict, in Sydney, but Tod completely reversed things in their return, in Melbourne. Good fighting distinguished each contest, and it looks as though a third meeting will draw the fancy from more places than one. It's a pleasure to see Morgan win, anyway. He has built up a large following around Sydney by his untiring efforts to give the best that's in him.

Ron Richards (11.2) is showing great form and it won't be long before he again gets Queensland fans all het up over his prospects. 'Twas Richards who initiated Al Trulmans into the mysteries of Australian glovedom. Ron won on points after fifteen rounds of hard, even milling, and in so doing he performed much better than he has in the past several months. If he can keep this up, the Bananalander will be a slippery customer for the best of them.

Up in Brisbane, Barney Keiswetter (S. Africa) and Jackie O'Brien, welters, have just recorded a couple of he-man scraps that set the whole town talking. The first ended in a dead heat, while Keiswetter copped the nod in the second engagement. It's fights and fighters like these that promoters and fans read about but too seldom see.

Darkie Blandon has won some good fights against good men in his rapid climb up the fistic ladder. His latest endeavor brought him the scalp of Pat Craig, bantamweight champion of Australia, in a non-title match. Blandon knocked the champ cold in twelve rounds. They are to fight for the title about now, and it looks like a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" for Blandon.

For the second time in his career, Harry Lister (N. Z. middleweight) has introduced an opponent to the Grim Reaper. Early in the year, Clem Johns died following his fight with Lister. And now Bert Lowe has followed suit. They met at Greymouth (N. Z.) and while it lasted the fight was one of the best ever seen in that city. Lister won by a T. K. O. in twelve rounds. Lowe collapsed, and forty-four hours later he answered his last call. Incidentally, of the four members of the New Zealand boxing team at the Los Angeles Olympiad, Lowe is the third to die!

Nel Tarleton has returned to England. He hopes to return in March with a team of well-known boxers. Injuries have caused Nel to retire from active boxing for a while. His return to this country will be keenly awaited, for his brand of goods is not on sale every day of the week.

TOPICS FROM JAPAN

By JOHNNY MASUDA

YOUNG TOMMY, in his last appearance before leaving for Manila, was given a draw in his eight-round encounter with Eimei Hattori, eighteen-year-old Japanese youngster.

Harry Fierro of Chicago, in his debut before Tokyo's fight fans, received a trouncing at the hands of Fighting Yaba, Filipino bantam scrapper, brother of Star Frisco.

Billy Boggs, husky Irishman from Hawaii, and Fighting Nelson of Manila, both welters, fought to a draw at the Tokyo Civic Hall.

Young Alde, veteran Filipino scrapper, scored a technical knock-out over Young Kiyomiya, rising Japanese welterweight, in the third of a slated six-round go. An eye gash caused a halt.

Dommy Reyes, crack Filipino flyweight who is soon to invade the American rings, decisioned Tiny Murota of Hawaii in a six-round bout.

Jimmy Hart, Negro welter from Stockton, dropped a hair-line decision to Young Funaoka of the Nichibei Club at Sendai. Kid Willie, Spanish featherweight, was held to a draw by Yasu Hara, one-time featherweight titlist of the Mikado kingdom.

In spite of an injured hand, Fighting Yaba took the eight-round scrap from Goro Takatsu, former amateur fighter.

Don Stewart, Seattle scrapper, is still campaigning around Korea and recently scored an impressive win over Young Maekawa of the Imperial Boxing Club.

Anson Rego, Portuguese scrapper, left the shores of Japan for Hawaii. Rego scored a sensation here when he kayoed Sueo Hirakawa, one-time aspirant to the lightweight crown of Japan.

Joe Velasco, former Oriental featherweight champion, and Vincente Venturillo, Hawaii's best scrapper in the featherweight division, are also slated to invade the Land of the Cherry Blossoms.

With only five months to go for the Tenth Far Eastern Olympic Games which will be held at Manila, Japan's amateur leather pushers are rounding into shape. But the majority of the scrappers will be Koreans.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ARCHIE SEXTON, the Bethnal Green middleweight and Eddie Pierce, the middle and cruiserweight champion of South Africa, clashed in a return fifteen-round contest at the Ring in London, and the verdict was a draw. Sexton gained an early lead and kept it, and when the referee gave his decision as a draw, the crowd booed continually, the opinion of the crowd being that Sexton deserved the full honors.

What turned out to be the best bout at the Ring was the supporting contest between George Lowe, the 104-pound lad from East Ham, and Boy Watson of Stepney, 114 pounds. Watson put Lowe on the canvas in the first and third rounds, but the way Lowe came back and chased Watson around the ring, till the end of the twelfth round, was a revelation. The referee gave Watson the decision.

Jimmy Walsh (Chester), the fast-improving featherweight, scored an easy points victory over Aine Gyde (France) at the Liverpool Stadium, over fifteen rounds.

Benny Thackeray (Leeds) fought excellently at Blackpool to outpoint Albert Lindley (Sheffield) over fifteen rounds.

Boyo Rees (Aberdare) fought splendidly to outpoint Young McManus (Plymouth) at Weston-Super-Mare in a closely contested twelve-round contest.

At Merthyr, Stan Jehu (Maesteg) and Evan Morris (Pontycymmer) fought a strenuous fifteen-round bout for the featherweight championship of Wales, a title left vacant when Ginger Jones declared he could not make the weight. Both lads fought with great speed and the aggressiveness of Jehu throughout was a feature. He was declared the winner.

George Lowe (East Ham), who scales 104 pounds, gave Tommy Cann (Notting Hill), sixteen pounds in weight and a trip to slumberland in the first round at the Osborne Club, London.

At the Drill Hall, Walthamstow, Haydn Williams (Wales) was lucky to receive the decision over Billy Barr (Camberwell) at the end of the fifteen rounds.

Douglas Parker (Sunderland) had a close call from defeat when he met Jim Bird (Gateshead) at Sunderland, over twelve rounds.

Following his contest with Bird at Sunderland, Parker was not so fortunate when he met Boyo Rees (Aberdare) at Liverpool Stadium and had to retire in the sixth round. In the supporting bout, Percy Dexter (Sheffield) scored an easy victory over Johnny McGurn (Liverpool), over twelve rounds.

At the Leeds N. S. C., Darkey Ellis (Manchester) scored a splendid win over Donald Keys (Goole), in twelve rounds, on points. Ellis was the aggressor and toppled Keys over for two counts.

Chuck Parker (Barnsley) won his contest with Col. Nixon (Cudworth) at the Barnsley Stadium, in twelve rounds. Both fought with determination and punched hard.

Seaman Wakeling of the Royal Navy scored an easy victory over Jim Brooks (Windsor) at the East Ham Baths.

At the Hoxton Baths, London, Dick Corbett (Bethnal Green) defeated Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) on points in twelve rounds at 126 pounds. Corbett showed clever left-hand punches, but the strong Newcastle lad always made the contest interesting.

In the three supporting bouts of twelve rounds each, Charlie Jordan (Kingston) defeated Billy Reynolds (Newcastle); Johnny Croxon (Notting Hill) won over Kid Socks (Bethnal Green), and Nipper Fred Morris (St. Georges), fought a draw with Sandy McEwan (Glasgow).

It is with regret that I write of the passing of Eugene Corri, the oldest of England's boxing referees. The last big bout that was handled by "Genial Gene" Corri was the middleweight championship of the world, between Mickey Walker and Tommy Milligan at the Olympia, London, on June 30, 1927. A remarkable man and one that was loved by all that knew him. *May His Soul Rest in Peace.*

George Odwell, the improving Camden Town lightweight, had an easy journey when he met Packy McFarland of Dublin in a twelve-round contest at Chalton Ring, London.

Sandy McEwan, the dour little Scot, finished his week's work when he met his fourth opponent, Jack Gubbins (Stratford), at Merton Stadium, over twelve rounds. Gubbins boxed well, but could not withstand the aggressiveness of the Scot's attack, and at the end of twelve hectic rounds McEwan was returned the winner.

At the Broadway Club of Stratford, two locals in Charlie (Rabbit) Ryan and Jackie Long met in a ten-rounder at the end of which the referee's decision went to Ryan.

Billy Bird, the fighting taxi driver, still finds time to take part in boxing contests. At Ipswich he scored a T. K. O. over Dai Beynon (Wales) in six rounds. The next night at East Ham Baths, London, he gave a boxing lesson to the tough Billy Barr of Woolich in fifteen rounds.

The chief contest at Blackpool Tower Circus was between Jack Lord (Bolton) and Lew Phillips (Birmingham). It ended in a dull draw.

Jimmy Wilde's son David met with another defeat in ten rounds when he clashed with Eric Berryman (Falmouth) at the Falmouth Drill Hall.

Sonny Lee, the Leeds featherweight, failed to add to his recent victories when he was disqualified in the sixth round of his bout with Tony Butcher (Liverpool) at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds.

Len (Tiger) Smith (Birmingham) met Dick Stubbings (London) in a return match at The Palais de Danse, West Bromwich, in twelve rounds. Stubbings a week previously had beaten Smith but, in the return, was beaten after another sparkling bout.

Len Beynon (Swansea) knocked out Ted Compton (Soho) in the sixth round.

Peter Clarke (Liverpool) was the sufferer of a bad decision at Merthyr when he met Alby Kestrell (Cardiff) in fifteen rounds.

Jim O'Neil (Cambuslang) became the new bantamweight champion of Scotland when he defeated Mickey Summers (Dundee) at the Caird Hall in fifteen rounds.

Gilbert Johnstone, the British bantam champion of 1933, made his professional debut against Joe Horridge (Manchester) in ten rounds and won.

Jim Cowie, the Scottish 126-pound champion, scored an easy victory over Ted Davies (Wales) in ten rounds.

At the Music Hall, Edinburgh, Peter McKinlay (Edinburgh) scored a sensational K. O. victory over Seaman Davies (Chatham).

Frank Markey (Blantyre) stopped Harry Strongbow (Newcastle) in the fifth round, and Boy McIntosh (Blantyre) defeated Boy Knightly of Sunderland in an exhilarating six-round bout.

At the City Hall, Glasgow, Johnny McMillan (Glasgow) qualified to meet Seaman Tom Watson for the latter's featherweight title of Great Britain, by virtue of his victory over Tommy Rogers (Willenhall), in the first round.

McMillan, as soon as the bell sounded, went right over to Rogers' corner and planted a left hook to the jaw, and Rogers crumpled to the canvas. He was up at three and was again put down twice before being counted out.

Jimmy Vaughan, the young Becontree featherweight, scored a great win over Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross, at the Chalton Ring.

Harry Mason (St. Georges) won the southern area welterweight championship from Charlie Baxter (the holder) on points in twelve rounds.

Johnny McGrory, the young Glasgow lad who is being sponsored by the N. S. C., won on points over the East End lad, Dave Finn.

George Daly (Bermondsey), Jeff Dickson's office boy, turned the tables on Albert Heaseman (Brighton) in twelve rounds at the Ring of London.

Evan Lane (Wales) defeated Harry Brooks (St. Georges) in fifteen rounds of scrambling boxing, on the same card.

Benny Thackray (Leeds) won a well-deserved decision over Harold (Kid) Lewis (Thornaby) in twelve rounds at Barnsley.

Jim Rice's opening promotion at the Ring, Belfast, was rewarded with a packed house and good fighting. Jack O'Brien (Belfast) secured a decision over Andy McLaughlan (Ashton-under-Lyne) by a very narrow margin in the feature.

Jim Gilmour (Belfast) defeated Jimmy Knott (Oldham) in the sixth round. The Irish lad being too strong for the Englishman.

Benny Thackray (Leeds) bit off a bit more than he could chew when he met Evan Morris (Pontycymmer) in fifteen rounds at Blaengarw, Wales. Morris won the slugfest.

At Aberdare, Scotland, the newly crowned bantam champion, Jim O'Neil, was defeated by Jimmy Knowles (Aberdare).

On the same card, the former champion of the bantams, Mickey Summers, was defeated by Jim Brady (Dundee) in ten rounds.

Lauri Ratieri, the Stratford Italian cruiserweight, scored an easy victory over Alex Forster of Norwich at the Broadway Social Club, Stratford, in five rounds, in what was to have been a twelve-round contest.

Jack Ellis, the Battersea southpaw, outpointed Alf Newbiggin of Chatham at the East Ham Baths, London, over fifteen rounds.

Haydn Williams (Wales) fought a twelve-round draw with Ernie Mason (Lambeth) at the Walthamstow Drill Hall.

After losing the southern area welterweight championship to Harry Mason (St. Georges), Charlie Baxter beat Leo Phillips (Birmingham) at West Bromwich.

George Lowe (Poplar) and Boy Watson (Stepney) fought their return bout at the Ring, London, and Referee Johnny Summers declared a draw.

Len "Tiger" Smith keeps on his winning way. At West Bromwich he scored a two-round K. O. over Billy Viner (Wales).

Nipper Hampson (Leeds) had an easy journey when he met Jim Devlin (Glasgow) in a twelve-round bout at Middlesborough.

At Blackpool Jack McCabe (Bamber Bridge) proved the winner over Ted McGuire (Manchester) in fifteen rounds of hard fighting.

George Daly, Jeff Dickson's office boy, caused a mild surprise by holding George Odwell (Camden Town) to a draw at the Ring of London.

Norman Snow (Northampton) made amends for his K. O. by Harry Mizler at the Ring recently when he handed the same pill to Evan Lane (Wales) in the fifth round.

Tommy John (Wales) beat Harry Brooks of St. Georges over fifteen rounds.

The young heavyweights who will be heard of in the future were brought together in an eight-round contest, Jack Grant (Mayfair) and Roy Graham, formerly of the Royal Navy. And say how these two birds threw punches. In the seventh, the referee stopped the contest to save Grant from taking unnecessary punishment.

On the same bill, Desmond Jeans, the actor-boxer, and Jim Hales (Stepney) fought all over the ring. After four knockdowns, shared by each, the referee declared a draw.

Charlie Baxter (Birmingham) scored a meritorious victory over Panther Purchase (South Africa) at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds.

Johnny McGrory (Glasgow) who is being sponsored by the N. S. C., scored a creditable win over Charlie Jordan at the Paddington Baths.

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FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA

By HAL DAVIS

FLORIDA has been in the midst of the best business season since the boom, but only partially has this affected the boxing profession. There has been ample high-class talent on the pugilistic bills throughout the state during recent months, due to the influx of northern boxers for the winter season, but gate receipts have not always been entirely gratifying. Matches like Mickey Walker and Bobby Godwin, Risko and Maloney, Rosenbloom and Godwin, Petey Sarron and Buckey Burton seemingly should draw big, but most failed to fill either the arenas or the box offices.

Two youngsters have had sensational success in the South during the past two months. They are Bobby Vogel, Erie junior welter, and Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati welter. Both have fought their way from early preliminaries to main-goes in a few weeks' time, and neither has yet suffered defeat in the South.

American Legion promoters in St. Pete are packing them in . . . . There has been an epidemic of fighters turning promoter in the small towns throughout the state. . . . Another month and five more K. O. wins for Jimmie Caldwell. . . . A recent check showed that fifty-six fighters claim Southern championships. . . . Russell Gonzales, Clever Moro, Bobby Vogel, and Manager Frank Reyes were all held up and robbed immediately after a Miami fight recently.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

DONALD "REDS" BARRY, Washington heavyweight, now boxing out of New York City, returned to these parts and gave Salvatore Ruggirello a sound pasting over the ten-round route at Alexandria, Va.

Tony Falco was too fast and clever for the harder-punching Charlie Gomer and took an easy ten-round duke at Baltimore, Md.

Ken Overlin ran his winning streak to twenty-one straight in winning over Clarence Burns in eight rounds at Alexandria, Va. Ken was called upon to show all his class in licking the on-coming Baltimorean. Roddy Davis, Washington lightweight, got sweet revenge over Billy Britten for a previous knock-out when he hit Britten with everything but the ringpost. Phil Furr belted out Jimmy Harris, and Johnny Mays did likewise to Roma LaBona.

Marty Gallagher made a successful comeback at the Portner Arena, Alexandria, Va., when he flattened Dewey Kimrey in nine rounds. Gallagher looked very good in his winning effort, which was his first start in nine months.

Joey Zodda, New Jersey lightweight, was too brittle for the harder-punching Charlie Gomer and, after licking Gomer for five rounds, caught one on the chin and went out like a light. This makes the second time within a month that Gomer has flattened Zodda in Baltimore. Jimmy Jones and Clarence Sloat, two Baltimore welters, fought a hectic semi-final with Sloat going out in round two after having Jones down in the first heat.

Frankie Petrolle had the edge over Pete Gulotta in ten rounds at Baltimore. Gulotta got off to a good start and was way ahead at the end of the first seven heats, only to have the veteran Petrolle come with a rush and take the last three rounds by a good margin. At the finish, Petrolle was far the better fighter but his margin of victory was very close because of Pete's early lead. Mike Sippio of Baltimore and Eddie Marks of New York fought a whang of a six-rounder on the card, with Sippio getting the nod. Clarence Burns had an easy time with Walter Kirkwood in six rounds, while Roddy Davis outpointed Andy Kelley in six heats.

Les Kennedy scored an unimpressive win over "Big Boy" Rawson in ten rounds at Alexandria, Va. Rawson was a last-minute substitute for Don Petrin, who begged off on account of a leg injury. Freddie Fiducia of Newark, N. J., belted out Henry Irving in five rounds. Jack Russo licked Walter Kirkwood in a six-rounder.

Buster Brown, Baltimore lightweight, scored an eight-round win over Eddie Marks of New York at Norfolk, Va. Tootsie Bashara of Norfolk boxed Pete Nebo on even terms, in eight rounds, also.

PICKUPS—The writer was present in Philadelphia when Reds Barry, local heavyweight, won hands down over Obie Walker there. Walker was a ten-to-one shot to belt Reds, but Barry not only stood, but handed the Negro battler the lacing of his life . . . Baltimore fans were sure pleased to hear of Jackie Portney's win over Wesley Ramey. Portney is the best lightweight in these parts, but his southpaw style, together with his winning ways, make the other boys duck him . . . . Baltimore has two promising preliminary boys in Pete Galliano, a featherweight, and Jimmy Jones, a welter . . . . Many small clubs are operating in Baltimore which are becoming popular mainly for the fifty-cent price of admission. These clubs are bound to develop talent for the larger clubs . . . . Marty Gallagher and Reds Barry will box in the vicinity of Washington shortly and they will draw one of the biggest gates seen in years hereabouts. Both boys come out of Washington, and each has his following, especially Gallagher . . . . Joe Dundee, former welter champ, contemplates reopening his boxing club in Baltimore and running weekly shows at the Armory there . . . . George Chaney, the former knock-out king, hailing from Baltimore, now tips the scales around two hundred pounds. George invested his money wisely and lives in the Monumental city, with politics as his hobby . . . . Joe Tipman is another former lightweight boxer of Baltimore that made successful investments and today Joe is living very comfortably there. Tipman boxed the likes of Nelson and McGovern . . . . Kid Williams, the former bantam champ, also lives in Baltimore . . . . Jack West, a Norfolk sportsman, has taken over the boxing business in Norfolk, Va., and has Chris Dundee and Toney Barbaria as his helpers.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

DUE to the fact that your scribe is an ardent upholder in the "Art of Fisticuffs" and very keenly in favor of seeing the business thrive on its merits as a clean, healthy sport, I have written to the Georgia Congressman at Washington, D. C., to bring up before the next congressional session regulations that should benefit the game as well as shove it forward to where it belongs.

I have also brought to Congressman Homer C. Parker's attention the suggestion of having one boxing association instead of two as are now in existence, they being the National Boxing Association and the New York State Boxing Association. Your writer is under the opinion that an association controlled by the United States Government, its commissioners being men of the boxing game and not of the business world, would do a world of good to boxing. Great figures in boxing like Charles J. Harvey, Sammy Goldman, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack Hurley, Nat Fleischer and Jimmy Bronson as commissioners would do more good for the game in one week than the present commissioners of both associations can ever do in a whole year.

"I am glad to have your suggestions in this matter and I am sure that they are worthy of consideration. I have often heard that boxing was not as well conducted as it might be and I am hopeful that some of your suggestions may prove to be the solution to this difficulty." Thus writes Congressman Parker, in reply.

IT HAPPENED LAST MONTH . . . .

At Augusta, Jake Denning, light-heavyweight champion of North and South Carolina, sent Kid Osteen to the cleaners in the first round for keeps . . . . Clever Moro scored over Jack Sexton, and J. P. Kid Gillion knocked out Tuffy Brown.

At Fort Benning—Corn Griffin sent a mighty right crusher to the shin of Jimmy Maloney and the Boston Irishman was stored like a bushel of wheat. Griffin is the outstanding pugilist in the South and should some day take up where Young Stribling left off . . . . Bob Godwin held Maxie Rosenbloom, world's champion, to a draw at West Palm Beach and came back a while later to give the "Playboy of Broadway" the shellacking of his life . . . . In other bouts in West Palm Beach, Jimmy Wade decisioned Snooks Campbell . . . . Carl Guggino scored over Sammy Seaman . . . . and Ruby Goldstein knocked out Jimmy Francis. . . . . At Jacksonville, Rufus Miles and Lope Tenorio, welterweight champion of the Philippines fought a draw . . . . At Augusta, Guy Berry bested Chick Liddell, while Battling Jackson, one of the greatest Negro fighters that the South ever produced, outclassed Lightning Holliday.

At Miami, Johnny Risko whipped Jimmy Maloney . . . . At Charleston, Carl Knowles knocked out Monroe Porter in the first . . . . At Tampa, Curtis Mullins and Jose Estrada fought a draw . . . . Jimmy Reed whipped Lou Jallos at Dallas, while in the semi-wind-up, Eddie Speaks decisioned Joe Luvero . . . . At Quincey, Henry Firpo outpointed Leo Tiger Flowers . . . . At St. Petersburg, Tommy Beck T. K. O.'d Leo Bailey when the latter sustained a broken hand . . . . At Jacksonville, Simon Nebloski outpunched Lope Tenorio . . . . At Houston, George Salvatore decisioned Young Manuel Quintero . . . . At Sylvania, Billy O'Brien T. K. O'd Red Andrews. . . . . At West Palm Beach, LeRoy Brown outpointed Gorden Fortenberry . . . . At St. Petersburg, Ceals Yancy bested Jack Cruz, and Tony Lopez stopped Eddie Stewart . . . . At Burlington, George Hodge knocked out Big Joe Cook.

Boxing is on the upgrade in the South and any boxer that would like to make connections here would do well to get in touch with me. Send news clippings and photos with first letters.

The address . . . . Pinkie Lou Masters . . . . 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Georgia . . . . and until next month, ... *Adios.*

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

WITH the help of various sports scribes your humble correspondent will make an attempt to "rate" the Texas fighters. There is a horde of high-class boys from other states with us but I have decided to include only local boys in the list.

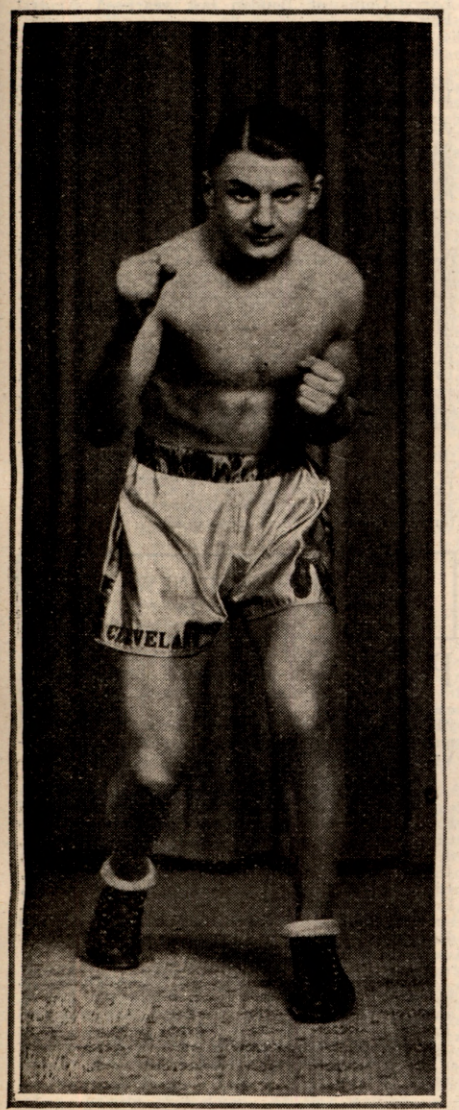
The junior welterweights seem to be the leading class with all weights well represented excepting the flyweights.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Joe Rice, Champ Clark, Ed Dunaway.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Clyde Chastian, Wilson Dunn, Chuck Burns.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Tommy Monroe, Duke Tramel, Tommy White.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Ralph Sikes, K. O. Castillo, Wildcat Monte.



Joey Kushner, former Cleveland amateur, doing good work in the pro ranks.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS—Tony Herrera, Richie Mack, Doc Kitchens.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Manuel Castro, Midget Mexico, Lou Beard.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Frankie Garcia, Bill Miller, Howard Scott.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Henry Moreno, Kid Laredo, Howard Carr.

FLYWEIGHTS—Jodie Cason, Frenchy Lefevre, Gilbert Perez.

At Dallas: Promoter Bert Kahn's Christmas charity show featuring fourteen four-rounders went over fairly well. Willard Brown beat Davy Jones; Jimmy Reed won from Gyp Zarro; Eddie Speaks decisioned Joe Lucero; Frankie Garcia beat Paul Mendoza; Midget Mexico beat Roy Calamira; Cullen Williams won from Bill Miller; Bill McDowell beat Mickey McKane; Kid Francis K. O.'d Alvin Oliver; Owen Duvernay beat Jack Kirkland; Johnny Morris won over Kid McCoy; Gene Medlin beat Kayo Gunter; Bill Johnson decisioned Eddie Edwards; Pat Patrick beat Benny Green; Benny Greenfield K.O.'d Juan Rodriguez.

Tracey Cox beat Lou Avery in ten; Jimmy Reed won from Lou Jallos in ten; Eddie Speaks trounced Alex Jiminez in six; Marlin Owens K. O.'d Joe Driskell in four; Chico Ortega stopped Johnny Owens in four.

Willard Brown decisioned Jimmy Reed in ten; Eddie Speaks defeated Roy Calamira in eight.

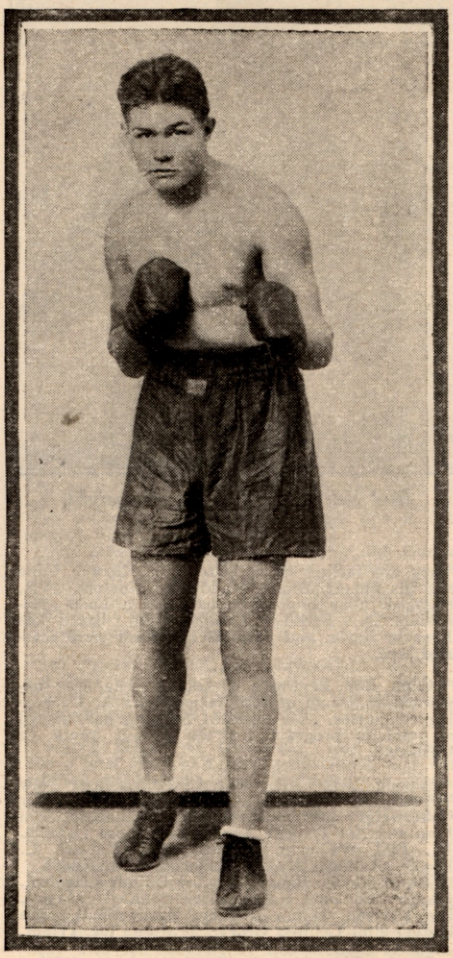
At Houston: After winning from Davey Abad, Manuel Castro, classy Mexican lightweight, dropped a close one to Ervin Berlier. Castro and Abad are matched for a return go. George Salvatore K. O.'d Bobby Cox in four. Frankie Graham beat Babe Kennedy in six; Louis Arriola won from Wise Prevost; Johnny Hernandez stopped Bob McCutcheon in three.

George Salvadore won practically every round from Manuel Quintero. Louis Arriola beat Chief Harjo in six; Ed Dunaway beat George Rickard in six; Jack Griffin won from Babe Kennedy in six. George Salvadore continued his winning streak by stopping Jimmy Reed in seven. Richie Mack K. O.'d Ward Tyson in nine heats; Lou Beard flattened Howard Clive in the first round.

At Leredo: Cecil Lozada K. O.'d Bobby Burns in two; Midget Aztec stopped Jose Lodra in two; Kid Torreon outpointed Kid Gamacho in eight.

At Brownwood: Duke Tramel beat Johnny Ferrell in ten; Nick Santos shellacked Benny Greenfield in six; Jodie Cason beat Bobby Reid in six; Clyde Campbell K. O.'d Kid Pancake in three.

At San Antonio: Midget Mexico handed Roy Calamira a neat pasting in ten rounds; Owen Duvernay beat Ernesto Saguez; Mike Woosley bested Alex Jiminez.



Jimmy Reilly, McKeesport, Pa., lightweight.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—Otis Maertz is matchmaker for Jimmie Guest at Houston; Johnny Cox is matching them for Morris Sigel, also at Houston; Kinky Flores is doing the job for the Elks Club in San Antonio; Travis McCall is Bill Caples' matchmaker at Dallas; Ted Murray is the matchmaker for Bert Kahn, Dallas; Dick Griffin makes his own matches at Fort Worth; Sam Maceo at Galveston; Bruce Francis is the man at Brownwood; Blondy Cross at San Angelo; Frank Hicks at Breckenridge; Julio Montez at Laredo.

Micky Bellerino of Trenton and Young Al Brown of Asbury Park boxed a four-round draw. Frankie Warno of Trenton won over Ray Hayes of Asbury Park in a six-rounder. Both of these bouts were held at Lakewood.

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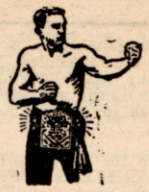

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TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

JOE RENO, Trenton welterweight, who retired in 1930, stopped in during the Christmas holidays. Reno is now coach at Bucknell University, and a pretty important figure on the campus. Not only is he tutor of the Bison boxers, but he completed recently a successful season as varsity soccer coach. He likewise acts as trainer for Carl Snavely's football team.

Young Terry, Trenton middle, won over Ben Jeby in a ten-round bout held at the Trenton Arena here in Trenton under the auspices of Elks' Crippled Kiddies' Fund. This was the third meeting between these boys, Terry winning two out of the three. Jeby won over Terry while he was champion.

Ted Ivins, Roebling heavy, lost to Larry Crabtree by a technical knock-out in the fourth round, when the referee stopped the bout because of a bad cut over Ivins' eye.

Micky Harvey, Trenton lightweight, went over big with the Lakewood fans by the way he polished off Ray Hayes of Asbury Park in three heats. Harvey is slated for a wind-up shot in Lakewood in the near future.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

ALTHOUGH the Chicago fans were deeply disappointed at losing the scheduled Max Schmeling-King Levinsky match for February, it is expected that Nate Lewis will succeed in lining that particular match for some time in March.

Nate Lewis's rendezvous in the early morning hours is Lindy's Restaurant . . . . Frankie Frisco started a comeback under the name of Tuffy Hyland . . . . Tommy Ryan is the boxing promoter at Peoria, Ill.

Jim Mullen claims he gave 67½ per cent for the world's middleweight title match between Mickey Walker and Tiger Flowers at the Coliseum and made a profit of $15,000. He said he gave 65 per cent for the Mike McTigue-Walker contest and made $10,000 . . . . Howard Carr, known as Kid Howard, was born at Pittsburgh in 1876 of Irish parents . . . . He first went into the gymnasium business with Harry Forbes and they established the Arcade Gym, 32 South Clark Street, in 1912. His latest gym, known as Kid Howard's, 116 Madison Street, has been closed since early January.

Jack Hurley, manager of Billy Petrolle, was in town to settle on his and Petrolle's income tax . . . . Tim Mara, New York promoter, wants to stage a third bout between Lightweight Champion Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri this summer.

Gene Tunney is a heavy stockholder in the American Distilling Company of Pekin, Ill. He stopped off there *en route* to his ranch at Oracle, Ariz., to inspect expensive additions to the plant. The plant, a subsidiary of the American Commercial Alcohol Company which also has plants in Philadelphia and Gretna, La., is being built at a cost of $1,000,000.

Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois Athletic Commission, who was graduated from Columbia in 1916, and Maurice Reilly, secretary of the Columbia Alumni of Chicago, headed the welcoming delegation when the squad arrived at Northwestern Station from California. . . . Primo Carnera, heavyweight champion, is tied up with Madison Square Garden until September 30, 1934.

Joe Jahelka, former amateur boxing champion, is serving as boxing instructor at Morton High School.

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NEW YORK CITY

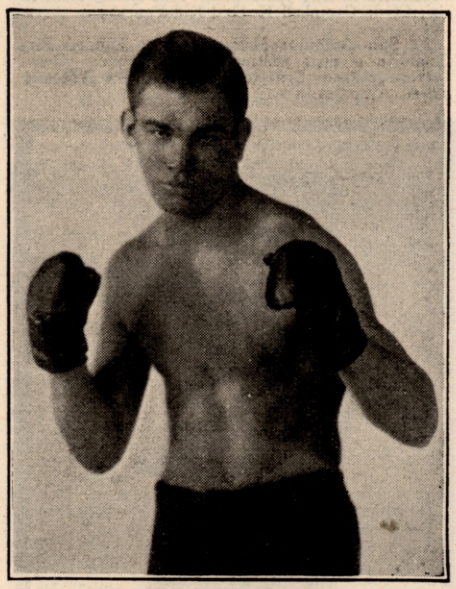
Attorney-General Otto Kerner has notified the Illinois Athletic Commission that the statute controlling professional boxing and wrestling permits the issuance of licenses to women. This opinion was given at the request of the Commission after application for renewal of a wrestling license was refused Nell Donald of Chicago. This has not changed the Commission's stand on the matter.

Thomas O'Connell, secretary of the C. Y. O., has informed George Donoghue, president of the Central A. A. U., that all bouts in the organization will be limited to three rounds at two and three minutes each. . . . . Phil Collins of the West Side is in his eighteenth year as a referee.

Henry Rothier, Chicago welterweight, received $55 and expenses for an eight-round bout with Young Terry at Davenport, Iowa.

Frank Casey, one of the best of Andy Frain's ushers, is a haberdashery salesman at 30 North Clark Street when he isn't ushering. . . . Pep Kerwin returned to boxing circulation after an absence of six months when he presented a show at Wonderland Hall, 2934 Milwaukee Avenue, in January.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich., lightweight, is in Australia. . . . Champion Barney Ross took his mother to Excelsior Springs, Mo., where they took treatments for minor ailments.



Bud Saltis, Chicago middleweight, now in New York.

They are feeling much better. . . . George Cone and his fighter, Duane Maddux of Norfolk, Neb., engaged in an impromptu battle at a Loop gymnasium. . . . Freddy Fasano, who boxed as Frankie Boyle, and Miss Eve Gifford were married here.

Capt. Roy E. Davis of Chicago has been appointed chairman of the National A. A. U. boxing committee. . . . Leonard Sterling has started an athletic program for the Jewish youth of Chicago.

Among those who sent Christmas and New Year cards: Barney Ross, lightweight and junior welterweight champion, and his co-managers, Sam Pian and Art Winch; Arch Ward, Mose Lamson, Jr., Phil Weisman, Barney Abel, Edward C. Foster, National Boxing Association president. John (Doc) Krone, Dr. Vladimir Hruban, Johnny Coulon, Nat Fleischer, Earl Mastro, Dick Axman, Henry Rothier, Harry Shall, John Coffey, Phil Collins, George Trafton, Joe Triner.

Charles Bidwill of the Stadium advanced King Levinsky several thousand dollars before King signed to box Don McCorkindale. . . . Minimum rental at the Stadium is $2,500. . . . Billy Stearns, who retired from boxing to open a drug store on the North Side, can't stay away from his former profession. He is seen training every other day.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG—

Dear Sir: How many times has Tony Canzoneri fought Wesley Ramey?—F. E. BRADFIELD, Holland, Mich.

Ans.—Canzoneri has met Ramey only once, according to our files. He lost to Ramey in a non-title bout at Grand Rapids, Mich., shortly before Barney Ross beat him for the lightweight title.

Friend Frank: Here I am in good old Baltimore, Md., with my wife and baby. Plan to stay in the East indefinitely.—WHITEY ECKWERT.

Sir: Can you tell me where Bat Battalino is? What is he doing now?—H. S.

Ans.—Bat and his wife have opened a small dress factory at Hartford, Conn. Prior to her marriage Mrs. Battalino made children's dresses. Bat also owns a $30,000 home in Hartford that is said to be all paid for.

Mr. Maestro: Your Chicago writers were not fair in their comments on McCorkindale after his ill-fated battle with Levinsky. Don't they know anything about boxing? McCorkindale was nailed with a hard right on the chin before he was able to get his bearings and he should have been given credit for his gallant stand. His handlers said that he was out on his feet throughout the ten rounds.—B. M.

Sir: Chicago fans thought McCorkindale was a set-up for Levinsky. They're wrong. Prior to his match with Levinsky he was knocked down only twice in thirty-seven pro bouts. This occurred in the ninth round of his second contest with Larry Gains at London last year.—A Neutral Fan.

Joliet, Ill.—Please advise me as to Jack Dempsey's parentage? What is his true name?—T. A. HANLON.

Ans.—Dempsey himself admitted during a recent visit here that he didn't know what nationality he was. Nat Fleisher, in his life story of Dempsey, says Jack is Scotch-Irish-Indian-Jewish-American parentage. Get his *Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana*. He was born William Harrison Dempsey on June 24, 1895, at Manassa, Colo.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Within twenty-four hours three world champions were defeated. Two of them lost their titles. Jackie Fields won Joe Dundee's welterweight title on a foul at Detroit; Jack (Kid) Berg beat Mushy Callahan for the junior welterweight crown at London, England, and Al Singer knocked out Andre Routis, featherweight king, in a non-title battle at Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . After Tommy Loughran successfully defended his light-heavyweight championship by beating James J. Braddock, he relinquished it to mingle with the heavyweights.

Johnny Dundee and Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, two former junior lightweight title-holders, met at New York and Dundee won. . . . The War Department in Washington, D. C., announced the appointment of Young Stribling as a second lieutenant of the air corps reserves.

ROCHESTER NEWS
By SAM PORCELLI

PROFESSIONAL boxing has been revived by Solly Schwartz, matchmaker for the Acme Sporting Club, where the fighters are drawing capacity houses. Jack Portney, the Baltimore, Md., "Buzz Saw," a favorite with local fans, recently punched out a ten-round decision over Andy DiVodi of New York.

On New Year's afternoon, Portney sprang a surprise and defeated Wesley Ramey, the Grand Rapids Terror and contender for Barney Ross's title. Other results follow: Blaise Pantano, Buffalo, defeated Norm Cordaro, Batavia, six rounds; Jimmy Downs, Rochester, and Mickey Cardone, Binghamton, draw, six rounds; Bill Fogarty, Rochester, and Bill Brennan, Niagara Falls, draw, six rounds; Mickey Devine, Batavia, K.O.ed Jimmy Wilson, Buffalo, one round.

Al Traino, the "Toy Bull" of Rochester, N. Y., has applied for a New York State pro license, and Matchmaker Solly Schwartz has promised Traino a spot on his next show. Traino is a great club fighter. He holds wins over Eddie Dempsey of Syracuse, Lou Alpert of Utica, N. Y., and many other boys.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE spotlight was focused on the finals of the western Pennsylvania amateur tournament last month. The grand finals were staged at Motor Square Garden and the champions crowned are:

FLYWEIGHT—Matt Ozeniak.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Billy Miller.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Leo Sweeney.
LIGHTWEIGHT—William Eley.
WELTERWEIGHT—Steve Kobeda.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Al Quaill.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—George Lupinacci.
HEAVYWEIGHT—Floyd Wolcott.

Max Elling, Pittsburgh's Kingfish, holds the distinction of substituting in the feature after being booked for an opener. It happened Christmas afternoon in Moose Temple Auditorium. Dom Mancini and Marty Gornick were matched in the main event. When Mancini became ill on the eve of the fight, Elling, matched with General Burrows in the curtain raiser, was hoisted on top against Gornick and gave the latter a real tussle.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

WITH not one "pro" fistic event in Boston in a month, and but one "pro" club clicking with something like regularity in the entire Bay State, the writer finds himself pawin' the air for boxing material of any great and general interest. At this writing, barring Homer Rainault's Valley Arena at Holyoke, Mass., professional boxing in Massachusetts is practically flat, and the amateur end of the game is not far removed from occupying a similar position. However, someone has said, "Where there is life, there is hope," so here goes.

As the result of a campaign of suggestive and constructive criticism waged for years in behalf of the would-be small club promoters, particularly here in Boston, for a lifting of some portion of the overhead that has choked them out of existence in these years of great stress, the State Boxing Commission has lopped off two hundred dollars from the annual eight hundred-dollar license fee. Outside of Boston, the annual fee also has been lowered, so that, should any clubs be opened up in the small towns and cities, the promoters will not be obliged to "kick in" much in excess of $25. All this should help some to get boxing going again, and may, but the mistaken Massachusetts system of levying a fee based on population, instead of seating capacity, continues.

The fees of state ring officials, along with their transportation and incidental expenses, while they have been lowered to some extent, continue an obstacle to the successful comeback of boxing in these days of depression. These fees vary from about eighty-five dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per show, depending upon circumstances, location of club, etc. But, taking one hundred dollars as an average, were a promoter to attempt to stage fifty tourneys a year, the cost to him would be five thousand dollars. Atop of this he pays a five per cent state tax, his annual license fee, frequently the license tax levied on his performers, in many cases is confronted with a boom times rental, to say nothing of other routine expenses, payment of his talent, etc. In years past, the promoters weathered all of this but, with 1930, they began to fade, and today they are gone. Drastic measures of relief—the payment of state officials from the five per cent state tax, for one thing—have got to be adopted if the sport is to come back here in Massachusetts in 1934.

However, despite the obstacles in the way, hope continues. Within recent weeks, "Admiral" Ray Cass, one-time manager of the famous Frankie Britt, has busied himself toward opening up a club in the Boston Arena, once the home of many sterling boxing clashes. Cass believes he can put shows across and make them pay. As he has promoted before and knows boxing, he may succeed. He is being given every encouragement to go ahead, and may do so.

The fight in which Lou Brouillard beat Bob Olin at the New York Garden has stirred up a storm in this city and state, which may slop over its borders. The report, seemingly authentic, that the winner of the New York bout, Brouillard in this case, was to get an early "shot" at Maxie Rosenbloom, or Joe Knight, provided the latter defeats Maxie in Miami, Fla., on February 1, started the commotion. Prior to the Shucco-Brouillard fight of a month ago in this city, it was announced by the Boston Garden, and the same was assured by Colonel Kilpatrick of the New York Garden, that the winner would be given the next chance against Rosenbloom and his title, with Boston favored as the scene of the contest. As Shucco defeated Brouillard, also has wins over both Rosenbloom and Olin, his managers have appealed to the State Boxing Commission, also to President Foster of the N.B.A., for some kind of a definite show-down. At this writing, said managers, also the Boston Garden, are "swinging on the gate."

As concerns the Boston Garden, the reply of Frank Bachman, Rosey's manager, to its efforts to bring about the promised contest, was to the effect that his principal would not meet Shucco unless given a guarantee of ten thousand dollars. When Bachman made this demand, he well knew he was asking the impossible and also, at the same time, signing off for his champion. Thus, whatever action the commissions may take, if any, they cannot very well force Bachman and Rosenbloom into a fight which they do not intend to accept. Why they should take such a stand the writer does not know, for, good man that Shucco really is, it is extremely doubtful whether, if Rosey's title were at stake, the Boston Italjan would be able to win it. While Shucco continues out of luck, all through no fault of his own, the real victim is the boxing game.

A suggestion by President Foster of the N.B.A., that after three years in the amateurs a boxer be given his walking papers, brought the retort from William P. Kenny, chairman of the A.A.U. boxing committee, that such a proposed measure was mere useless legislation. "The A.A.U.," he said, "has nothing in common with professional boxing and has no desire to tell its boxing members how long they can compete under its jurisdiction." Daniel J. Kelly of the State Boxing Commission, discussing the subject, voiced the opinion that every "pro" boxer should have at least three years of schooling in the amateur ranks to prevent the exploitation of such performers by hungry professional managers.

The Irish-American A. A. of South Boston is one of the two amateur organizations that continue to keep that branch of fisticuffs alive on the Atlantic Coast end of this state.

Billy Ames, Boston Garden matchmaker, who daily combs the available fistic brigade in hopes of getting together bouts that the Hub fans will pay to look at, has high hopes of yet tying up Jack Sharkey and Don McCorkindale for his arena. Should he succeed, it will mark the Squire's initial appearance in the Garden ring in active competition since the opening of the building about five years ago. It is the opinion of the critics that Sharkey, despite what he may be saying about his ring future, is all done with the game.

Honey Mellody, the Charlestown lightweight, a very promising youngster, registered a notable win in Homer Rainault's Holyoke ring on January 15, when he forced Louis Di Santis of Cleveland to stop in eight rounds. Di Santis, a former amateur star, rates as a nifty boy. Negotiations are on to pit Mellody against Steve Halaiko of Buffalo.

Al McCoy of Waterville, Me., middleweight champion of that state, who has received favorable notice from time to time, stopped Enio Nyholm of Maynard, Mass., in six heats in a recent feature bout staged by Seth Johnston in his Bangor, Me., arena. The Maine promoter has the wires going for a bout between McCoy and Ben Jeby, which the latter may take, inasmuch as no decisions rule in the Pine Tree State.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

AFTER a lay-off of more than six months, Benny Bass came back to the ring to hammer out a ten-round decision over Eddie Cool, pride of Kensington fans, at Convention Hall and is now recognized as the new Pennsylvania state lightweight champion.

Cool's followers are not yet convinced Bass was the winner but the South Philadelphia veteran was entitled to the "nod" by a slight edge. The judges disagreed, Thomas Gordon voting in favor of Bass and Lew Cassidy casting his ballot for Cool. Tommy O'Keefe, veteran South Philadelphia lightweight, refereed and decided in favor of Bass.

Bass crowded and rushed Cool time and again and appeared in excellent shape. The twenty-nine-year-old former world's featherweight and junior lightweight champion was as fast as ever, only lacking a certain potency in his wallop. Cool did not take advantage of his height and reach and also outweighed his opponent three and a half pounds. Cool came in at 135.

The show was promoted by Taylor and Gunnis with the Prison Welfare Fund sharing in the receipts. Many of the old favorites were around the ringside. Judge Harry S. McDevitt, helped sponsor the bouts and also received the gloves from Benny Bass as a souvenir.

Al Ettore, rugged light-heavyweight, who had not been seen in action for some time, defeated Popper Stopper of Leiperville in the eight-round semi-windup at Convention Hall.

Harry Serody of Overbrook, who has never lost a bout since he turned professional, was well entitled to the six-round decision over Young Patsy Wallace of Atlantic City—one of the most intriguing bouts in connection with the Bass-Cool show.

Charley Loughran, younger brother of Tommy Loughran, continued his winning streak by punching out a six-round decision over Billy Reese. Young Loughran has a good left jab and hard right-hand punch and knows how to box. In a later bout with Joe McHale of Roxborough, Loughran was beaten. This was the second time McHale outfought young Loughran.

The veteran fighter, Eddie Dempsey, apparently has hung up his gloves after a brilliant career that started in 1919. The last fight for the South Philadelphia middleweight was about five months ago in West Virginia. Now he is employed in a restaurant in the central part of the Quaker City.

Frankie Klick, formerly of San Francisco, put over one of the biggest surprises of the indoor season when he finished the veteran Kid Chocolate with one punch at the Arena on Christmas Day. Klick dropped Chocolate with a perfect right cross to the jaw in the seventh round and lifted the junior lightweight title at the same time. Only eight seconds remained in the round when Referee Spud Murphy stopped hostilities. Chocolate ruled a 3 to 1 and 4 to 1 favorite before the bout.

Lou Amber of New York, who has made a big hit with the Phillie fight fans, scored an eight-round victory over Young Firpo of Pennsgrove at the Arena.

Joe Smallwood of Wilmington scored several knockdowns over Al Diamond of Paterson, N. J., at the Cambria but the bout went the eight-round limit.

Tootsie Bashara has been resting at his home in Norfolk. He injured his hand in a bout with Pete Nebo at the Cambria.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MID-WINTER'S slack season in the gentle business of fisticuffing reigns supreme in most parts of Canada at present and it looks as though bygone winters will be emulated in that the slackness will continue until the birdies tweet-tweet the ushering in of spring as well as the counting out of kayo victims.

Alec Moore, Forum matchmaker, is going to see to it that Montreal fans get a treat during the current month. He plans several good bouts. Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, and Manager Sam Gibbs are considering another offer to go abroad. Leitham went over big with the Britishers last spring.

Winnipeggers are still seeing their fights. The 'Peg town is about the most active spot in that regard in Canada just now. A return match between Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg's heavy-fisted middleweight sensation, and Sammy Kid Slaughter, the inconsistent Negro battler, is in the making.

Pete Sanstol is back home in his native Oslo, Norway, where he is showing his future sparring-partner-for-life the way to maneuver across the fjords in a skiff. Look out for those reefs, Pete!

Tiger Warrington, hard-hitting Liverpool, N. S., heavyweight, added Big Bill Sparks, Amherst, N. S., to his list of knock-out victims in three heats after a rare slugfest. An unusual incident occurred in the fatal round, when both connected and both went down for a non-count. Warrington is unbeaten in eighteen starts, having thirteen kayoes, a pair of decisions and draws, and one no-contest.

Johnny Nemis, eastern Canada middleweight king, is also continuing to add kayo victims to his lengthy list. The New Waterford, N. S., walloper unleashed his deadly left hooks with far too much precision and power for Bearcat Francis, and the finish came in the third stanza. The short-lived bout was scheduled as a ten-round topliner of a card staged in Richibucto, N. B., by Promoter John Fraser and was a farewell performance by Nemis, who is now back home after an absence of more than a year.

Amateur boxing got off to a splendid start for 1934 in Montreal, when the Y.M.H.A. presented an entertaining card of fourteen three-rounders before almost one thousand fans. Henry Azeff, president of their boxing club, was presented with a handsome trophy by the association in recognition of his capable efforts in promoting the game there. The Y.M.H.A., under Coach Phillips, has the nucleus of a first-rate amateur ring team and should gain many titles in the forthcoming meets.

Amateur boxing is gaining headway in the Canadian Metropolis, with new clubs joining the fold every year. The Fraternal Order of Eagles, Montreal Aerie, is interested and plans to have a full-fledged club by late spring. They already have one good representative in Joe Gollob, their flashy lightweight.

Dennis White, provincial supervisor, is in his element now, with the amateur ringsters keeping busy and all sorts of problems popping up for him to settle. Joe Marsh, clever Black Watch lightweight, is one of the best boys here among the Simon-pures. He has scored thirty straight wins. Johnny Galley, equally clever clubmate of Marsh's, looks like the top choice in the bantam class.

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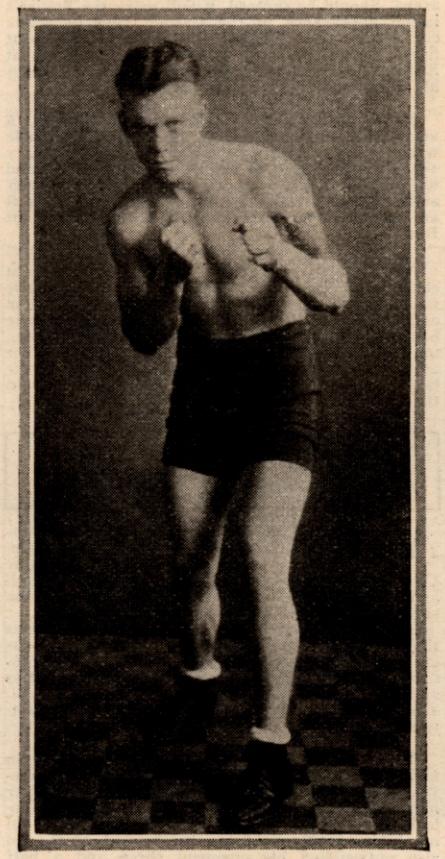
Al Foreman, British Empire and Canadian lightweight ruler, is in hard training. Several promoters are seeking him, but Glace Bay, N. S., is most likely venue of his next appearance. He has fought there three times and is hot attraction.

BOXING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS VERA

THE boxing game in Mexico is fairly good and the wrestling game seems to be better. In the same ring of La Arena Nacional, the promoters have staged the season of boxing and wrestling.

Abe Coleman, heavyweight wrestler is the best attraction. He has defeated Toughie Osborne from Texas, George Cochare, Hans Schultz, Manuel Hernandez, and every opponent he has met.



Eddie Holmes, rugged Providence welterweight, who is making rapid strides.

In lighter divisions, Ray Ryan, Yaqui Joe, Chino Achiu, with the Mexicans, Canales and De la Torre, have kept the attention of the fans.

"Babe" Casanova, uncrowned champion of the world, knocked out Chris Pineda, Filipino fighter. Pineda previously won a clear decision over Juan Zurita.

Chucho Najera kayoed, in two rounds, Speedball Cite from San Antonio.

Manuel Villa, lightweight champion of Mexico, defended his belt in beating Joe Conde, from Mazatlan. Alberto Guerra kayoed Carlos Ibarra, but was beaten by Juan Zurita. "Relampago" Saguero, Cuban welterweight champ, suffered two defeats at the hands of Eddie Cerda. Saguero redeemed himself by winning two straight victories over Raul Talan and Ray Torres.

Anybody wishing to make a connection in this country will do well to write to the writer at San Cosme Avenue 124. Mexico. D. F.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

LITTLE ABAYAN, in the eyes of the Olympic Stadium, is the flyweight ruler while Young Santos, according to the Dreamland Stadium, its rival, is the rightful owner of the 112-pounder's diadem. To settle the dispute, the boys have agreed to battle at the Olympic.

The management of the Olympic Stadium showed extreme leniency when it failed to suspend Young Tarley and his handlers for the illegal use of black tape in his bout with Rush Binoy, whom he kayoed in the fourth round. He downed Binoy four times during the short *melee*. Both are featherweights.

Captain Sagarbarria, former mentor of Kid Moro, Little Moro, Cunning Nene, and Kid Vicente, all champions, is back managing fighters. He is all het up about his new find, Clever Ninoy, bantam.

Jose Villaneuva gave Syd Olvina a drubbing in Leyte and afterwards trimmed Frankie Librado at the Malabon Stadium. Villanueva is resting up for Tommy and Dado.

The Manila Interscholastic Boxing Tournament is now in full blast with the Columbian Institute leading the way. Telesforo Go, welter from the Nautical School, upset the dope by leveling S. De Castro in three. Go is flooded with offers to turn "pro" but it seems he is serious about becoming a captain.

Young Johnson, Thajudeen, Billy Boggs, and Walter Cho are expected to arrive this week. Young I. Fernandez is back from Hawaii.

There are three "Paquitos" at the Olympic Stadium's staff. They are Paquito Limjengco, Paquito Villa, and Paquito Lituco and are rated as No. 1, 2, and 3 respectively. Lituco is the all-around man of the three. He is the press agent for the club, the office boy, the clerk, and the accountant, and sometimes the reception committee all rolled into one.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Joe Mosquindo lost to B. de Guzman. Joe Paraiso kayoed Rapid Mente in two. Young Frisco decisioned Con Cordero. Welch, U. S. S. *Canopus*, scored over Rush Milling and tucked Mata-Hari to sleep in five. Tiger "Al" Friend flattened Big Dado. Young Teddy won from Primo Vidal. Kid Aranas drew with Vic Amado. Fighting Obsiman held Joe Peralta to an even break.

TID BITS—Pedro Javier slept like a log in a vertical position when one of Macario Flores' famous rights crashed against his chin . . . . Damaso Gomez, kayo king of a decade ago, is now a dick . . . . Pep Scarella is booked to clash with Dan Cupid next June . . . . Doc Paul Anido has a seven-pound bouncing baby girl . . . . Joaquin Quintos and Ventura Marquez will become night nurses one of these nights when their juniors roll along . . . . Batt Dominquez, ol' timer, is putting his boys into tiptop form for the Olympiad, while Jose Rocha, young star basket-ball player, is coaching the strong Far Eastern College fight team . . . . Pedro Campos and Johnny Elizalde, millionaires, never miss their fight menus . . . .

For any information regarding boxing in the Philippines just address the correspondent at: 1262 Tuberias, Manila, P. I.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

AFTER a lapse of over a year, Hudson County fight fans will again be able to sit at a ringside and root for their idol with the opening of the Hudson to boxing by Samuel Cohn, the elongated one.

By the time this goes to print, Jack Jennings will reel off his first show of the year at the Oakland A. A.

The Diamond Belt Tourney, sponsored by the *Jersey Observer*, staged its first show at the Anchor Club the first week in February.

Sam Cohn showed local fans a little fighting machine in Allie Rowan, a two-fisted fighting fool from Carlstedt. Allie dealt out a beating to Johnny Clark of Jersey City in the feature go of the evening. This was a six-rounder. In the six-round semi-final Tommy Martin drew with Henry De Carlo. Gene Mickens kayoed Frankie Zammaris in three rounds. Dom Pascali outpunched Baby Jack Dempsey in four, while Joe Dundee lost to Tommy Mullen in the opener.

Al Ridgeway has opened an up-to-date gymnasium and calls it the West New York Training Center. It is located on 18th Street and Monroe Place in W. N. Y.

Several former fistic idols offered their services to train all applicants in the Diamond Belt Tournament. Among them are Young Zazzarino, Bobby Brady, Bobby Burns, Jack and Vic De Mave, J. J. Thurer, Pete Cristie, Andy Esser, and many others too numerous to mention.

All officials of the Tournament will be made up of local talent. Al Ridgeway, Joe Braddock, Bart Garrigan and yours truly were appointed referees.

Fighters, managers, and promoters, this is your column. Send your news to the writer before the eighteenth of every month at 514 31st Street, Union City, N. J.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

JACKIE WILSON, ranking featherweight from Pittsburgh, Pa., and Young Rightmeier fought eight rounds to a draw. The fight was "red-hot" from start to finish. Other results were: Larry Udell beat Earl Mason in eight; Jack Gibbons beat Ray Calvert; Mel Rice upset the dope when he shaded Al Pahl; Whitey Dale licked Buddy O'Day; Willie Johnson and Art Johnson drew; Mickey Slater defeated Young Rogers; Terry Griffith shaded Kid Newman.

Speedy Clayton, local lightweight star, is under the management of Sailor Burke. He has won his last seven bouts under Burke. In short, he "looks like a comer."

Creston, Iowa—Benny Floyd, Clarinda, Iowa, knocked out Lee Armstrong in three; Johnny Hayes beat Don Wilson; Young Jess Willard drew with Jimmy Bies; Eddie Briles beat the "Masked Marvel" in a wrestling match, two falls out of three.

Fargo, N. D.—Jackie Stewart won a clean-cut decision over the "Ace of Spades" in six rounds.

Coon Rapids, Iowa—Eddie Spencer of Perry, Iowa, beat Kid Davis of Des Moines, Iowa; Charley Johannsen drew with Earl Ghroe; Roy Howell knocked out Billy Beebe.

Omaha, Nebr.—Sonny Sofio, Omaha welter, knocked out Mike Norris in four rounds at St. Joe, Mo.; Bud Breese beat Alber Manriquez of Atlantic, Iowa, in eight; Harold Matthews, Lincoln, Nebr., beat Tommy Sabrella in six; Young Schmeling drew with Pete Blanchard in six; Joe Harris knocked out Tiger Trask in five.

Fargo, N. D.—Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, outpointed Sherald Kenard in a close ten-rounder. Johnny Stanton knocked out Kid Newman in two rounds.

Grand Forks, N. D.—"Ace of Spades" won over Laurie Peppin on a foul in four; George Feist stopped Christ Hanson in two.

WITH THE WRESTLERS

Council Bluffs, Iowa—George Koverly, Hollywood, Calif., took two falls from Jack O'Dell in a feature bout. Mike Markoff tossed Joe Marsh. Dan McDonald threw Jerry Monahan, and Art Von Saxon beat George Kogut.

Des Moines, Iowa—Joe Cox, Cleveland, Ohio, heavy, won from Joe Dusek, Omaha, two out of three falls. Mike Brendel beat Jack Hader; Andy Moen and Red Demon drew; Babe Carnera and Frank French drew.

Burlington, Iowa—Al Bowers defeated Bruce Nolan; Mike Nazarian drew with Han Seibert; Eddie Drew and Glenn House wrestled to a draw.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—Rough-house Nelson lost to Sam Leathers in two falls, the first with a body slam, and the second on a foul, when he did too much choking. Wild Bill Thornton drew with Ed Helwig. Ace Judkins and Nick Ilritch also drew.

Des Moines, Iowa—Mike Brendel threw Earl Wampler; Joe Cox and Ray Richards drew; Babe Carnera and Frenchy La Rue drew; Henry Graber tossed Ralph Adams.

Gilmore City, Iowa—Wrene Holiszer scored a mat victory over Butch Johnson. Nick Olson beat Ed Cailvan.

Des Moines, Iowa—Joe Stecher scored two straight falls over Abe Kashey; Mike Brendel won from Babe Carnera (Carnera was disqualified for punching the referee); Red Demon and Henry Graber drew; Jack Hader and Ed Meske drew.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—Lee Wykoff tossed Bill Thornton; Rough-house Nelson beat the "Masked Marvel"; Cowboy Jack Ray tossed Nick Ilitch; Harry Harper drew with Art Von Saxon.

Sioux City, Iowa—Bill Thornton tossed Harry Harper; Sam Leathers beat George Kogut; Ed McCorkin won over Jack Ray.

Mason City, Iowa—Frank Bauer won over Frank Kennedy. Bauer won in straight falls; the first in forty-eight minutes, the second in forty-five minutes. The match was filled with action.

Sioux City, Iowa—Sam Leathers won over Bill Thornton in straight falls; Ed McCorkin drew with Mike Markhoff, the Russian Cossack; Jerry Monoghan slammed Joe Marsh down in the curtain for a win.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—George Ades, manager of Jackie Wilson, had this to say about Sailor Burke, local manager and trainer: "Burke is one of the best seconds I ever worked with. He certainly knows his stuff" . . . Frankie Pasha, Perry Wolfson, Ray Murphy, J. M. Bach, J. J. Donohue, and Wallie Dreyfoos are to be commended for their work in connection with the *Journal's* Good Fellow Card . . . Harry Jones has answered our plea for boxers to be examined, and from now on all boxers on his cards will receive the once over . . . Examining doctors will be: Dr. Ray Duling and Dr. H. M. Levin . . . Results of a boxing card at Gilmore City, Iowa, were as follows: Gun Cotton Guss beat Kid Kobb; Buss Buscher fought to a draw with Gus Joslin . . . Johnny Stanton, lightweight champion of these parts, knocked out Babe Barnes in three rounds at Fargo, N. D. . . . Dyersbille, Iowa, with the American Legion as sponsors, will hold wrestling and boxing shows . . . Burlington, Iowa, has decided to see if wrestling matches are as rough as boxing matches . . . Paul Anthony intends to promote shows at Fort Madison, Iowa . . . Larry Udell of Aberdeen, S. D., knocked out Huston Ash in five rounds at Kansas City, Mo. . . . Udell is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . Quincy, Ill., and Moline, Ill., are pretty good fight towns. Nevada, Iowa, has edged in as a good wrestling spot . . . Promoters who want their names on my new promoters' list had better send me the dope at once . . . there is no charge for your name on this list, and you will be in touch with every boxer and manager in the country.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

MANHATTAN, KANS.—Bus Breese knocked out Kid Batterman in two rounds. Brooks Robinson beat Roy Jacks in eight. Kenny Austin outpointed Pete Blanchard in eight. Steve Ketchell won a T.K.O. over Eddie Boughen in two rounds.

Pratt, Kans.—Colored amateur boxing results: Snow Johnson beat Dale Lewis. Pon Nicholas beat Harold Garsea. Harold Mounger knocked out Windle Crane in two rounds.

Manhattan, Kans.—Bus Breese knocked out Floyd Morey in five rounds. Brooks Robinson beat Easterling in eight. Kenny Austin knocked out Frank Kelly in five. Mickey Nolan beat Pete Blanchard in six rounds.

Rating Kansas boxers in their respective weight divisions: Heavyweight—Al Fay, Wichita; light-heavyweight—Brooks Robinson, Florence; middleweight—Fred Ott, Topeka; welterweight—Kenny Hill, Wichita; lightweight—Bus Breese, Manhattan; featherweight—Jackie Fell, Pittsburg; bantamweight—Freddie Raigoza, Wichita; flyweight division vacant.

Manhattan, Kans.—Bus Breese defeated Mickey Nolan in eight fast rounds. Rex Reese beat Tommy Cibollas in six. Chico Brown knocked out Cliff McCoy in two. Eddie Boughen knocked out Bobby Hull in three rounds.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Bus Breese won an easy eight-round victory over Albert Monriquez. Pete Blanchard fought Young Schmeling six rounds to a draw. Sonny Sofio knocked out Mike Morris in four. Harold Matthews beat Tommy Cibollas in six. Joe Harris knocked out Tiger Trask in five rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Lou Terry and Steve Ketchell boxed ten rounds to a draw in the feature event. Joey Parks knocked out Johnny Owens in three. Elmer Savage knocked out Lloyd Weems in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Larry Udell knocked out Houston Ash in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round main event. Paul Estrada knocked out Bucky Martin in four. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Earl Cecil in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Gene Driscoll beat Carol Loyd. Bobby Ames stopped Charley Edwards in four. Herbie Crump beat Harold Pitts. Chief Stanley Scott beat Verne Gregory. Johnny Estrada stopped Johnny Helton in four. Charley Barry beat Jimmy Messick. Nick Kroan beat Jim King. Ivan Garten beat Curtis Dimmett.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Floyd Hall beat Tommy Campbell. Jackie Law beat Johnnie Walker. Charley Edwards beat Chaney Johnson. Pat Doherty beat Joe Sherry. Verne Gregory beat Stanley Scott. Kline Martinek stopped Robert Seibert in one. Duke Bernes beat Leon Chicutt. Curtis Dimmett beat Ray Meyers.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Fred Schantz beat Jack Curley. Jack Law beat Russ Hager. Jimmy Messick beat Howard Bennett. Floyd Hall knocked out Johnny Walker in four. Johnny Estrada beat Rio Sanstol. Charley Barry beat Eddie Vogel. Ivan Garten beat Ray Meyers.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Johnny Uzeal beat Frankie Lee. Pat Doherty beat Harold Pitts. Herbie Crump beat Charley King. Paul Swearinger beat Jim Hershell. Fred Schantz beat Jack Curley. Stanley Scott beat Jack Bradfield. Hubert Goucher beat Glen Elliott. Leon Chilcutt knocked out Kline Martinek in two.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Chick Raines defeated Heavy Taylor in eight-round main event. Paul Burney knocked out Billy Markham in three. Karry (Kid) Roberts knocked out LeRoy Webb in four rounds.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Chick Raines knocked out Johnny Hull in the fourth of a scheduled ten-round main event. Ike Bayouth knocked out Billy Martin in two rounds.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Chick Raines and Forrest Cannon fought eight fast rounds to a draw. Chet Wall won an unpopular decision over Ralph Uptegraf, after six fast rounds. Billy Watson beat Billy Markham in four. Doyle Graham beat Jack Thompson in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Tulsa Drum Corps Athletic Club, affiliated with the Joe Carson Post of the American Legion, has made application for a charter in the Missouri Valley A.A.U. and will stage weekly amateur boxing shows. The club has leased the building at 109½ East Third Street. Abie Cohen will supervise and bouts will be staged in Convention Hall.

Kansas City, Mo.—Just a few weeks ago the American Legion severed relations with their matchmaker of wrestling and boxing shows, Mr. Gabe Kaufman, a veteran of the game and the most prominent sports promoter in the Middle West. Karl Applegate and Harry Landreth of Joplin have been named to promote for the Legion. Both men are experienced in the sports.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Ross Crawford is matchmaker for the Chilocco Indian Institute, just across the line in Oklahoma from Arkansas City, Kans. The Chilocco Indian team is rated one of the strongest amateur boxing teams in the Southwest.

Frank Gilleece, secretary of the State Boxing Commission, reports that the boxing and wrestling game looks better now than in the past four years. The receipts last year prove the game is on the upgrade here.

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Indian Boxers

(Continued from page 7)

tition. But as far as winning the lightweight title is concerned, he might as well hang 'em up. Pete's chief claim to fame is the fact that he beat Canzoneri. He is no better today than the day he started, never more than a second-rater, and never will be. But even that is good—mighty good—for an Indian. Then there is that fighting flyweight, Pinky Urquidi, a Yaqui Indian.

If you remember, a few years ago we had a youngster in the bantam ranks, answering to the name of Santiago Zorilla. Fans out on the Coast were loud in their praise of his fistic ability. "He can't miss winning the title," they chortled. And he did show a world of stuff for a while, too, then he faded out of the picture as fast as he had blossomed. Zorilla was a San Blas Indian from down in Central America somewhere. I guess he's back down there now, telling his red-skinned brothers of the money he made in the land of the pale-faces. For he certainly cleaned up big in his brief plunge into the fistic puddle on the Coast.

You'll recall the "white hope" days, I'm sure. And you'll remember that gigantic Nebraska cowboy, Luther McCarty, who seemed destined to knock the crown off Jack Johnson's dusky brow. Well Luther was a half-breed Indian. His father was an Indian medicine show proprietor, answering to the name of "White Eagle." His mother was French. McCarty's career was a most tragic one, being stricken from the picture at the height of his career. He was fatally injured in the first round of a battle with Arthur Pelky, at Calgary, Manitoba, May 21, 1913.

Carl Morris, the big Oklahoma heavyweight of twenty years ago, also carried a lot of Indian blood in his veins. And there are a lot of "breeds," but we are interested now in those who carry only the blood of the original American in his veins. And as far as pugilists are concerned, they are scarce as hen's teeth—or scarcer.

Why, is a mystery to me—they love manly combat to the 'steenth degree, and it's not for lack of "guts," they fail. They've got the physical attributes, and I never heard anyone accuse John Redskin of having a hatred for the coin of the realm. If there is any race of people who get more enjoyment out of spending money than the Indians, I have yet to hear of them. So why don't they go in for the glove game in a big way? But they don't, for some mysterious reason.

* * *

SPEAKING of the Indian's "guts" reminds me of a boxing match I once witnessed in Oklahoma. A big brave answering to the name of "Little Grizzly," weighing well over the 200-pound mark, was scheduled for one end of the main event. And being interested in any possible redskin boxer, I looked him over in training. He was fast as lightning, both as to foot and hand. He was a splendid boxer with a marvelous physique. "Here's one brave that's going somewhere," I assured myself after looking him over. Came the fight, and his opponent was a washed-up, battered old plug. The Indian was floored a total of seventeen times in the very short space of four rounds and the referee finally halted the slaughter. I thought it an accident, but inquiry showed this was the Indian's tenth ring encounter, and he had yet to stay the limit—and against very mediocre opposition.

Yet, in a gymnasium workout, he could have given the best of them a run for their money. But in actual fighting, his size, science, stamina, and skill were of no benefit to him whatever.

And, again, it wasn't lack of "guts" either. I never saw a man take a more fearful beating and keep coming up for more. Needless to say, "Little Grizzly" has long since returned to his tepee, thoroughly convinced that boxing is little short of legalized murder.

Yes indeed, it is a strange thing, that a race of people with the athletic disposition of the Indian, doesn't develop at least one or two first-raters. What is the reason? Your guess is as good as mine.

Now, it might be if our boxing commissions would permit the Indian to enter the fray in full war regalia, paint, feathers, and tomahawk, we'd see the rise of plenty of red-skinned warriors to the fore. And having a couple of bloodthirsty seconds in the corner, giving vent to bloodcurdling war whoops might help too . . . . we wonder.

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Fightin' with a tomahawk, these redskins love.
But they ain't worth a hoot, with a boxing glove.

World Mat News

(Continued from page 27)

STRAY SHOTS—Bert Rubi, diminutive Hungarian speedball, is quite handy with his own version of Browning's airplane scissors . . . . George Calza is back, but will have to work hard to take off those extra pounds . . . . Another star back to regain lost prestige is Dick Shikat, the Philadelphia German who lost his crown to Londos . . . . George Zarynoff really is a Ukranian Count and resides in a truly palacelike home in Massachusetts . . . . Mehmet Yousouf, like other foreign invaders before him, seemed quite puzzled by the rough catch-as-catch-can tactics of his American opponents . . . . Harry (Doc) Fields, Philadelphia medical student, is indeed a big fellow, standing six feet six inches tall, and weighing 250 pounds . . . . Fritz Kley, German contortionist, who put American fans in stitches with his pretzel-like antics, is now a successful promoter in Germany . . . . Sandor Szabo, the colorful Hungarian Adonis, was on the side lines for several months due to a broken thumb . . . . Benny Ginsburg, Chicago's tough bruiser, is now in the Gorilla class, that is, he now sports an apelike beard . . . . Joe Muhl has renounced both refereeing and grappling to devote his time to his prize race horse . . . . Pete Schuh is really Strangler Lewis' protégé, and not being content with looking like the Strangler, he also wrestles along the same lines . . . . The victorious Columbia University football team attended the Sam Cordovano-Jimmy Atlas match and rooted heartily for Sam . . . . In case you are not aware of the fact, Cordovano is one of Lou Little's assistants, serving in the capacity of line coach . . . .